THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

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Pete Sanderson Intervenes.

By William MacLeod Raine.

How the Alberta Cowpuncher Spoiled a Settlement of the Servant-Girl Problem.

"Mesa showed its good-will by a parting fusilade of popping revolvers."

WHEN the stage rolled past in a cloud of white Alberta dust, Mrs. McCoy was at her kitchen window, and not by chance. She was something over two hundred pounds in weight and something under five feet in height, but surprisingly little happened in Mesa that her beady black eyes did not fasten on. Just now they gimleted the occupants of the back seat of the stage.

"Mrs. Kelly and her new hired girl have come," she announced to her daughter in the sitting-room.

"Yu don't say," responded a less robust replica of the mother, with a rush to the nearest window.

Mrs. Kelly, a thin, wiry, capable woman, sat a picture of triumph enthroned. Not for nothing had she gone all the way to Winnipeg to secure a cook that would disdain the lures of Hymen. For beside her was a pale, washed-out little woman with a child on her knees, clearly the captive of her bow and spear. The new cook was a plain, drab little body who looked the worse for the wear of an unsympathetic world. But Mrs. Kelly flaunted her in the face of unwed Mesa as proudly as if her find were a beauty. Her aggressive defiance the young men understood perfectly. Three cooks had come to the Kelly House within six months and three of them had gone to make glad the homes of lonesome cowmen. Before these, other girls had come and gone, a steady stream of them. Wherefore hilarity in Cattleland, Charivaris had been frequent, to the delight of everybody but Mrs. Kelly, who had at last announced definitely that she was not conducting a matrimonial agency in her kitchen. Hence her trip to Winnipeg and the advent of the insignificant little woman finished in drab.

It was not till afternoon that Mrs. McCoy could take time to waddle over to the hotel. She found Mrs. Kelly on the shaded east porch, evidences of spring sewing scattered about her. The tiniest manikin in the world played in the sand at her feet.

"Well, I see yu got back all right, Sarah."

"Set yourself by that water olla. You'll find it real cool there. Yes, I got back more dead'n alive, I guess."

"What seems the matter with yu?" asked Mrs. McCoy, sympathetically, as she took out her sewing.

"Want o' sleep. I don't know as I got twenty winks last night. Set

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up in the day-coach because that girl was afraid to try a sleeper, not being used to them."

"Land alive! Why didn't yu let her stay there then and yu take the comfort of a berth?"

"Because, Marianna, I didn't traipse all over Winnipeg to lose her to some good-for-nothing man who might persuade her to get off and marry him at a tank station on the road."

The porch shook with Mrs McCoy's merriment. "You c'tainly do have bad luck with your help. Who'd ever a thought anybody would a wanted to marry that Price woman?"

"Or, who'd expect any woman to marry Ping Pong Bill, and him a cattle rustler that drinks like a blue blotter?"

"They say she makes him walk a chalk line."

"Then there was that Swede girl. She was the worst—stayed only two weeks before she ran away with Billy Rhodes."

"There's surely no accountin' for tastes, but I expect—" with an amused look into the kitchen where the new cook was washing dishes—"this here one will stay with yu fer a while. What's her name?"

"Paradise Meeker. She's a widow."

"Well, I reckon she'll stay a widow quite a spell. She don't 'pear to me the marryin' kind. She's so sort o' worked out that I allow the boys won't find your kitchen so homelike now, Sarah."

Mrs. Kelly smiled complacently. "Them boys need a rest, and they're going to get it. She aint the flyaway gallivantin' sort. Notice how kind of tired and wistful her eyes are. She wouldn't have any truck with menfolks, even if they wanted to. Her husband used to drink and beat her awfully. She's tired of men, I reckon. Sets the world and all by that little fellow playing out there. He's a nice boy, too, plays all day by himself as contented."

For some time a dust cloud might have been observed descending the Goose Creek trail toward Mesa. It now swept up the street and came to a halt in front of the hotel. Out of it emerged a cowman on a horse, from which he lightly dismounted, tossing the rein to the ground.

"Good afternoon, Mrs. Kelly. Thought I'd ride in and see the boys. Can yu fix me up to-night with a bunk?"

"That's what the Kelly House is doing business for," promptly replied his hostess. Come right in, Mr. Sanderson."

But Pete Sanderson was gravely observing Young Canada and the sand-pile.

"Hello, sprat!"

The manikin looked up with a frown. "Me ain't 'prat."

"Yu ain't? Well, I guess you're a little bit the smallest grown-up man I ever see."

Mr. Sanderson essayed familiarity with effect disastrous. He swung the youngster in the air and grinned up at him. The turmoil produced was worthy of a massacre. It brought Paradise Meeker from the dishes with a rush to see what dire calamity had befallen His Majesty. But a moment was necessary to snatch him from Peter the amazed, to tuck him under her arm and to disappear into the kitchen.

"He did pick me up," wailed John Quincy Meeker in process of meteoric transit.

Traces of embarrassment were still engraved on the cowpuncher's flushed, homely face, when he had recovered sufficiently to present himself on the porch.

"She pounced on me like a wildcat. I ain't sure yet that I'm all here. She ce'tainly must have thought I'd drap

"But Pete Sanderson was gravely observing young Canada and the sand-pile."

and break him," he explained to Mrs. Kelly, laughing to cover his rout.

Her sympathetic smile was so immediate that he missed the under-note of triumph which Mrs. McCoy discerned.

"Paradise don't somehow take to menfolks. Mr. Sanderson."

"I don't remember asking Mrs. Paradise to take to me," the puncher drawled, scratching ruefully the spot where he used to part his hair before he parted with it some years before.

When Mrs. Kelly dropped casually into the kitchen to see that the widow was falling easily into the routine of the work, she suffered one of the shocks of her life. Paradise and the work was getting along all right. So was Pete Sanderson the shy. He was wiping dishes cheerfully under the direction of the new cook, while the manikin, seated on a sideboard, bulged with nuts and candy and wrestled with an all-day sucker provided as a peace-offering by the repentant cowman. Harmony and good-will reigned on earth, even though an embarrassed silence filled the room.

Mrs. Kelly gasped and fled. The symptoms were too plain to be mis-

read. Her experience had known courtships galore begin in that kitchen at that very dish-washing sink, and they had inevitably terminated fatally.

Naturally her hurried search for sympathy gravitated toward the McCoy hacienda. She burst upon the assembled family with indignation bristling in her manner.

"It's that deceivin' cook of mine and Pete Sanderson," she choked. "They're washing dishes together, and this the very first day she came."

"Ain't they washing them clean?" McCoy wanted to know innocently.

"Clean!" echoed the ruffled proprietor of the Kelly House. "I don't know and I dont' care."

"I don't reckon Pete will break many of them. He's an awful careful man."

"I expect that's about enough guessin' for you," scoffed Mrs McCoy, with a glance of good-natured contempt at her worst half, after which she devoted herself to the point at issue. "Who'd a thought it of Pete Sanderson, after he'd grown bald-headed without so much as looking cross-eyed at a woman?"

"Dish-washin' ain't no royal road to matrimony," opined McCoy.

"That's all you know," returned Mrs. McCoy aggressively. "Dish-washin' is as dangerous to single folks when they get together in bunches of two as measles is to children in school. Yu might say that every last one of them girls of Sarah's married right from the dish-pan!"

"I'm certainly disappointed in Paradise," sighed Mrs. Kelly. "She looked so meaching and touch-me-not I'd a made plumb sure she would have said 'Scat!' to any of them that hung around."

McCoy reached for his soft felt hat. He was close to the door and sure of his escape before he fired his last broadside.

"Sanderson's a right white man, and his ranch can keep a widow without the need of a mortgage. I reckon I'll happen down street and congratulate him."

Mr. McCoy's exit was hurried.

"I declare I'm that out of patience with her," continued Mrs. Kelly. "I knew soon as I set eyes on her she was tough and wiry, so I took her just because she was so pale and had lost all her good looks. It was 'most the same as lying to me, for I declare, sure's you live, Marianna, the hussy looked real pretty a-washing dishes so kind of flustered before that good-for-nothing man, and him 'most old enough to be her father. There was little spots of pink in her cheeks and her eyes were shinin' right bright."

"Well, if that don't beat all git out," sympathized Mrs McCoy. "And only this afternoon she looked like she'd lost her last friend on earth."

Mrs. Kelly, returning home an hour later, found no comfort in the sight of the little group seated on the kitchen porch. Paradise leaned against one of the posts, her tired face turned toward the moonlight. But Mrs. Kelly noticed that the gray eyes included in their orbit the genial weather-beaten countenance of the ranchman. She observed also that Sanderson in his shirt-sleeves, had in his arms the sleeping figure of John Quincy Meeker. His coat was wrapped carefully round the manikin, and he was holding him as tenderly as if he had been Dresden china.

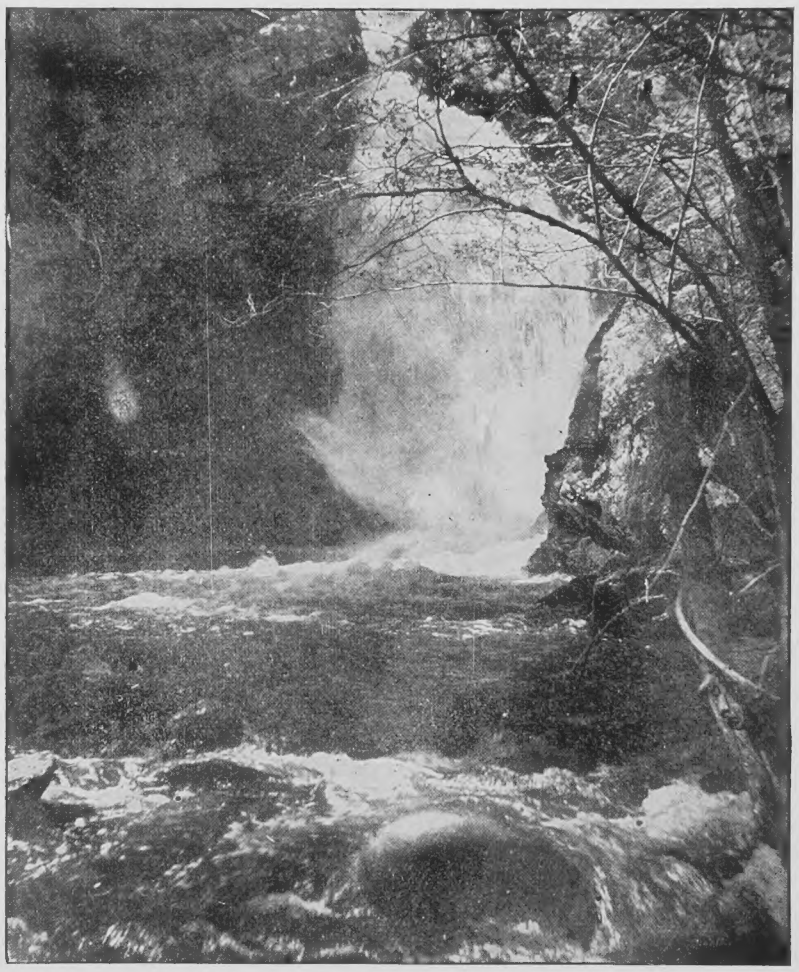
"Quite a happy party," reflected Mrs. Kelly bitterly, as she marched past them to the front piazza.

Snatches of their talk drifted to her. The conversation for the most part consisted of silences, so to say. If the widow was shy, Peter was more so. But Mrs. Kelly was irritably aware that songs without words were easily sung under Alberta's starry velvet sky. A picture of the widow's grateful eyes—she was the kind any fool could win by being nice to the child, her mistress decided—and the cowman's gentle frendily face rose to torment her. The idea—and they not even acquainted till that afternoon! She made up her mind to have a word with Paradise Meeker after Peter had vacated his claim on the porch.

But this Sanderson seemed in no hurry to do. It had been seventeen years since he had last "been settin' to a gal," as they used to call it back in his Ontario home. The soft magic night worked wonders with him. A new keen rush of youth was surging delightfully through him. He was not old—only forty-three. What had he meant by contenting himself with a renunciation of home-ties? As the little fellow in his arms cuddled closser in his sleep the tenderness that flooded him was fierce in its rapture.

"He's a right dandy little man, ma'am. It's shorely funny how kids wind their tiny fingers round a fellow's heart."

The widow's reply was inarticulate, but Mrs. Kelly was certain that her faithful dog-like eyes were thanking him for being fond of her darling.



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When the cowman began a hesitant account of his early life in Ontario and of his present loneliness, the listener on the front porch was dismally certain that inside of a month she would be again without a cook unless something was done promptly to avert the catastrophe.

After Mr. Sanderson had said good night to Paradise in a long handshake he strolled absently to the front of the house, where he bumped into the grim figure waiting for him.

"Good gracious, ma'am! I didn't know you were settin' there, Mrs. Kelly," he stammered.

"I see you have been siting with Paradise, Mr. Sanderson," she began uncompromisingly.

"Yes, ma'am, I—I happened round to—to kind of apologize for being too rough with the little fellow," said Peter, guiltily.

"It took you longer to tell her than me," he retorted drily. "I've listened to long sermons, but never to a three-hour apology. I guess she must 'a been awful hard to satisfy."

"I didn't right well know how to break away."

"Are you quite sure you wanted to, Mr. Sanderson?"

"I expect I clear forgot to want to, ma'am," he blushed.

Mr. Sanderson mounted Six Bits next morning, and rode away to the Antelope Peaks, where he had promised to look at a bunch of cows that were for sale. From the kitchen Paradise Meeker watcher him go, and Mrs. Kelly watched her watch him. Paradise washed and wiped the dishes alone that day, but one interested observer noticed that she warbled as she worked.

It was two days later that Peter reappeared, this time in a buggy, and accompanied by a friend. The chaps, the flannel shirt, the gay knotted kerchief around his neck had disappeared. A white collar had a strangle hold on his throat, and a mournful suit of misfit blacks helped to render him more acutely miserable.

"Goin' to a funeral, Pete?" McCoy jovially wanted to know.

"Or a weddin'?" amended a puncher of the Bar 101 ranch.

A tangle of hurried arms and legs flung out of the door and coiled themselves about the perspiring cowman's person.

"See my little tittie tat," cried the owner of the coils, displaying a much the-worse-for-wear kitten. "I dot a truly dog, too. You dot any tandy for me?"

Sanderson, with a apologetic grin at McCoy introduced his young friend to a pocket fat with raw material ready to be manufactured into indigestion.

"My, how the little angels rejoice when papa comes home," grinned he of the Bar 101 outfit.

"Don't yu, Jim," advised Pete.

"Mamma's peelin' a hen. Tum in and see it urged the youngster.

Sanderson formally introduced his companion to the porch loungers. He proved to be Mr. Robert Rogers, sky pilot, come to preach on the morrow at the little church adjacent. After which the cowman invaded the kitchen to see the chicken-plucking to which he had been invited.

He wiped dishes again that night, and subsequently for a second time preempted the kitchen porch steps. On this occasion John Quincy Meeker was no longer present to chaperon them. He had been kissed and put to bed—at Mr. Sanderson's suggestion.

Possibly, but for his absence, Mrs. Kelly would not have happened to catch Mr. Sanderson teaching school next day to a class of one.

"Spell cat, boy."

"C-a-t, tat," lisped the manikin.

"Now spell dad."

"Tan't."

"D-a-d, dad. Try it, boy."

Mrs. Kelly made straight for the kitchen and found the cook wearing her best dress and a pink ribbon.

"Are you going to marry that man?" she demanded.

"Yes'm," faltered Paradise, looking anything but pale and washed-out.

"When?"

"To-day, ma'am, if you please. Right after church, if you don't mind, ma'am." Mrs. Paradise Meeker was a rosy picture of shamefaced embarrassment.

"And you ain't known him three days yet?"

"He's got a right kind heart, ma'am, and he's that good to the boy," apologized the recreant cook.

"Are you marrying him because he is good to the boy?"

Paradise was sure her face must be a deep-dyed crimson. "No. ma'am, I—like him. He's a right nice gentleman."

"Then all I've got to say is that I hope you won't live to regret it," and Mrs. Kelly sailed away with the No Compromise flag nailed to her masthead.

But she was very much at the wedding, which occurred in the big porch of the hotel instead of at the church. Everybody in Mesa was there, and after the ceremony the happy trio drove away in Sanderson's buggy to his ranch. Behind them rolled a wagon laden with supplies, mostly air-tights. In lieu of a charivari Mesa showed its good-will by a parting fusillade of popping revolvers.

"So there goes Paradise," sighed Mrs. Kelly.

"That's right, ma'am," heartily agreed one of the unwed, misunderstanding her promptly. "Paradise goes. There's sure nothing like running in double harness. It's ce'tainly up to the rest of us to git a move on and hit the high places. When yu goin' to have the next cook lady, ma'am "

Mrs. Kelly fired her bomb placidly. "There isn't goin' to be any next."

She kept her word. To-day an almond-eyed Celestial rules in the kitchen of the Kelly House.

FRIENDS.

You ask me why I "like him." Nay,
I cannot; nay, I would not say.
I think it vile to pigeonhole
The pros and cons of a kindred soul.

You "wonder he should be my friend."
But then, why should you comprehend?
Thank God for this—a new surprise:
My eyes, remember, are not your eyes.

Cherish this one small mystery:
And marvel not that love can be
"In spite of all his many flaws."
In spite. Suppose I said "Because."

A truce, a truce to questioning:
"We two are friends" tells everything.
Yet, if you must know, why this is why:
Because he is he, and I am I.

The Freight of the "Dolphin."

By Mrs. Jane C. Austin.

Meeting had just gone in. Parson Holbrook was in his seat in the high, ugly pulpit, with the sounding board overhead; the singers, in the singing seats in the gallery, had taken their pitch from Uncle Jethuron's tuning-fork and were fuguing "And on the wings of mighty winds came flying all abroad;" the first families of Pilgrim Vale were seated in their square pews, each furnished according to the taste or the means of their owners; and the little boys, perched upon the high wooden seats, with no foot-stools near enough for their dangling feet to reach, had begun their two hours' fidget—when the door, just closed by black Pompey, the sexton, opened slowly, and Major Cathcart walked up the broad aisle in his usual dignified and deliberate manner. Every head was turned to gaze upon him, every face wore an expression of astonishment and disapproval: the singers, finishing their hymn with hasty quavers of discomfiture, leaned over the front of the gallery and gazed down upon him, and even Parson Holbrook bent his powdered head sidewise to look sternly at the great square pew where his wealthy parishioner was uncomfortably seating himself with an attempt at unconscious dignity.

A moment of silence fell upon the place—that awful, pregnant silence which speaks as no words can—and then Martin Merivale, the man whom Pilgrim Vale always sent to General Court when he would go, and who led public opinion as he willed in the town where his honorable, steadfast life had thus far passed, rose in his place, deliberately did on his heavy cloak, took his hat in his hand, cast one meaning glance across the aisle into the questioning eyes of Major Cathcart, his old associate and neighbour, and then walked slowly down the aisle. He had not reached the door before Dr. Holcom rose to follow his example, and then Squire Vale, and then the Oldfields, father and son, and finally every man in the congregation who counted himself a person of the least consequence, or able to set an example, until, when black Pompey at last closed the door, and with a joyous grin sat down beside it, the church so lately filled with the pith and sinew of the staunch old colony town, was empty, save of women, children, and Major Reginald Cathcart, whose ashen-grey face had never moved after the first from its stern, straight forward gaze, or his dark eyes blanched, or his heavy eyebrows unbent from the frown of defiant endurance which with some men is the only sign of agony.

And agony it could not fail to be: for this man, to-day so openly and deliberately thrust from their midst by his fellow-townsmen counted himself only three days earlier their autocrat, claiming by birth, wealth and haughty self-assertion the place yielded to him in virtue of these qualities, as that of Martin Merivale was thrust upon him in recognition of his own personal character.

And why this terrible insult? why this stern intimation that the men of Pilgrim Vale considered the presence of one so lately their magnate so great a pollution that they preferred even to lose the privilege of public worship suffering him to join them in it?

Why? Oh, men of to-day, yours is not the temper of your fathers; but yet you must thrill with admiration of their earnestness of purpose, their mighty trust, their contempt of their own advantage or safety, or comfort, when a Right full of danger and suffering called to them oppose a tyrannous and encroaching Wrong!

It was 1774, and the Governor of Massachusetts, in right of his commission from King George of England, had sent to demand payment of a tax levied upon the colony for the support of the foreign soldiers, sent over with the avowed purpose of holding the mutinous province in subjection. Pilgrim Vale considered this demand of "the man George," argued upon it, prayed over it, and finally declined to accede to it, but in so mild and temperate a manner that the governor considered the refusal only a formal protest, and proceeded to enforce his demand by appointing certain collectors of the revenue throughout the colony, and for the town of Pilgrim Vale commissioning Major Cathcart to this odious office.

When the news came down to Pilgrim Vale, its men smiled after the slow and solemn fashion of their kind, and said "The governor does not know the mind of Pilgrim Vale even yet."

But the next day a rumor pervaded the town—a rumor of display and incredulity, yet deepening hour by hour to certainty. Yes, Major Cathcart had accepted the commission, and announced his intention of carrying out its instructions. That was on the Saturday, and we had seen the result upon the Sunday.

As the door closed, Parson Holbrook rose and prayed long and earnestly for the welfare of his native land, and the safety of those whose fathers had been led to these shores, even as the children of Israel were led out of Egypt to find safety and freedom in the land their Lord had promised them, and he closed with a petition for protection against all enemies, both without and within—the foreign foe and those of their own household who had turned against them, and whose evil counsels might, he prayed, be turned to foolishness and dishonor.

Then came the sermon; and, laying aside his carefully written discourse upon the Urim and Thummim, Parson Holbrook preached extemporaneously and mightily from the text, "Put not your faith in princes," diverging finally into the story of Judas, and the high crime of domestic or social treachery.

When all was over, and the choir had sung, "See where the hoary sinner stands," black Pompey threw open the doors, and stood aside, as usual, to meet and return the kindly greetings of the congregation; but as Major Cathcart strode down the aisle, his head erect, but his face white and withered, as if he had just risen from a bed of torture, even Pompey turned his back and stood staring intently out of the open door as the stricken man passed by. But Major Cathcart looked neither to the right nor the left; and if others besides Pompey had intended to show their disapproval of his presence, they found no opportunity, for the king's collector passed quickly through the little throng outside the door, and down the main street until he reached the grave, handsome, middle-aged house so strongly resembling its master, and quietly opening the front door passed directly up-stairs, and was hastening to the shelter of a room at the back, known as "the major's study," when from the open door of one of the principal bedrooms came a gentle yet eager call, "Reginald, do come in here."

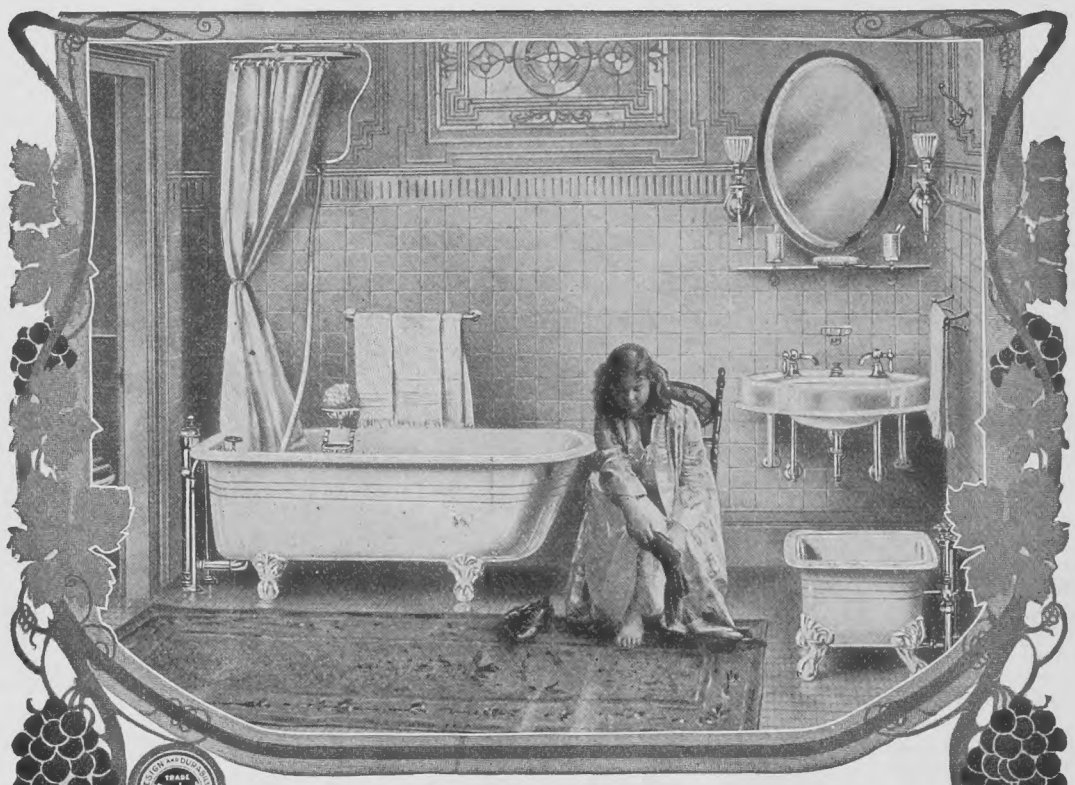
The husband paused reluctantly, and, turning his head toward the door, but without showing his face at it, replied, "What is it, Hepzibah? I am going to my study."

"Not first, dear. Please come and see me for a moment. I am all alone."

Without replying, the major obeyed, and, passing into the handsome shadowy room, stood beside the bed, where lay a woman whose fair and delicate face bore the patient almost angelic look of one who has suffered very long and very cruelly, but whose pains, meekly borne, are consciously drawing to their final close. She was Major Cathcart's wife, and the only being the cold, proud man had ever loved, and she was dying.

He stooped and kissed her tenderly, asking, "How have you been this morning, dear?"

"As well as usual. But you, Reginald, how has it been with you? I knew by your step upon the stair that you were suffering, and your face tells the story. Oh, my darling husband, they have insulted you, as we feared. Is not it so?"



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"Yes, Hepzibah, they have insulted me, and so cruelly that I will no longer live among them. I have resolved that we will go to the northern provinces. We have good friends at Halifax, good and loyal to the king whom these anarchists are preparing to defy."

"Even the parson and the doctor, reasonable and law-abiding men as they are, say that the colony should be free," said the invalid, timidly, and stealing her thin hand into her husband's. But he frowned impatiently.

"This is not talk for women or children," said he, coldly. "And you are of those whose conversation should be in heaven. It would better become Parson Holbrook to tell you so, instead of disturbing your mind with matters so unfit for it at any time."

The wife remained meekly silent for a moment, and then, softly pressing her husband's finger, said:

"My love, you will wait until I am gone, will you not, before you leave Pilgrim Vale?"

"Gone, Hepzibah!—gone where?"

The wife looked up, with tearful eyes, but her reply was prevented by the sudden entrance of a young girl, her cheeks flushed and her eyes bright with anger and excitement.

"Father, John Belknap has been in, and told me of the insult they have offered you," exclaimed she. "It is a shame, a burning shame, and I hope you will show them—"

"Dolly, I am not very strong to-day, dear, and you are speaking loudly and unadvisedly."

It was the mother's gentle voice, and Dolly, who would have joyfully taken the part of Joan of Arc, or even Boadicea, fell upon her knees directly beside her mother's pillow, soothing the invalid, and accusing herself of all manner of evil in forgetting even for a moment the consideration and tenderness owing to her.

Major Cathcart stood looking at the two for a few moments, then quietly left the room, and a little later despatched a servant with a note requesting the immediate attendance of Dr. Holcom. The worthy physician was one of those who had left the church so pointedly a few hours earlier, and the proud man, thus insulted, by no means forgot or forgave the insult, but the feelings of the husband were stronger than all others at that moment, and Hepzibah's words had startled him with a new and terrible idea.

The doctor came, was closeted for half an hour with the major, made a short call upon his patient, and left the house. A little later Major Cathcart summoned his daughter to his private room, and addressed her briefly and almost sternly:

"Dolly, Dr. Holcom does not disguise from me the cruel truth known for some time to him and to your mother. She is dying, surely and swiftly. Did you know it?"

The girl hid her pale face between her hands. "Mamma had said it, but I hoped—" Her voice died away, and her father's filled the space.

"Hope no longer. He says two or three months are as much as we may look for, and even that brief respite depends upon quiet and her accustomed comforts. She must on no account be removed even from the room where she now lies. But this people about us will not wait two or three months before they carry out in act the treason they already talk, and I, as the avowed friend of the king, and ready and willing to execute his will in this rebellious province, will very probably fall one of their first victims; or if not personally, I shall surely suffer in property, and be stripped of land and house and even personal belongings. Were your mother able, we should all migrate at once to the still loyal northern provinces; but as it is, you shall go alone, carrying such valuables as we can collect, and remain with your uncle in Halifax until—— Perhaps—God's goodness is without limit—perhaps I may bring her with me."

"Must I leave my mother?" cried Dolly, in dismay. "What matter for our possessions, compared with the comfort of her last hours! And how can she spare me? and, oh! how could I spare her?"

"Girl, there are perils in a time of anarchy and war of which you know naught—perils for a young and comely woman of which I may not speak. Your mother will be cared for, since it will be the one duty of my life to care for her, and it will be removing a weight from my mind to know that you are safe and shielded from the possibilities of evil. Say no more: it is decided."

Dolly, stout-hearted as she was, dared say no more, for the girl of a century ago was trained to obedience as the first duty of her sex, and to silence and respect for the authority of man as the next; nor was Dolly's father a man to soften the stern and unquestioned rule every head of a household felt bound to exercise in every particular. So the preparations for the young girl's departure went quietly and silently forward, and the schooner *Dolphin*, a small coasting craft partly owned by Major Cathcart, received a cargo so various in its character that neither master, mate, nor the attentive loungers who inspected the process of loading could positively determine her destination.

Not until the very last days before the

"He was grasping for the other arm, when a lithe figure flew with a bound from the top of the house to the deck beside the chair."

Dolphin's sailing did anyone outside the major's own family surmise that his daughter was to be a passenger, and so rapidly, even secretly, was her luggage carried aboard that very few persons saw it at all. Among the rest was one article singular enough as part of a young lady's outfit, especially so healthy, active, and blithe a girl as Dorothea Cathcart; it was one of those large, square, stuffed easy-chairs still to be found in old country houses, sometimes dishonored in the lumber-loft, sometimes carefully preserved in cover of white dimity or gay old-fashioned chintz in the chamber of the grandmamma. This one was covered in green moreen, and had stood in Mrs. Cathcart's own bedroom, although that dear lady had not been able to occupy it for many a day. A short time after the decision with regard to his daughter. Major Cathcart had removed this chair to his own study, and both he and Dolly had occupied themselves over it for many hours, until at the last the girl deftly sewed a tow-cloth over all, and said to her father, who stood watching the operation:

"There, father, it will stand in the cabin, and I shall say that it is covered lest any but my dear mother should use it, and I am taking it to her invalid sister in Halifax, whom I am about to visit."

"I doubt not your shrewd wit will suggest many a quip and turn," replied the major, with a grim smile; "but take care you do not pass the bounds of truth and discretion."

"I will take heed, father. The barrels are all ready, are they not?"

"Yes, and shipped. Here is the bill of lading;" and Major Cathcart took from his pocketbook and handed to his daughter a slip of paper worded thus:

"Shipped by the Grace of GOD, in good order and well conditioned, by Reginald Cathcart, in and upon the good Schooner called the *Dolphin*, whereof is Master under GOD for this present voyage William Peters, and now riding at anchor in the Harbour of Pilgrim Vale, and by GOD'S Grace bound for Halifax, to say, Twenty barrels and boxes of sundries on Acct. and Risque of the Shipper, and consigned to Cathcart and Kingsbury, Halifax. Being marked and numbered as in the Margent, and are to be delivered in the like good Order and well Conditioned at the aforesaid Port of Halifax (the Dangers of the Seas only excepted) unto said Cathcart and Kingsbury or to their assigns, he or they paying Freight for the said Goods, Sixpence per cw., English Curryancy, with Primage and Average accustomed. In witness whereof the Master or Purser of the said Schooner hath affirmed to two Bills of Lading, all of this Tenor and Date, one of which two bills being accomplished, the other to stand void.

"And so GOD send the good Schooner to her destined Port in safety. AMEN.

"Dated in Pilgrim Vale, October the 15th, 1774.

WILLIAM PETERS."

Dolly rapidly ran her eye over the familiar form, for part of her busy life had been to play the occasional part of confidential clerk in her father's business, and she smiled as she returned it to him, saying:

"'Barrels and boxes of sundries?' Well, and so they are. China and books and household gear are sundries, no doubt, although I dare say your partners think it is mackerel or—"

"It does not concern the other owners of the schooner, since I ship freight at my own charge and purely as a private venture," interrupted Major Cathcart, hastily. "But be careful, Dolly, that you say not a word either here or upon the voyage as to the nature of those same sundries, for William Peters is a fanatic as bitter as the worst, and if he got wind of the matter here, nothing woud be more likely than that he should persuade Merivale and the rest to throw off the mask at once, and confiscate my goods to the republic they talk of founding. Even at sea you must be careful, for this man is quite capable, even in the harbor of Halifax, of giving the order to 'bout ship, and bring you and the easy-chair and the barrels of sundries all back to Pilgrim Vale. It is a large errand for so young a woman as you. Dolly, and you will need to be wily as the serpent, though innocent as the dove."

"I think I can do it, father," said Dolly, quietly; and, as the Major looked in his daughter's face, he though she could.

The morning that the *Dolphin* was to sail, Captain Peters found that Thomas Wilson, his first mate, had fallen down the steep ladder leading from his house to the shore, sprained an ankle and broken a wrist, and was obviously unfit for a voyage. As he grimly meditated over this reverse, he encountered a flushed and breathless young man, who thus accosted him:

"Splendid weather, captain. I've a mind to make the cruise with you up to Halifax."

"Cabin's all engaged and paid for, John Belknap," replied the skipper, gruffly. "That old Tory Cathcart is sending his daughter up there to bring down troops upon us, or something of that color, I'll warrant. I wonder the owners don't see through it and refuse; but he's paid for the cabin and both state-rooms, so that madam should not be spied upon, I suppose."

"Oh, never mind; I'll go as clerk, or purser, or steward, or even as a foremast hand. I can hand-reef and steer with any man, you know, and hard work, or hard fare either, don't frighten me."

The skipper looked meditatively at the young man, and turned the quid in his cheek, then carelessly asked:

"Did you know that fool Wilson has tumbled down the cliff steps and disabled himself, at least for this voyage?"

"Your first mate? Hullo, skipper! Is that what you mean? Will you give me the berth?"

"Hold hard, lad! What are you squeezing my old flipper for, and what's your rage for Halifax just now? Is the English lass that was here last year up there, or have you quarreled with your uncle, or—"

"Never mind why I want to get to Halifax," replied the young man, rapidly, seizing upon this version of his eagerness to ship in the *Dolphin*. "But saying I do, will you give me Wilson's place?"

"Why, yes, Belknap, and be glad to get you; for I've seen you handle a boat round the harbor here and up on the fishing ground often enough to know that you're worth having aboard, even if you— But look here; there's the gal. She's got to have the after-cabin, and her meals are to be separate, and no one knows all the fine airs she'll put on. Maybe you couldn't stand it, and I don't know as I can. The little she-Tory!"

But John Belknap did not seem in the least disturbed even at this prospect, and no other objections coming up, the bargain was soon concluded, the young man's name set down upon the schooner's books as mate, *vice* Thomas Wilson, discharged, and he at once entered upon his duties. One of the first of them was to receive and place the last articles of Miss Dolly's luggage, including the arm-chair, which he was about to have stowed in the hold, when the young lady herself came off, attended by her father. At sight of the first mate standing beside the open hatchway, reeving a line around the chair, Miss Dolly showed signs of some embarrassment, whether arising from the sudden appearance of her old friend and school-fellow, or from his employment, no one can say.

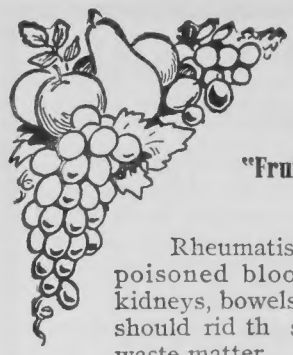
"Oh, John—but the chair is for my cabin. And are you helping Captain Peters get ready?" stammered she; and the mate, hardly less disturbed, replied, in much the same style:

"Certainly, Dolly—of course, Mistress Cathcart; it will be as you direct, surely; and—yes, of course; I am mate of the *Dolphin*, you know."

"You mate of the *Dolphin?* Since when, John Belknap?" asked Dolly's father, severely.

"To-day, sir. I was looking for a voyage, and wanting to go upon my own business to Halifax; and as Wilson is disabled, I took the place," replied Belknap, a little more coherently, and meeting as best he might the piercing regard fixed upon him by the major from beneath his shaggy gray eyebrows. At last the veteran slowly spoke:

"You have a right to your own business, as you say, John Belknap, and I



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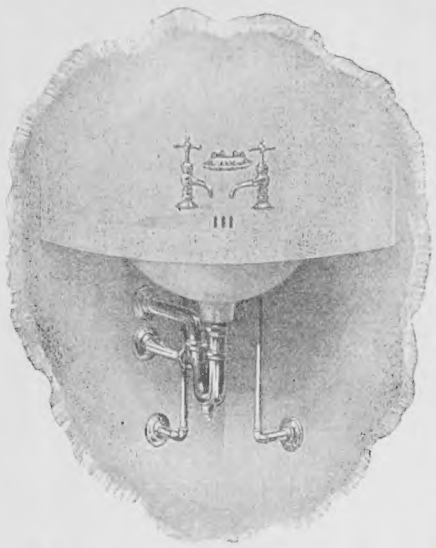

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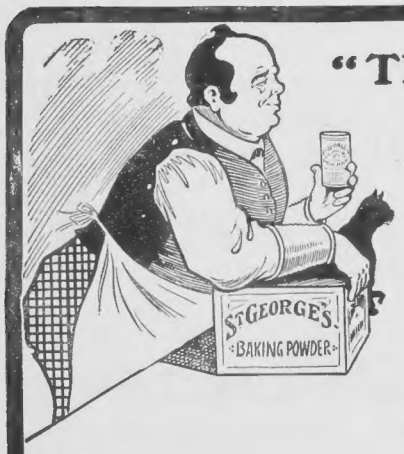

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have known you boy and man for an honest, honorable, and true-hearted fellow, until this foul breath of treason swept through the land, tainting you among the rest with its poison. But, for all that, I give this girl into your charge, to guard her with all respect and modest courtesy to her journey's end, remembering that her lonely and unprotected state should be her best defense from even an idle word or look. Will you accept the charge, and give me your hand upon it, John?"

"Indeed I will, Major Cathcart, and you may demand account of her when I return as strictly as you will. I shall not be ashamed to give it."

As the young man spoke he held out his hand. The elder grasped it heartily, and for a moment the two gazed steadily into each other's eyes. Then John turned to resume his duties, asking:

"Did you say, Mistress Dolly, that you wish this chair in the cabin?"

"If you please, sir," replied the girl, demurely; and presently the great clumsy structure was wedged in between the table and the transom at the stern of the little schooner, taking up much more than its share of room, and greatly disgusting Captain Peters by its presence the first time he came below. There was little to say, however, this cabin having been secured as far as possible for Dolly's private accomodation, the captain and mate only visiting it for meals, which they took at a different hour from their passenger, and sometimes of an evening, spending the other hours of duty in the house on deck or in their state-rooms. The weather was, however, so lovely that Dolly spent much of her time on deck; and as the mate of the schooner was, of course, obliged to stand his watch, whether he liked it or not, and the quarter-deck was his appropriate place at such times, it naturally fell out that the young people were a good deal together, and Dolly found the anxious kindness and attention of the mate a pleasant relief from the decided gruffness and half-concealed suspicions of the captain. Whatever arrangement he could devise for her comfort was sure to be made, even at risk of displeasing his superior, and Dolly had often to beg him not to attempt to serve her so openly or so much, lest he should bring trouble upon both their heads. John promised, but the very same day broke the promise, for, having noticed that Dolly, try as she might, failed to arrange a comfortable seat by the combination of a three-legged stool and a shawl, disappeared from the deck, and presently returned, bringing, with the aid of one of the sailors, the great easy-chair, in which he had noticed that Dolly usually sat when in the cabin.

"Boom won't swing over it, sir," grumbled the man, as he set it down near the wheel.

"No more it won't," replied John, a little perplexed. "Well, if she needs to go over, we can turn down the chair, Mistress Dolly. At any rate you will have a comfortable seat."

"My eye! won't the old man growl when he comes on deck and sees that 'ere!" muttered the sailor, slowly returning forward; but Dolly, too pleased with the attention to heed its consequences, seated herself in the chair like a little princess, and thanked her gallant knight so prettily that he altogether forgot the boom, the sail, the captain, and the schooner, until the wind, which had been fitful and gusty all day, and of late had seemed dying out altogether, suddenly revived, gathered itself together, and came swooping down from out the angry sunset as if determined to punish those who had failed to respect its power and guard against its attacks.

"Mr. Belknap, sir, what are you about, to let the schooner go driving ahead with such a breeze as this coming on?" shouted an angry voice; and John, who had been seated on deck at Dolly's feet, suddenly remembered that he was first mate of the *Dolphin*, and that she was in immediate need of his attention. His first act was to draw Dolly from her seat, and then to throw the chair upon its side, just in time to avoid the great boom, which came flying over, as the captain fiercely cried to the man at the helm:

"Port your helm, you lubber—port! Mr. Belknap, is this your watch on deck, or isn't it?"

"The flaw struck us before anyone could have looked for it, captain, or I should have been ready; but there's no harm done yet," replied Belknap, in some confusion, and forthwith began to bellow a series of orders so numerous and vociferous as to drown the steady stream of grumbling abuse that the captain distributed upon his mate, his passenger, her father, and the chair, which latter he strode across the deck for the express purpose of kicking.

"Please do not injure my chair, sir," remarked Dolly, standing pale and haughty beside it. "To be sure, it cannot kick back again, but still it may not be safe to abuse it."

Captain Peters was an angry man, and more than one cause combined to increase his wrath and render him glad to vent it where he could. He hated Tories in general, and Major Cathcart in especial; he had not found the major's daughter as genial and familiar as he imagined all young women ought to be; he had not felt quite satisfied with his mate's deportment toward the young lady or toward himself; and, to cap all, he had been suddenly aroused from his after-dinner nap by the steward knocking down and breaking a pile of dishes, and perceiving with the instinct of an old seaman that all was not right with the schooner, he had come up the companionway just in time to meet the squall, and to see that the first mate was in no wise attending to his duties. Remembering all these causes of aggravation, let us condone, so far as possible, the next words and acts of the irate skipper, for the words were too profane to repeat, and the act was to seize the poor unwieldy old chair in his sinewy grasp, with the avowed purpose of heaving it overboard.

But the purpose was not effected, for, pushing past him, Dolly seated herself in the chair, as upon a throne, and with flashing eyes and trembling lips asserted herself and her rights.

"Captain Peters, if you throw this chair overboard, you will throw me with it. How dare you, sir, to use such language toward me, or to lay hands upon private property intrusted to your care?"

If the captain had been angry before, he was furious now, and, roaring profanely, "Dare! I dare lay hands on any old Tory's goods!—aye, and on his brat, too, if it comes to that!" he seized the girl's arm, and attempted to drag her from the chair. Dolly did not scream, but her mute resistance was more than the skipper counted upon, and he was grasping for the other arm, when a lithe figure flew with a bound from the top of the house to the deck beside the chair, and a sinewy hand upon the captain's throat hurled him backward with irresistible force.

"What does this mean? What was that man saying or doing, Dolly? I'll fling him overboard, if you say so," panted John Belknap; but before Dolly could reply, the captain, foaming with rage, was upon them, threatening his mate with irons and close confinement on bread and water, and Dolly with nothing less than hanging on the same gallows with her old Tory father. But Belknap had already recovered his mental poise, and standing between Dolly on her throne and the captain, quietly said to the latter:

"See here, Captain Peters; in the new times that you are so fond of predicting, you say there are to be no masters and no servants, and one man is be just as good as another, or better if he can prove himself so. Now why shouldn't we begin these new times here and now? Say I've as good a right as you to command this schooner, owned in part by my uncle, and say that I've as good a chance as you of the men's good-will, what's to hinder me from trying to take the head of the concern? I could do it, and you know I could, and five minutes from now and call myself master of the *Dolphin*, with the power of ordering irons and bread and water to anybody I chose. I could do all this, I say; but I'm a quiet and law-abiding man, and apt to stick to my word when it's once passed, and I don't forget that I shipped for mate and not for skipper; so if this young lady and her property are to have such

treatment as she has a right to expect, and such as was engaged and paid for by her father, and if she's content to have it so, I'll agree to let by-gones be by-gones, and return to my duty as mate. What do you say?"

Captain Peters stood for a moment glaring at his mate with red and angry eyes, then turned away, paced the deck twice up and down, paused, and said, in as nearly his usual tone as he could manage:

"Mr. Belknap, see everything made snug for a gale; we shall have one before dark. Mistress Cathcart, I must have the decks cleared, and this chair carried below at once."

"Certainly, Captain Peters," replied Dolly, willing to accept even so rusty an olive-branch as this; and as she descended the steps of the companionway, followed by two seamen bearing the chair, John Belknap went forward to attend to his duties; but as the chair remained for a moment poised at the top of the steps, a sudden flaw caused the *Dolphin* to lurch so violently that chair, sailors and all were precipitated down the steps and into the little after-cabin together, all suffering more or less in the descent—the men from bruises and abrasions, but the poor chair from the loss of a leg and fracture of an arm. The sailors would have raised it upon the three remaining legs, but Dolly suddenly begged them to leave it alone, and, without apparent intention, interposed between it and them so as to nearly hide it from their view, while courteously turning them out of the cabin, and closing the door behind them.

Soon after, Mistress Dolly herself left the cabin, begged a few nails and a hammer from the steward, and, returning, carefully reclosed the door, and proceeded to use them so vigorously that the sound of her hammer resounded even through the howling of the swiftly risen wind and the tramping of the seamen overhead as they obeyed the clear and rapid orders of the first officer.

The breeze grew to a half gale, then to a gale, and at last to a storm so furious and resistless that at the end of the third day the *Dolphin* lay, mastless and rudderless, a mere unmanageable hulk rolling in the trough of an angry sea. The boats were got out, manned, and ready to push off, when John Belknap came down to the cabin for Dolly, who rose from her knees and met him with a white but very calm face.

"Come, Dolly, they cannot live a moment beside the wreck, and I think the captain would be glad of an excuse —"

"He has found it!" interrupted Dolly, as a dark object swept past the cabin windows, breaking for an instant the sullen glare of the green and foamy waves. Belknap leaped on deck. It was true. The captain, perhaps unable to control his men, perhaps driven by the waves, had allowed the boats to leave the side of the vessel, and already a dozen oars' length divided them.

"We are deserted," said a calm voice beside the young man, as he stamped and vociferated madly upon the deck.

"Yes, Dolly; and, Dolly, I would give my life for yours, if so it might be saved."

"We shall both be saved, John, I am sure of it, I feel it—we and the trust that my father has committed to me."

"What trust, Dolly?"

"The arm-chair and the barrels and boxes."

John stared and wondered if the poor girl were going mad under this terrible strain; but the peril was too pressing for words, and John Belknap was a man of act rather than speech. Persuading Dolly to go below, he busied himself in rigging a rude substitute for a rudder, and then in getting up a slender spar to serve as jury-mast. With them, feeble and incompetent as they needs must be, he gained some control over the schooner—sufficient at least to keep her before the wind, and thus avert the immediate danger of swamping.

The night passed, and the next day. Dolly contrived to find and prepare food for her guardian, who never was able to leave the helm, although he slept grasping the tiller, and became almost too much exhausted for speech or thought. But help was at hand, and the storm was past. As the sun set he threw a clear flood of light across the subsiding waters, and in its gleam shone out the top-sails of a bark plunging along toward them. The signal raised by the girl, under her lover's direction, was seen, and an hour later the *Fairy Queen* lay alongside the *Dolphin*. The next morning the arm-chair, the twenty boxes and barrels, and, last of all, Dolly herself, were transferred to the British bark, whose captain had consented to carry the young lady's property as well as herself to the port where he as well as she was bound.

Arrived, Dolly was welcomed by her uncle, to whom she at once confided her charge, and received in return no measured praise and commendation.

"Your father says it is your own dowry, lass," remarked the uncle, folding up his brother's letter. "So let us see to what it amounts, and place it in safety."

The china, the books, the stuffs, and the household gear were released from the boxes and barrels, and when the poor old arm-chair was ripped up, and the fine old family plate, brought from England by the major's father, the brocades and silks that had been treasured by Dolly's grandmother, and still waited for occasions grand enough to shape them into robes, a casket of hereditary jewels, and finally the title-deeds of property both in the Old and the New World, were all produced; and Dolly told of the perils the poor chair had passed on ship, and how it had fallen down the companionway and the silver coffee-pot had peeped out and nearly betrayed the whole secret, and how she had protected it and cobbled it up, and how she had been glad to be left on board by the retreating crew that she might not abandon the charge her father had confided to her.

"And now, uncle," said she, in conclusion, "I have promised, if you and my father approve, to marry John Belknap; and he never suspected a word of all this."

"In truth, that is the most wonderful part of the story," cried jolly old Ralph Cathcart. "Not one girl in a hundred would have shown your patience and courage, my lass; but not one in five thousand would have kept a secret so faithfully and long, especially with a sweetheart at her elbow. Well, when the young man comes to-night, tell him of your dowry, and tell him I'll answer for my brother's consent, as well as my own. He touched upon the matter in his letter."

The next letter from Pilgrim Vale told Dolly that her mother was at rest, and her father had accepted a brevet commission in the royalist army. Then came an interval of months, and then a hurried scrawl written upon the field of battle, and with it a letter from the chaplain of the regiment, telling Dolly she was an orphan.

"No one left now but you, John," she sobbed.

"And I will try to be all that earth can give, with a looking on to something better," replied he.

And tradition says he remembered his promise, and that Mrs. Belknap was a happy, a prosperous, and a most honored wife.

And the old arm-chair? It stands beside me, hale and hearty, in spite of Dolly's cobbling.

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Mr. Dooley on the Hague Conference.

By F. P. DUNNE

"I see," said Mr. Hennessey, "we're goin' to send th' navy to th' Passyfic."

"I see we're not, too," said Mr. Dooley. "There's two sides to iv'ry question an' in Washington there are twinty-two to iv'ry answer. Wan day sees th' navy tearing around th' Horn, not to intimydate th' Japs, mind ye, but on'y to show thim that if they're lookin' f'r throuble they can have it without movin' out iv their back yards. Another day th' navy is still at home explodin' itsilf. Th' navy gun her name was Maude. I wudden't want to be in front iv wan iv thim gr-reat injines iv desthruction, but if I had to make me choice an' all th' places undherneath were taken, I'd rather be in front thin behind. F'r purposes iv safety they ought to be pointed th' other way. If war comes th' minyit we turn our guns on th' inimy 't will be all over with him.

"No sir, I can't tell whether th' navy is goin' to spend th' rest iv its days protectin' what Hogan calls our insulted possessions in th' Orient or whither it is to remain in th' neighborhood iv Barnstable makin' th' glaziers iv New England rich beyond th' dhreams iv New England avarice, which ar-re hopeful dhreams. Th' cabinet is divided, th' sicrety iv the navy is divided, th' prisidint is divided an' th' press is divided, Wan great iditor fr'm his post iv danger in Paris, has ordhered th' navy to report at San Francisco at four eight Thursday. Another great iditor livin' in Germany has warned it that it will do so at its peril. Nawthin' is so fine as to see a great modhern journalist unbend fr'm his mighty task iv selectin' fr'm a bunch iv phottygrafts th' prettiest cook iv Flatbush or engineerin' with his great furrowed brain th' Topsy Fizzle compytition to trifle with some light warm-weather subjict like international law or war. But men such as these can do annything.

"But, annyhow, what diff'rence does it make whether th' navy goes to th' Passyfic or not? If it goes at all it won't be to make war. They've dumped all th' fourteen inch shells into th' sea. Th' ammunition hoists ar-re filled with American Beauty roses an' orchids. Th' guns are loaded with confetty. Th' officers dhrink nawthin' sthronger thin vanilla an' sthrawberry mixed. Whin th' tars go ashore they hurry at wanst to th' home iv th' Christyan Indeavor Society or through th' free libries readin' religious pothry. Me frind Bob Evans is goin' to conthribute a series iv articles to th' Ladies' Home Journal on croshaying. F'r th' Hague Peace Conference has abolished war, Hinnissy. Ye've seen th' last war ye'll iver see me boy.

"Th' Hague Conference, Hinnissy, was got up be th' Czar if Rooshya just befure he moved his army again th' Japs. It was a quiet day at Saint Pethersburg. Th' prime minister had just been blown up with dinnymite, th' Czar's uncle had been shot an' wan iv his cousins was expirin' fr'm a dose iv proosic acid. All was comparative peace. In the warrum summer's afthernoon th' Czar felt almost dhrousy as he set in his rile palace an' listened to th' low, monotonous dhrone iv bombs bein' hurled at th' Probojensky guards, an' picked th' broken glass out iv th' dhrink that'd just been brought to him be an aged servitor who was prisidint iv th' Saint Pethersburg lodge iv Pathriotic Assassins, Th' monarch's mind turned to th' subject iv war an' he says to himself: 'What a dhreadful thing it is that such a beautiful wurruld should be marred be thousands iv inocint men bein' sint out to shoot each other f'r no cause whin they might better stay at home an. wurruk f'r their rile masthers,' he says' 'I will disguise mesilf as a moojik an' go over to th' tillygraft office an' summon a meetin' iv th' Powers,' he says.

"That's how it come about. All th' Powers sint dillygates an' a gr-reat manny iv th' weaknesses did so too. They met last week in Holland an' they have been devotin' all their time since to makin' war impossible in th' future. Th' meetin' was opened with an acrimonyous debate over a resolution offered be a dillygate fr'm Paryguay callin' f'r immeejit disarmamint, which is th' same, Hinnissy, as notifyin' th' Powers to turn in their guns to th' man at th' dure. This was carried be a very heavy majority. Among those that voted in favor iv it were: Paryguay, Uryguay, Switzerland, Chiny, Bilgium an' San Marino. Opposed were England, France, Rooshya, Germany, Italy, Austhree, Japan an' the United States.

"This was regarded be all present as a happy auggry. Th' convintion thin discussed a risolution offered be th' Turkish dillygate abolishin' war altogether. This also was carried, on'y England, France, Rooshya, Germany, Italy, Austhree, Japan an' the United States votin' no.

"This made th' way clear f'r th' discussion iv th' larger question iv how future wars shud be conducted in th' best inthrests iv peace. The' conference considhered th' possibility iv abolishin' th' mushroom bullet, which enterin' th' interyor iv th' inimy not much larger thin a marble, soon opens its dainty petals an goes whirlin' th' allyminthry canal like a pin-wheel. Th' Chinese dillygate said that he regarded this here insthrunint iv peace as highly painful. He had an aunt in Pekin, an estimable lady, unmarried, two hundred an' fifty years iv age, who rayceived wan without warnin' durin' th' gallant riscue iv Pekin fr'm th' foreign legations a few years ago. He could speak with a feelin' on th' subjeck as th' Chinese army did not use these pro-jictyles but were armed with bean-shooters. Th' English dillygate opposed th' resolution. 'It is,' says he, 'quite thrue that these here pellets are in manny cases harmful to th' digestion but I think it wud be goin' too far to suggest that they be abolished until their mannyfacther is betther undherstud be th' subjick races,' he says. 'I suppos wan iv these bullets might throw a white man off his feed, but we have abundant proof that whin injicted into a black man they gr-reatly improve his moral tone. An' afther all th' improvemint iv th' moral tone is, gintlemin, a far graver matther thin anny mere physical question. We knew fr'm expeeryence in South Africa that th' charmin bullet now undher discussion did much to change conditions in that enlightened an' juicy part iv his Majesty's domains. Th' darky that happened to stop wan was all th' betther f'r it. He retired fr'm labor an' give up his squalid an' bigamious life,' he says, 'I am in favor, howiver, iv restrictin' their use to encounters with races that we properly considher infeeryor,' he says. Th' dillygate fr'm Sinagambye rose to a question iv privilege. 'State ye'er question iv privilege,' say th' chairman. 'I would like to have th' windows open,' says th' dillygate fr'm Sinagambya. 'I feel faint,' he says.

"The Hon'rable Joe Choate, dillygate fr'm th' United States, moved that in future wars enlisted men shud not wear ear-rings. Carried, only Italy votin' no.

"Th' conference thin discussed blowin' up th' inimy with dinnymite, poisonin' him, shootin' th' wounded, settin' fire to infants, bilin' prisoners-iv-war in hot lard an' robbin' graves. Some excitement was created durin' th' talk be th' dillygate fr'm th' cannybal islands who proposed that prisoners-iv-war be eaten. Th' German dillygate thought that this was carryin' a specyal gift iv wan power too far. It would give the cannybal islands a distinct advantage in case iv war as European sojers were accustomed to horses. Th' English dillygate said that while much cud be said against a practice which personally seemed to him rather unsportsmanlike still he felt he must reserve th' right iv anny cannybal allies iv Brittanya to go as far as they liked

"Th' Hon'rable Joe Choate moved that in future wars no military band shud be considered complete without a basedhrum. Carried.

"Th' entire South American dillygation said that no nation ought to go to war because another nation wanted to hang it upon th' slate. Th' English dillygate was much incensed. 'Why gintlemin,' says he, if ye deprived us iv th' right to collect debts be killin' th' debtor ye wud take away fr'm war its entire moral purpose. I must ask ye again to cease thinkin' on this subjick in a gross mateeryal way an' considher th' moral side alone,' he says. Th' conference was much moved be this pathetic speech, th' dillygate fr'm France wept softly into his dandkerchief an' the dillygate fr'm Germany wint over an forcibly took an open-faced goold watch fr'm th' dillygate fr'm Vinzwala.

"Th' Hon'rable Joe Choate moved that in all future wars horses shud be fed with hay wheriver possible. Carried.

"A long informal talk on th' reinthroduction iv scalpin' followed. At last th' dillygate fr'm Chiny arose an' says he 'I'd like to know what war is. What is war annyhow?' 'The Lord knows, we don't,' says the chairman. 'We're all profissors iv colledges or lawyers whin we're home,' he says. 'Is it war to shoot my aunt?' says th' dillygate fr'm Chiny. Cries iv 'No, no.' 'Is it war to hook me father's best hat that he left behind whin he bashfully hurried away to escape th' attintions iv Europeen sojers? he says. 'Is robbery war?' says he. 'Robbery is a nicissry part iv war,' says th' English dillygate. 'F'r th' purpose iv enforcin' a moral example,' he says. 'Well,' says old Wow Chow, 'I'd like to be able to go back home an' tell thim what war really is. A few years back ye sint a lot iv young men to our part iv th' wurruld an' without sayin' with ye'er leave or by ye'er leave they shot us an' they hung us up be our psyche knots an' they burned down our little bamboo houses. Thin they wint up to Pekin, set fire to th' town an' stole ivrything in sight. I just got out iv th' back dure in time to escape a jab in th' spine fr'm a German that I niver see before. If it hadn't been that whin I was a boy I won the th' hundred yards at th' university iv Slambang in two hours an' forty minyits, an' if it hadn't happened that I was lightly dhressed in a summer overskirt an' a thin blouse an' if th' German hadn't stopped to steal me garters, I wudden't be here this moment,' says he. 'Was that war' or wasn't it?' he says. 'It was an expedition,' says th' dillygate fr'm England, 'to serve th' high moral jooties iv Christyan civvylization.' 'Tain says th' dillygate fr'm Chiny, puttin' on his hat, 'I'm f'r war,' he says. 'It ain't so rough,' he says. An' he wint home."

"But is th' navy goin' to th' Passyfic?" asked Mr. Hennessey.

"If ye took a vote in th' navy on it ye bet it wud," said Mr. Dooley. "That's th' throuble about these here movements f'r peace. We use the wrong kind iv people to stop war. Instead iv usin' profissors an' lawyers we ought to use sojers. A peace movement that cud get th' support iv th' United States navy wud be worth while. Let ivry man do what he can in his own way. Let him attend to th' thing he knows most about. Let th' sojers stop war an' th' pro-fissors stop talkin'."

Housekeeping as an Art.

Dont' you like to have your rooms in summer look summery? I do, most emphatically.

And you can do it with comparatively little expense and trouble. Thoroughly clean all the woolly things, carpets rugs and curtains, and put them away in moth balls and tar paper. (Look at them now and then during the summer to see that they do not get eaten up), and bring out cotton things. Buy yards and yards of pretty flowered chintz. Cover couches, cushions and upholstered chairs with it, and put ruffled coverings of chintz on your beds if you like. As to your floors, stain them some dark color or paint them, or put down straw matting, or—and it is very cheap and pretty—just common, ordinary denim. Of course, you needn't buy exactly the kind that is used for overalls, although that is considered capable of artistic effects, but you can get figured denim in the loveliest, softest colors. It is pretty for a whole floor covering or can be used for a border with a rug occupying the greater part of the floor space. I have in mind a green and white bedroom that had for a carpet denim with a green ground relieved by white figures. An interesting dining-room I know of has a large olive green rug on the floor and a breadth of olive-green denim tacked down for a border on the four sides.

A word about curtains. Do not get cheap, coarse, imitation lace ones. There is nothing daintier or in better taste than clean, ruffled muslin curtains, which can be made at home and need cost only a few cents a yard By muslin, of course, I do not refer to underclothes and sheet muslin, but to the thin, swiss-like materials sold especially for curtains.

An Unconscious Instrument.

By Louise Hardenbergh Adams.

GREAT swirling tongues of flame danced among the snapping pine logs in the rude fireplace. Nellie Caperton's happy face glowed in the firelight, as she turned in her chair to smile at her husband.

"Oh, Kent!" she exclaimed, "it's so good to be home with you again. Why! you can never imagine how I've longed to be here and even now I can hardly believe I'm close to you, at last, and before our own hearthstone."

"I know it's awful good to have you back again," Kent responded, drawing his chair closer to hers. "My goodness, Nell! Ontario seemed a billion miles off to me—while you were there."

"And Saskatchewan was fully two billion miles away, when I thought of you out here—all alone," Nellie laughed; "even Baby failed to comfort me when I was foolish enough to want you."

"Then I can forget my great jealousy of the small baggage you gave my name," Kent said quizzically. "Say, Nell, what happened to him. Your letters were so full of hints that I couldn't make head or tail of; then you evaded all my questions so cleverly, I'm sure there's something that I ought to know.'

Nellie laughed merrily. "I'm just wild to tell you about Kent Junior's first remarkable adventure," she declared, "but I really couldn't do him justice in a letter."

"Seems to me—he's making a very early beginning," Kent said jokingly, "but there's no telling what he may do, with such an illustrious mother."

"Thanks," Nellie laughed, flashing him a bright look. "Kent, dear, I shall always feel so thankful for my visit; Baby was the means of doing so much good."

"So you kept saying in all of your last letters. See here, Nell," Kent cried, "you remind me of old Daddy Price. Do you remember him? 'I'm jes' b'ilin' over with good stories,' he would quaver out, 'ye'd like to hear 'em, an' mebbe—someday—when I git 'round to it, I'll take a space o' time an' tell ye all o' 'em.'"

"I'll take my 'space o' time,'" Nellie laughed. "Kent, before I went back, it never seemed as if I'd been away for five years," she said reflectively, "and that five years had passed since we stood together in the old parlor at home, and you were so anxious to be married just right you prompted the minister."

Kent threw back his head with a ringing laugh. "I wanted that tie done with double knots," he chuckled, "for I meant to have it strong enough to last forever."

"Kent, I hadn't been home an hour before I saw pitiful changes in all the family," Nellie said abruptly. "Mother had such a worried look, and her face settled in the saddest lines when she wasn't talking it made my heart ache. Poor Father, he had changed just as much or more, and really seemed like a broken old man; and Lottie! why you know I expected to find her a jolly sort of a girl; she was always such a bright, merry little thing. But I just looked at her in amazement; I couldn't understand it; for she went about as if she was tired to death all the time, and her great brown eyes had a pathetic look in them that kept me in misery."

"It couldn't have been very cheerful for you," Kent remarked quietly.

"Oh! they tried to hide everything, and make it lovely," Nellie said hastily, "but you know, Kent, love can see through all subterfuges, and I very soon felt the strain of what they were so anxious to hide from me. The only person in the house who didn't seem to have any special burden, or anxiety, was Aunt Abby. You remember her. Her house burned down and she went to Father's to live after we came west. She's very feeble, so Mother gave her the ell room, the one back of hers; there's only the old clothes-press closet between the rooms, and as Aunt Abby saved a few of her things, Mother gave her the closet to keep them in. She's a dear old soul, but a dreadful putterer. I soon saw that her trying to help them was a great worry to Mother and Lottie."

"That's beautiful!" Nellie exclaimed, watching the greedy flames run along the bark of the great pine log Kent threw on the fire. "I soon saw things that convinced me each one had their own botherations," she went on, "and I deliberately set to work to find them out. Mother troubled me the most, so I began with her. We were alone in her room one day, and after talking about the things that mothers understand, I turned on her suddenly, and asked: 'What's making you so unhappy, Mother?'"

"Poor Mother, she was surprised, and began to cry; then before she knew it I had my arms about her, and when you can do that with Mother you've got her defenses down, and then she had to tell me everything."

"I can well understand that," Kent laughed. "Oh, I didn't mean to interrupt you," he apologized; "go on. I'm anxiously waiting to hear everything."

"If you'd seen Mother, Kent, you would have felt as sorry as I did for her," Nellie said sadly. "I never saw her so nervous; and it was very hard for her to tell a coherent story, but she kept insisting she'd feel better if I knew it all.

"It seems Mother's old friend, Mrs. Gowen, came out to the farm to spend the day. She's been in the habit of doing so for years, and Mother always let her wander about alone, as she was fond of doing. That day she was all over the place; even went to the barn to see a new horse. When she came to put on her wraps and go home she couldn't find her shawl, a very valuable camel's hair, worth a small fortune. She was sure that she'd laid it on Mother's bed, when she came in the morning, and Mother had seen it there; but it was gone. They hunted high and low, but they couldn't find the least trace of it, and at last Mrs. Gowen had to wear Mother's cape home.

"Now the horridest part of it was Mrs. Gowen was so mad—she's old, but that don't excuse her—that when she finally had to give up her shawl as lost, she insinuated that Mother had taken it, and that was enough to start the story that Mother was a thief. I don't for an instant think any one believed such a thing, but they were just as bad, for they repeated the story, and at last it reached Mother's ears—and nearly broke her heart."

"Great guns, Nell!" Kent ejaculated sharply, "how could any one suspect our mother of stealing, or even hint such an atrocious thing? What did the woman mean?"

"Mrs. Gowen's grief over the loss of her shawl was greater than any she ever showed for her husband" Nellie said, with a touch of irony in her voice. "Perhaps she did value it more, and felt its loss as she never had his. It seemed so from the way she talked. At last Mother couldn't stand it any longer, so she went to see Mrs. Gowen, and offered to pay her for the shawl. I know from the little Mother was willing to tell me about it Mrs. Gowen treated her shamefully," Nellie cried in indignation, "then she demanded an exorbitant sum, and positively refused to accept anything less."

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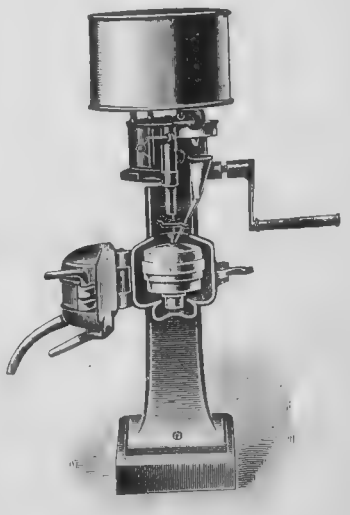

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man," Kent observed, wrathfully.

"She was horrid!" Nellie cried, "and the nice who lives with her, and expected to inherit the shawl urged her on, and really was at the bottom of Mrs. Gowen's hatefulness.

"Mother went home just heart-broken; she couldn't pay for the shawl, and she couldn't find it. She hunted the place over and over again until she got sick, and then Father made her stop. Poor soul, she felt so disgraced she wouldn't go any place; not even to church. You know Mother is very proud in her way, and I could see how she resented the humiliation; I won't call it anything else, for as I told her, when I tried to comfort her, nothing could really disgrace her. Oh, Kent, you can't tell any one not to worry when they're just devoured with trouble and anxiety."

"I never heard anything so strange; now they if lived in the city, someone might have slipped in and taken the shawl, but such a quiet place in the country! I can't understand it!" Kent looked puzzled. "Has mother's room an outside door?" he asked with sudden curiosity.

til he got a scare about their being safe, when he brought them home and expected to go over to Laurel and put them in the new bank there.

"He went right to the bed-room when he came into the house. Mother was there and watched him cut the coupons off the bonds. Then she saw him put them into an envelope before she left the room and went to the kitchen.

"Father laid that envelope, with the bonds in it, on the bed and stepped into the dining-room for an instant. Kent, when he went back to the bed-room the bonds were gone! There wasn't a trace of them, or the envelope—both had vanished utterly."

Kent gave a long, shrill whistle. "Great guns!" he exclaimed. "What an awful fix for the old man."

"'Oh, Kent, it was awful for them all; it was cruel!" Nellie cried vehemently, her face white with emotion. "They nearly went crazy; they hunted day and night until they were forced to give up all hope of ever finding the bonds. It was an awful blow, and as all of the Wilcox boys are of age this fall, Father knew the

"'He's on the old ceiling-shelf,' Father shouted, as he climbed up by the lower shelves."

Nellie turned impulsively to him. "I thought of that," she cried, "but her room has only two doors; one opening into the dining-room and the other in the old press closet."

"I was thinking of tramps," Kent said slowly. "Go on, Nell, sweetheart."

"When I got Mother quieted a little," she sighed, "I asked her to tell me what was troubling Father, for I don't believe that the loss of a shawl was all; that only meant a woman's fixings to him, and he never could understand their costing much.

"Kent, Mother broke down completely, and at first she didn't want to tell me; said that it was a shame to spoil my visit with their troubles; but at last I got it out of her."

"Trust you for doing that," Kent laughed.

"Oh, Kent, don't laugh, for it really was dreadful." Great tears filled Nellie's bright eyes.

"You know Father is guardian for the Wilcox boys, and ever so much of their money is in government bonds. Father has always kept their bonds in Pow's Bank at Spense, unonly way he could make up their loss was to sell the old farm. Oh, Kent, when I heard that, I knew what the lines in Father's face meant, or I thought I did until Mother told me that some one had started all sorts of wicked, terrible stories about dear Father."

Kent drew his wife's white face down on his shoulder, with a tender kiss.

"I wish I'd been there," he said grimly, "I'd found more use for a gun than I ever have out here in the West. Poor souls, after standing at the very head of the community all of their lives for uprightness and probity, it makes my blood boil to think anyone could tell such malicious lies about them."

"You can see that it was really impossible to write you all about it," Nellie sobbed, slipping her hand into Kent's.

"If you had, even the ranch couldn't have kept me," Kent hastily asserted; "I'd found a way of reaching you mighty quick."

"That was the comfort I had all of the time," Nellie said tenderly, "and I begged Mother to let me send for you, but she thought Father would rather wait until he had everything settled. We talked it over, and then I asked Mother if Lottie had anything besides their troubles to worry her. Lottie's as proud as a peacock, and I felt sure she'd never open her heart to me; she knows how good you've always been to me—"

Kent's eyes twinkled. "Sure of that, Nell?" he laughingly interrupted.

"I was glad I asked Mother about Lottie; it got her spunk up and did her good," Nellie went on soberly. "Then, as she felt worried about Lottie, she was thankful she could share her anxiety with me."

"Kent, do you remember the Lavells at Laurel? You knew the boys; well, the youngest of them, Bruce, met Lottie at a party and fell deep in love with her. Lottie really is a beautiful girl, and just as sweet as she's pretty, so it wasn't to be wondered at. Mother said Bruce haunted the farm; he was there every day until his uncle died some place here in the West, and he was sent for in a dreadful hurry."

"Why, I tell, that's the boy whose people made such an ado when he went West the first time; they were so sure he'd be scalped. There was even a story about his mother's having some sort of wig made for him to wear and fool the Indians," Kent laughed.

"He didn't wait for a wig this time," Nellie laughed, "for he went in a hurry. Lottie had letters from him at first, and Mother thought there was an understanding between them; then his letters stopped coming, and shortly after that Father saw him in Laurel, and heard that his uncle had left him a fortune. He never came near the farm, and Mother was sure he'd heard and believed the wicked stories people were telling about them."

"I never thought there were scamps among the Lavells," Kent said scornfully.

Nellie's face wore a curious smile. "Kent, I seemed nearer to Mother than I'd ever been; perhaps because I'm a mother, and I could see how she suffered for Lottie, and the more because of Lottie's reticence. Why, that very night, when we were putting Baby to sleep, I just tried my best to get Lottie to tell me about Bruce; but not a bit of it; she turned the subject off with a bitter laugh.

"You can imagine how I felt, Kent," Nellie cried, "and I just was wild to set things straight. In spite of Mother's protests, I got the hunting-craze and went about poking into all sorts of holes and corners. And at last I was so restless I could hardly sit still, and every day, while Baby took his naps, I wandered all over the house, possessed with the idea I might find what they had almost torn the house down searching for."

"You poor child," Kent cried tenderly, "no wonder I worried over your letters."

"I must acknowledge they were very mixed." Nellie laughed queerly, "but, oh, Kent, I couldn't help it; and it got worse every day. One morning we were all busy at something in the kitchen; I'd left Baby sound asleep on Mother's bed, and I knew I could hear him if he cried. After a time I got a little anxious and went to take a peep at him; and, Kent, he was gone!"

"What!' Kent exclaimed in excitement, with an uneasy look toward the cradle.

"He was gone!" Nellie cried tragically, with a wild gesture; "there was no sign of him—for even his blanket had disappeared. Kent—I just went crazy."

Kent drew her nearer to him. "I can't bear to think of it," he groaned.

Nellie shivered. The anguish of the past, like live coals in ashes, revived as she raked it over in the telling. "It was awful," she sobbed; "we tore everything to pieces; we searched and we called; I know I

screamed, 'Kent! Baby Kent!' just as if that baby could answer."

"Father called the men in from the fields, and they brought the dogs into the house. It was terrible." Nellie hid her face on Kent's shoulder with a dry sob. "Kent," she moaned, "I'd died if we hadn t found him.

Kent tightened his grasp about her. "But you did," he said soothingly, "and as far as I can judge, he's a pretty lively specimen still."

"We got into the very depths of despair," Nellie went on. "Mother was on the verge of collapse, and white as snow, but she would not stop searching. Father went about the house like a wild goat, climbing up on everything, and pulling out the furniture to look back of it. Lottie had her teeth set, and red spots on her white cheeks. She had to stop hunting and give Aunt Abby something to eat, for the poor old soul's greatest trouble was the loss of her dinner. I was poking among the dishes, for I hadn't any more sense than to look for Baby in the sugar bowl.

"Suddenly we heard a little shrill cry. Then another a little longer. Kent, I stood still an instant and quivered with joy," Nellie cried, her face glowing, "then I flew!"

"The cries seemed to come from Mother's room, but when we got there Mother screamed, "The press closet!" and we rushed into it. By that time Baby had reached the roaring state, and his glorious roars seemed to come from over our heads.

"'He's on the old ceiling shelf,' Father shouted, as he climbed up by the lower shelves. In an instant I had that blessed, squirming thing in my arms, and I hurried to the light to see if I had all of him; then, oh, how I yelled! for I had Mrs. Gowen's shawl all gr[illegible] up with him!'

"Great guns!" Kent exclaimed in vigorous excitement.

"I threw it at Mother, and the relief of finding it was so great she dropped into a chair, laughing and crying at the same time; Lottie had all she could do to quiet her.

"When Father saw the shawl, he rushed back into the closet and came out with his envelope of bonds; and, Kent, he really danced a jig for joy." Nellie turned to her husband with a look of sweet gravity on her face. "Kent, I don't understand it, but something came to me li' a flash. I threw Baby, still roaring, on Mother's bed and flew to the kitchen, where Aunt Abby was quietly enjoying her d[illegible] for a candle. I rushed through her room and into the press closet. The shelf was part of an old ceiling, 'way up in a dark corner where no one had thought of it for years. I climbed up and held the candle so I could see, and when my eyes caught the gleam of a little white envelope, I grabbed it and hid it in my dress before Father came in to look for me.

"Father climbed up to see what else he could find," Nellie laughed nervously, "and he brought down a wonderful conglomerate. Things that had been missed and forgotten, and others of all sorts and—"

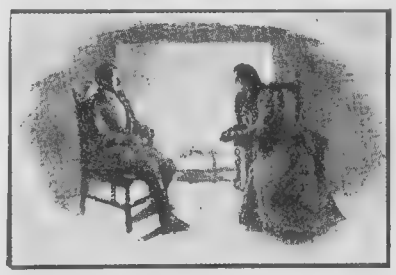
"How on earth, Nell, did they get there?" Kent interrupted in amazement.

"Oh, of course, we felt sure that Aunt Abby was in some way mixed up with their being there, although she was as excited as could be over their discovery, and seemed as puzzled as the rest of us. At first Father could hardly believe it was her doings, but he was so determined to find out who was at the bottom of the mischief, he watched her.

"Aunt Abby's hardly responsible, even when she's awake, and that afternoon, while she was taking a nap, she got up in her sleep and crept slowly into Mother's room. She walked straight to the bed and picked put a handkerchief laying on it and carried it into the press closet. Then, and it was strange how she seemed to be without fear, she climbed up and laid it on the shelf just as she had done all of the other things, Baby included. Bless his sweet roars, if she hadn't put him there, they might never have been found and the dear old home sold."

Nellie was silent for a moment.

"Kent, dear," she half whispered, "I found that letter directed to Bruce Lavell in Lottie's writing; she must have laid it down ready to mail



where Aunt Abby found it. I thought it had been shelved long enough, so I sent it to Bruce, enclosing a line explaining all the circumstances, and the cause of its failure to reach him sooner. Then I held my tongue about it.

"Bruce's fastest horse brought him to the farm as soon as the letter reached him," Nellie laughed merrily, "and he's going to bring Lottie o[illegible] to see us this fall—on their wedding trip."

"We'll be most happy to see them, and will give them a royal welcome," Kent said emphatically. "I must say, Nell, you managed to have a pretty energetic time, and I'm proud of my wife's diplomacy."

"You can feel prouder of your son," Nellie laughed; "few of his tender months have done as much for others. He's just what his dear Grandma called him, 'an instrument—"

"A mighty sharp one," Kent interrupted, kissing Nellie's brilliant, joyous face.

"An unconscious instrument," she affirmed, then laughingly added, "for good."

Try Again.

A motto, my friend, for your learning,
'Tis one that the wise may well heed:
For whether you're spending or earning
'Tis a lesson you soon may need;
And if you are running or walking,
Keep steady upon your feet.
Let others do all of the talking,
And laugh when you know you are beat.

This world has plenty of troubles,
Each person has some of his own,
And though sometimes they seem doubles,
Brace up; you are not all alone.
Look them all in the face without frowning,
Prepare for another heat:
Show the world that you're not made for downing,
And laugh when you know you are beat.

—Nellie Fiske Hackett.

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To every present subscriber or reader who will send us **one new subscriber** to **The Western Home Monthly** for **one year at Fifty cents,** at any time before Oct. 31, 1907, we will send **Free** by mail, post paid, **Twelve Beautiful Post Cards** and a neat **Post Card Album,** bound in boards, suitably printed cover and, having spaces to hold 24 cards.

The twelve post cards are of fine quality, beautifully printed, no two alike, and include views of schools, parks, public buildings, etc., etc., in Western Canada, a real nice post card to mail to your friends in the Old Country or Eastern Canada, and embrace the following groups of Winnipeg views:—

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Looking North from City Hall	Looking South from City Hall.	Assiniboine Park.	Roslyn Road.
St. Mary's Church.	Wesley Church.	Portage Avenue.	Kennedy Street.
Central Congregational Church.	Medical College.	Princess Street.	Government House.
Manitoba College.	Wesley College.	Armstrong Point.	Court House.
University of Manitoba	First Baptist Church.	Wellington Crescent.	Royal Alexandra Hotel.
Grace Church.	St. Stephen's Church.	Fort Garry Gateway.	Fort Garry Court.
Victoria School.	General Hospital.	Government Buildings.	The Assiniboine River.
Normal School.	Carnegie Library.	Manitoba Club.	Mr. John Galt's Residence.
Deaf and Dumb Institute.	St. Andrew's Church.	Old Post Office.	Assiniboine Park.
Sacred Heart Church.	St. John's College.	Canadian Bank of Commerce.	Redwood Brewery.
Survey School.	Norquay School.	Eaton Store.	Bannatyne Avenue East.
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They will be sent you promptly, and when you receive them we are sure you will feel well repaid for your time and trouble. In your letter do not fail to say that the subscription is for **The Western Home Monthly,** and do not fail to give your own name and full address as well as that of the subscriber. Do not be discouraged if you do not get the subscriber at the first house you visit; keep on until the subscription is secured—the reward is well worth the effort. If you want more than one set of the cards and album, and can get more than one subscriber, do so; we will send you a set of twelve and an album for every new subscriber you send us.

We have mentioned a new subscriber, but if it should be one who has taken the **Western Home Monthly** at some time, and has failed to renew for this year, it will make no difference; anyone not now a subscriber to this magazine is eligible. Please bear in mind that this is a special limited offer, good only until October 31st, 1907, hence must be taken advantage of before that date. You may select any one of the four groups.

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Correspondence

We present to our readers this month the usual quota of letters from young men and women who are interested in the discussion going on in these columns on the matrimonial question in Western Canada. Judging from the increase in the number of letters received by us, this question of getting acquainted with a view to getting married later on is a topic of general interest throughout this western country.

We are quite willing to exchange or re-mail letters addressed to this office intended for some writer in these columns. When sending us letters to be re-mailed, please affix stamp on blank envelope enclosing your letter. All writers must give us their full name and address, not necessarily for publication, but as an evidence of good faith.

Girls, what do you think of him?

Alberta, Aug. 11, 1907.

Editor,—I enjoy your correspondence columns, and will add my impressions to the many already printed.

I have a half-section, with the necessary buildings and furniture, but lack the necessary true, loving, devoted wife to make it a home. I have an ideal which I have as yet been unable to find in the flesh, and when I do, I am in the market.

I want a healthy, refined, educated Christian wife, with musical talents and a cheerful, lively, fun-loving disposition; good looking, well built, and a good cook and housekeeper.

I am 26 years of age, weigh 180 lbs., good looking, have dark brown hair, and am as healthy and strong as a horse. I am independent, cheerful, hospitable, fond of fun and music, good natured, unselfish, use neither tobacco, liquor nor bad language, am a member of the Methodist Church, and am considered a good all-round man.

If I find the girl who comes up to my ideal, which I have roughly outlined, and the rough sketch of myself comes near hers, I can lavish on her a love and devotion that will make her future very happy.

Any replies will receive prompt attention from

"Cheerful Canadian."

Writes Very Sensible Letter.

Halbrite, Sask., Aug. 10, 1907.

Editor,—As I was looking over the February number of the Western Home Monthly I noticed a letted signed "Sloppy Soby" that took my fancy, and should like to hear from him should he care to write.

I am not looking for a husband, as I lead a happy, contented life, but would write to any one, if by so doing I could while away a long, lonesome Sunday or a rainy afternoon for them, for I know baching is lonesome work.

As for the bachelor drinking, we see the subject wrote of and discussed till most of us have grown weary of it. Still, I would like to have my say. I think we are to blame to a certain extent. Girls, if you treated these boys of the plains more as brothers than as beaux you would find your truest friends among them. Open wide your house to them and make them welcome, for while you are sheltered in your own home, they have left perhaps better homes to make a home of their own, and what is nobler than that? Perhaps some have left just as sweet a sister as you in the old home; encourage them to talk of the old mother and the little sister; it will be a relief to them and a pleasant surprise to you.

Some may be behind the times, but, girls, it is because you have shunned them because they were bachelors and haven't much time for dress after working all day in the fields, then getting their own supper, etc.

If some visit the saloon too often, remember there no one is slighted, all are equal, and your manners and dress cut no ice, as the saying goes.

So let us welcome these boys of the plains to our homes and do all we can to help them and to try to win their friendship and esteem, so when they write home, someone will be glad to know their boy has found a true friend, one to lead him right, not wrong.

I will correspond with one and all, if any care to write to pass the time away.

"The Kid."

Anti-Tobacco and Anti-Booze.

Fillmore, Sask., June 7, 1907.

Editor,—After reading the letters in the correspondence department, it seems only just to give the young people interested the result of careful investigation and observation on the liquor and tobacco questions.

First, suppose it is a pleasure to a young man to smoke or chew, or indulge in intoxicating drinks, what right has he to impose his vileness upon an unoffending public—or private, if you please?

Again, what would you do, my young friend, if a big brute of a man came deliberately into your home and spit into the face of your mother or sister? But you will puff the foul nicotine into the very lungs of pure and innocent women and even children of most delicate organism.

Thanks to the progress of the age, we can go along the streets of most of our leading cities without wading through tobacco "swill" on the pavements.

Now, re the drink question: You may have seen a young child take the early "baits"—its first drink of alcoholic beverage. Did you notice the wry face? That was the demonstration of a mighty repulsion of the nervous system of the child—a hard fight for supremacy. But even so early the native force in the child is weakened by each indulgence.

Now, I hear you say "Our grandfathers (and mothers, too often) used it, and they were hardy. Yes, and you and I are reaping the result of their sowing.

My age makes me eligible to apply for the address of "Blue Bell" from Ontario. I'll fill the other requirements for the purpose of correspondence.

"The Scribe."

Got Husband through this Magazine.

British Columbia, July 11, 1907.

Editor,—I am writing to tell you that I am changing my address as a result of my letter to the W. H. M. I have made the acquaintance of a rancher, who has done me the honor of asking me to marry him. I leave here for my new home next week, and will forward you the address, subject to his approval. Would you thank those gentlemen for their letters to me, that I have been unable to reply to. I am enclosing an answer to "Widower," as I do not know his address. Thanking you, and wishing your paper all success.—Yours truly,

"Marjorie of Edmonton."

"Bright Eyes" Sympathises with "Willie."

London, Ont., June 12, 1907.

Editor,—I am very much interested in your correspondence department, and would very much like to correspond with some real nice boys who are not crazy to get married right away, but who wouldn't mind writing a jolly letter occasionally to a lonely little girl.

Although I don't want to get married just now, I sympathize with the girls who do and the boys who can't find a suitable wife. What are we poor girls to do, though? So many of the boys say:

"Gee-whiz, I'm glad I'm free.
No wedding bells for me."

I am a stenographer and am very fond of music and all kinds of amusements. I just love to have a good dance or go to a good opera. I can be very serious sometimes, though, and as sedate as I imagine Mrs Noah was. I am small and have dark hair and eyes. I like either fair or dark boys.

"Willie" (on the Lone Pine Ranch) has my sympathy, and I would be very much obliged if you would kindly forward the enclosed letter to him.

Wishing your magazine every success. I remain, "Bright Eyes."

P.S.—I would like to exchange postcards with anyone.

Good Fellow, but Bad Poet.

Daysland, Alta., Aug. 10, 1907.

Editor,—Seeing in your magazine that the young gentlemen and ladies are having a good old time corresponding together, I thought I would like to be one of them. I have just come home from a wedding to-day from one of my friends, and it made me feel as if I ought to have one of my own. In fact, I felt that way long ago, but I have never yet found a suitable partner.

I am a young bachelor, of course, farming at present till I prove up and get my patent.. Not that I don't like farming, but it is too lonesome, and as I know quite a bit about business (my parents have been in the store business for the last five years), I think that I might go into some kind of mercantile business. I would like to correspond with some young ladies with a view to matrimony. I would like to get married for love and lead a happy life and have my love returned in the same manner. The young lady should be kind-hearted and have a good education and be about my own age, viz., 25 years.

My height is 5 ft. 9 in., weight 160 lbs., have light brown hair, no bad habits, am honest and true, and can give good character.

I would like a lady who can play and sing, as I am fond of music and singing. Yes, "Irish Molly," just come up here and teach school for us. I wouldn't mind going to school to you myself.

I enclose the following poem for "Irish Molly's" perusal:

I've lov'd her more than twenty years,
I've written countless rhymes about her,
And as my thirtieth birthday nears,
I know I could not live without her.

She's gentle, womanly, refined;
Her eyes along life's pathway light me;
Tho' I am not of angel kind,
She whispers all I might be.

I love her more than fame or self,
I love her more than life itself.
I lov'd her when a boy—I love her yet—
The girl that I have never met.

I will sign myself "True-hearted."

A Voice from the Pacific.

Vancouver, B.C., Aug. 16, 1907.

Editor,—While looking over the papers and magazines in the Carnegie Library here, I came across yours, and was much pleased with it, so much so that I decided to subscribe (the subscription price please find enclosed). I was especially struck with the correspondence columns, and as I am an old bachelar (26), I thought I would write too, and see if I couldn't interest some nice, respectable, homey young lady. I would like to hear from any that care to correspond for amusement for the present, and perhaps talk business later on.

I am 5 ft. 6 in. or so, have curly brown hair, blue eyes, weigh about 135 and am well built but not so good-looking that many would go wild over me. I am not over-burdened with wealth, but hope soon to be able to eke out a comfortable home, and wouldn't mind running across a respectable young lady who would care to share it with me.

It seems strange that men and women should take this way of becoming acquainted, when we know numbers of the opposite sex of marriageable age who surely entertain an idea of being spliced some day, but such seems to be the case. Can you explain it, or can any of the readers explain it?

Of course, in some cases where the young man is homesteading it is explainable, but still he surely has been one time raised or living in a more populous locality, where he might have seen the girl of his choice. For my part, I think it is just a case of bashfulness or perhaps backwardness, or it may be a case of not having met my ideal. I am rather inclined to like a dark-haired girl, about my own size, and, of course, good looking, preferably a farmer's daughter, and one who knows how to and "will" cook; of medium, jolly disposition and always good-natured, and, above all, a Christian.

I do not use tobacco or liquor in any form, and have no very bad habits, yet I do not think myself anywhere near perfect.

Now, if any of your young lady readers care to write to such a fellow I would be pleased to hear from them, and send a small photo along if you have any, and get mine in return.

Hoping this doesn't see the waste-basket too soon, and thanking you in advance, I remain yours truly,

'A Waysider."

Qualifying for the Job.

Fort Saskatchewan, Alta,
Aug. 17. 1907.

Editor,—I read the correspondence pages of the Western Home Monthly with great interest, and think it a great help to young ladies and bachelors. I would like to get acquainted with some of the young lady readers.

I am not a bachelor, but expect to be. I am young (not 20), dark complexion, weight about 160 lbs., 6 ft. tall and of good habits.

Young ladies about my own age wishing to write will find me most willing to answer.

"One Who is Particular."

"Shamrock" in a hurry.

Millet, Alta., Aug. 13, 1907.

Editor,—I am a bachelor, having a homestead. I am 5 ft. 9 in. high, and weigh 175 lbs. Have black hair and dark eyes and dark complexion, no bad habits. Would like to correspond with young ladies. Hoping to hear from some soon, "Shamrock."

Not a Married Man.

Alberta, Aug. 9, 1907.

Editor,—I sometimes scan the columns on matrimony in your ever-welcome paper. A letter written by Miss Alice Montrose, of Feb. 19, 1907, from Alberta, and published in your issue for April, 1907, has interested me so much that I would like to say that the writer has my sympathy and that I think the letter is a very sensible one.

Marriage arrived at through the columns of some newspapers may prove a boon to some, especially to those who cheifly look for a home, whilst they take for granted that the man with whom they intend to throw in their lot also mainly seeks a partner to help him with his numerous duties and also perchance to be a companion. But otherwise, for those who think of marriage in a different way, where love is to play some part this method of becoming affianced may perhaps be a risky one.

Such as my little experience in this country has taught me, I would believe that there are men (I know little of the girls) of all stamps, natures, etc., on the farms in the "Wild West." But there is little or no doubt but that we have all come with the idea, if not of making one's fortunes, then at least of bettering ourselves and making for ourselves an independence. Those who have begun from the beginning will bear me out that the homesteader's life under such conditions is one that needs strenuous living, a denial at times perhaps of what under other conditions one would term the necessities of life.

Whether it be but an illusion on my part (but I do not think so, for I have read articles in our farm papers re "The Facing of the Work for the Women on the Farm," "The Improvement

of Buildings, Gardens, etc., for the sake of Beauty), I have come to think that many a good-natured soul, by passing through a lengthened period in which it was hard to make two ends meet, becomes unconsciously cold and indifferent to ought else save the daily work and the incessant thought of turning over a dollar without spending one. His wife, if he has one, will perchance have grown into a similar condition of mind. This way of living, I believe, could never be understood by the money-eyed man, or that man to whom money making comes as naturally and as easy as saying his A B C's. But for the settling up of a new county, perhaps, it is as well that there are those who can "hang on" and plod away in this manner without faltering, even when luck is all against them.

However willing and kind-hearted a man might be, unless he were able to engage plenty of hired help for the farm or for the house work, he could not possibly manage to see that his wife was able to live the life of a lady. Do not let me offend anyone, for I do not infer that because a woman makes butter, etc., she cannot be a lady.

Although I am a bachelor, I do not contemplate matrimony. My object in writing was to ask if you would kindly forward the enclosed letter to a "Philosophical Writer," in the hope of her honoring me by writing to me as a friend and countrywoman.

Your object in publishing letters with view to bringing about matrimony (i.e., settling up a new country) is, no doubt, a good one, but the would-be participants should, I fancy, bear in mind on what grounds they are working weighing matters carefully beforehand before taking a step that will, no doubt, influence the whole of the remainder of their lives. Yours truly,

"An Englishman."

Address Lady Writers through W.H.M.

Sask. Landing, July 15, 1907.

Editor,—I have been reading your valuable paper for quite a while, although not a subscriber. I think it a very good family magazine.

I have been reading the correspondence page and must say I see some very good letters and some, I think, very foolish ones, both from the boys and girls. I notice some girls say they wouldn't object to a young man drinking occasionally I think it would be wise to be very careful along these and other lines.

I like the letter from "Blue Bell No. 5." I agree with her that there are too many homes with too little love. I would like to correspond with "Prince Albert Lassie," whose letter appeared in your March issue. Please forward me her address. Thanking you in advance, "Contented Farmer."

Some Reader may Answer your Queries.

Ebor, Man., Aug. 17, 1907.

Editor,—Having read with much interest the correspondence pages of your excellent magazine I feel that I would like a say in them myself, if you can favor me with the space.

That "Woman's Friend," from Moose Jaw, puts up a mighty nice story for the girls, but when she says all the young men are blackguards she doesn't know what she is talking about. I am no saint myself, but I am no blackguard, nor do I know any in this neighborhood who are Lots of young men, though, are a lot better at heart than they try to make themselves appear. Now, what catches me is this: She says the crowning joy and happiness of a woman's life is to love and be loved. I would like to tell her that I have known more girls than men who don't know what love is.

I will give an instance that I have known recently of a girl who has been engaged to a young man for about three years, whom she has known since childhood, and whose character was above reproach. He was ridiculously in love with her and was never seen with any other girl. She pretended to love him, and he was fool enough to believe her, and overlooked her slights and snubs. Of course, she took advantage of him for this, and one night when he went to call on her he found she had gone to a dance at a strange place with a man who was almost a stranger. When she came home and heard that he had called, she sent him a note saying she was not sorry for going as long as he was not disappointed.

Now, what man who had any respect for his sweetheart would not be disappointed? He was a pretty sick kid and looked it, but decided to overlook it, and tried to tell her quietly how disappointed he was, but she got ripping mad and said he was a jealous fool, and for spite and for the pleasure it gave her to crush the hopes of his life she crushed her own with them, and in sight of their wedding day.

Is this the wonderful love of a woman? Is it any wonder men get disgusted, like "Lumber Jim"? I think we read a good deal more about love than we ever see. I know for a fact this girl never read a book in her life. Perhaps that's why she knows nothing about love. She thought more of going to a rowdy dance to giggle at some silly galoots who try to be funny and can't than she did of the love and honor of the man she had promised to marry.

Maybe this is a bad case, but it's a true one, and I hope Miss "Moose Jaw" reads it. A good many girls have a touch of this flirting disease and think they are smart, and many men the same. When they have cheated and deceived some poor wretch who has tried to do a square deal, they only giggle.

I am sorry for "English Woman No. 1," who has been jilted by a Canadian, but this girl I have described is English, so they are just as deceitful as the Canadian young men, and a little more.

I myself am English, and am very proud of the fact, but I am sorry to have to admit hat I have seen more flirting and deceit among English girls than among either Canadians or Americans; 50 per cent. of them will go anywhere and everywhere with every gawk that asks them, even when they are supposed to be engaged. What their object is puzzles me. No doubt, this will make some of you grind your teeth, but if you happen to be among the other half that we will call true, honest girls, it needn't hurt you.

"Woman's Friend" says she is no disappointed old maid. Well, I think she must be a disappointed young one, by the way she was ripping things to pieces. However, let us hope one of the odd ones that doesn't belong to the swineherd has captured her by this time.

I am just a young clodhopper, but am in good circumstances, and don't happen to use tobacco or booze in any form yet. Don't swear either, except when necessary. I'm not very hard to please, but admire honesty in a girl above all things. Wouldn't ask her to feed swine, chop wood, or milk cows, although it would be handy in case I got on the toot in town occasionally. I would like a young lady between 18 and 25, who can entertain company, play a piano, sing, fond of books, not afraid to ride a horse, flourish a shotgun, run a binder handle a traction engine, or set a hen. I hope some one will correspond.

In conclusion I would like to ask you, Mr. Editor for my own benefit and for the many who read this, if a man would be justified in breaking off an engagement if his sweetheart was away at a dance with another man when he called on her? Has a man a right to ask another fellow's girl to go to dances or entertainments as though No. 1 did not exist? Do you think a well-bred, intelligent girl, one who is supposed to be good, pure and true, would behave like the one I have described even by mistake?

Thanking you for so much space, and wishing your charming magazine every possible success, I remain

"A Happy Clodhopper."

A Sensible Kind of Letter.

Vermilion Valley, Alta.,
Aug. 9, 1907.

Editor,—Having read a few copies of your esteemed paper and taken more or less interest in the letters in the correspondence columns, I thought I would join the rest of the bachelors in airing their views as to what they want and what they do not want in regard to companions through life. Judging from the letters I have read mostly, all the bachelors mean well. They want to get married, and as they have no opportunity of coming in contact with many young ladies, take this means of getting acquainted. But I think it is unnecessary for bachelors or maids to specify what work they expect their wives and husbands to do; that appears to me as though they expected to have no feeling for each other, but follow a given routine of work. To be sure, a girl should be able to cook a little and have a general idea of housekeeping, but if she really loves the man she marries and he shows his love for her and they are both willing to give and take some in each other's dispositions, the question will not be how much each can do, but how they can both work together to make it lighter and more pleasant for one another.

I do not blame the girls for drawing the line when it comes to the drinking habit, but I think there is less to fear from that source among homesteaders than in the towns and cities, where I know many who would take homesteads if it were not for leaving the pleasures and dissipations of the town behind.

I am a young bachelor, and would like to correspond with some good girl who takes pride in having a home of her own.

Please forward enclosed letter to "Twin Sisters," of the April edition, and oblige, yours "Rob Roy."

"Long Tom" a Heavyweight.

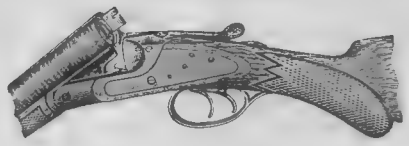
Russell, Man., July 8, 1907.

Editor.—I have been reading the correspondence in your paper for some time and have been very much interested in the way things have been going. I have been baching for about seven years, and now I think that I should have a companion to help me.

I am a man of about 6 ft. high, weigh 281 pounds, and am 35 years of age. I want a woman of good looks, young and about my own size and weight, although a few pounds here and there would not matter. I live about ten miles from Asessippi on a homestead, where I think I can make a pleasant home for the best woman I meet.

I will be very pleased to answer any correspondence addressed to me. I have been too busy to write, but now when the spring is over and the season

GUNS



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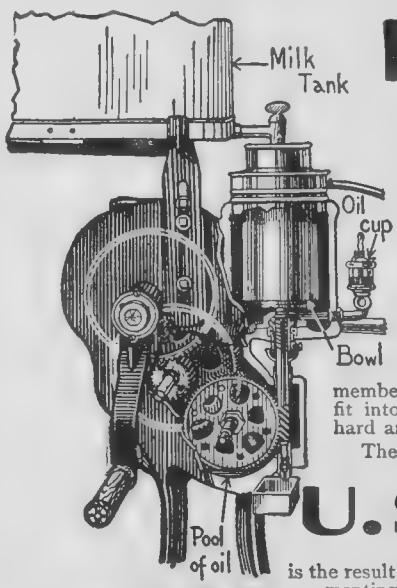

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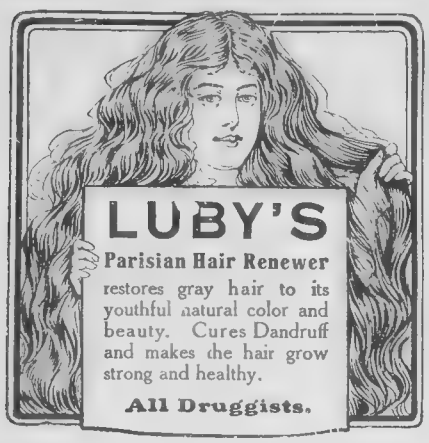

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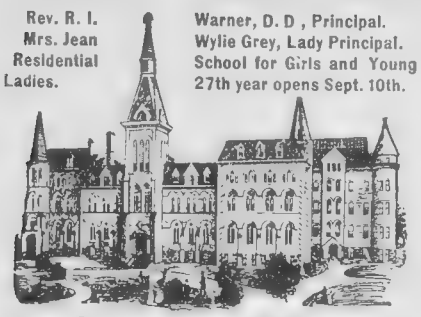

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of rest is a hand, I thought I would try my luck. I would like a few lady correspondents. Thanking you for your valuable space, I am,

"Long Tom."

"Rose Bud" would Correspond.

Miami, Man., July 13, 1907.

Editor,—I am a subscriber, and have been reading the Western Home Monthly and find it very interesting, especially the correspondence columns.

I would like to correspond with some nice young fellow, who is good-tempered and does not drink.

I am 18 years old and am very good-looking. I have dark brown, curly hair and a brunette complexion. I am a very good housekeeper and a good cook.

"Rose Bud No. 5."

Schoolmams, Get Busy!"

Glacier, B.C., July 17, 1907.

Editor,—Will you please allow a railroader to enter your correspondence columns? I see in your magazine that some bachelors from the West object to schoolmams because he thinks that a school teacher would not make a good wife.

My opinion is that a schoolmam would be just the one to make an ideal wife, because she has the necessary education.

I am a bachelor, 27 years of age, 5 ft. 9 in. high, weight 180 lbs. I have blue-grey eyes, dark hair, clear complexion, fine form, occupation foreman, with $1500 yearly income.

I would like to correspond with any school teacher in Ontaria or Manitoba, not over 25 years of age.

"Railroader No. 1."

"Daisy Bell" Fraises this Magazine.

Patience, Alta., July 30, 1907.

Editor,—For some time I have enjoyed reading your magazine, and think it a most valuable periodical for both young and old.

As this country is newly settled up, a correspondence between the maids and bachelors helps to pass many lonely hours As for all of the bachelors being users of intoxicating drinks, I think there are a good many that would not use liquor if it was not for being so lonely.

Please forward the enclosed letters, one to "A Long-winded Gent," at Innisfail, Alta., in the March issue, and one to "Plough Boy," of Dauphin, Man., in the February issue. Wishing success to your paper, "Daisy Bell."

"Jolly Nell" would Correspond.

Neepawa, Man., July 18, 1907.

Editor,—I have taken the Western Home Monthly for over a year, and I think it is just fine, especially the correspondence columns, which I enjoy reading very much.

In the May number I saw a letter dated Feb. 18, signed by a "Birnie Bachelor," with whom I would be willing to correspond, as I feel sorry for him being tired of living alone. So if he will kindly write the first letter, I will send a reply.

I live on a farm 5 miles south and 7½ miles east of Neepawa. I have lived on a farm all my life, and so I know pretty well what is to be done on a farm. "Jolly Nell."

Making an Early Start.

Sask., July 30, 1907.

Editor,—I am a reader, but not a subscriber of the Western Home Monthly, and I am very much interested in it, especially the correspondence columns, which I have been reading for some time, and thought I would write myself.

I am not looking far a wife, as I am not old enough yet and do not need one for the present, but I would like to correspond with a few quiet young girls. I think there are quite a number who read the correspondence columns, but would not dream of using it. I have been one of these for a long time, but I thought that to get into correspondence with a girl of this class I would have to make use of this column.

Now for a description of myself. I am half English and half Irish, and have been in Saskatchewan four years now. I am about 5 ft. 10 in. in height, and weigh about 135 lbs. I have dark hair and brown eyes. I have been working on a farm, but intend to homestead this summer. I am 19 years old, and would like to correspond with girls between 16 and 20 years old. I do not use tobacco or liquor. I am a Methodist and like music. "J. O. E."

This Gent Gets Funny.

Shellbrook, Sask., July 12, 1907.

Editor,—I am a subscriber of your magazine, and greatly admire the correspondence columns, and thought I would try my luck in getting myself a wife.

I am not very particular whether her hair is white or yellow, or how strong she may be, as I am a pretty husky guy myself. Now, saying that I am not particular doesn't mean that I'd marry any woman that would come along. I would prefer some one between the ages of 16 and 70, about 6 ft. 8 in. in her stocking feet, and weighing between 60 and 280 lbs. It does't make any difference whether she has false teeth or no teeth at all. She must be able to cook lots of grub, as it will do her good to see me eat.

I am good-natured and have a mild temper and a constitution like a horse. I am not bad looking, and would pass through a crowd if somebody would give me a boost. I was born in the United States and can talk several different languages. I have had a fair education and my relations are honest. I have a farm, implements and some stock.

Dear Editor, you will do me a favor by publishing this letter, so that I can get in the ring with the rest. "Rosebud," from Alameda, Sask., in your May number makes a hit with me. Would you please farward me her address?

"Shellriver Greyhound."

"Roaring Bill" lets out Warhoop.

Inga, Alta., July 20, 1907.

Editor,—Being a constant reader of your valuable and popular magazine, I will endeavor to add my name to the correspondence columns.

I am a cowboy living on a ranch, and can rope and tie a steer as quick as the next one can, but I don't like to do that and the cooking too, so would like to hear from some of the fair sex in the near future. I am 21 years of age, 6 ft. high, and weigh 168 lbs., and cover every inch of the ground I stand on.

Best regards to the magazine and its correspondents. "Roaring Bill."

Sour Sort of Chap.

Man., July 27, 1907.

Editor,—Being an attentive and interested reader of your charming magazine, especially the correspondence columns, I would be very much pleased if you would give me a little of your space.

I like "Fair Play" in the May number. I am no scribe, so have kept quiet until now.

In the January number appeared a very nice, well-composed, oily letter from a Moose Jawed lady, who signed herself "Woman's Friend." Such she certainly is. Her opinions of boys and girls make me feel too much disgusted, hurt and indignant to express myself fast enough. If she had been in a sane state of mind I think she would have refrained from revealing her ignorance on the subject to the many readers of this magazine.

Ho! She claims that 99 per cent. of the young men of to-day are impure, degraded rascals, and that 99 per cent. of the girls are pure little good lovey dovey creatures who never do anything wrong. I'll challenge her to make that assertion again! By the time she's been in and seen this world as long as much as I have, she will change her mind some. Ninety-nine per cent. of the boys rascals, eh? "Woman's Friend," are you ready to answer for that statement?

If you ever took the trouble to get acquainted with a young man, you would wish your letter had never gone to press. I was a boy once myself, and know what they're like.

As for girls, I know for a fact that there are a few real jewels—but mighty few. I don't want to offend the editor, but I have brothers and sisters, so I know what I am about to say. Readers, 75 per cent. of the girls who write to these columns are just for a little bit of sport. They are frauds, fakes, nothing but rascals. So, young men, beware! beware!

Oh, yes, "Woman's Friend," girls marry for love. They do, do they? I agree with "Fair Play" in saying that one per cent. of them don't ever get their ideals. Marry for love, do they? Hooray! The chap that's the best looking with the most boodle gets the girl. I'd like to know what kind of love it is, or when they show it. "Woman's Friend," were you ever in love yourself? If so, I wonder at your letter.

"Limber Jim" seems to know what girls are all right. Poor chap. I can sympathize with you. I've seen it all.

Now, I don't want any girl correspondents. I've seen and had enough of them to last a while. I would be pleased, however, should any young chaps from Saskatchewan, Alberta or Manitoba care to write telling me how prospects look out West.

"Sly Si Sloam."

Hands Lemon to Limber Jim.

Balgonie, Sask., July 29, 1907.

Editor,—Kindly confer a favor and allow me a few lines in your valuable paper.

I have read with much interest your correspondence columns. I noticed a piece in the February number from "Limber Jim," which I do not altogether agree with. I think he is entirely too harsh in his opinion of the girls. It is a very poor excuse he has for the young men taking to drink. He says they have been deceived by girls, and then they take to drink. Well, they certainly have been deceived not by girls, but by the devil. He says girls are all alike in their actions, but that is not right. Of course, I have never yet seen a girl who wouldn't enjoy a ride in a nice buggy. But still, I think they would consider first who the teamster was going to be. And there are some fellows I know that it wouldn't make any difference if they were all collar and had a hundred horses and buggies, they couldn't get a girl to go with them—simply because they were not honest, upright gentlemen.

Of course, I must admit there are good and bad in both sexes, but "Limber Jim" doesn't seem to think so. He must have come in contact with the very worst kind of female. I pity the woman he gets, but I don't think he will be as lucky as all that.

"Limber Jim" has my warmest sympathy in his loneliness, but I think he must be pretty strong-minded when he didn't take to drink.

I am not writing with a view to matrimony, because if they are all like "Limber Jim" a girl would be far better single. In this country girls can earn a good living for themselves, without working too hard, and wouldn't have to be bothered with a man.

Wishing your lovely paper success in the future and hoping this letter will escape the wastepaper basket.

"Cranky."

Horse Lake, Sask., May 18, 1907.
Editor,—Forward enclosed letter to "Englishwoman No. 1."

Content, Alta., May 20, 1907.
Editor,—Forward enclosed letter to "Fair Fae."

Stoughton, Sask., June 8, 1907.
Editor,—Forward letter to "Alice Montrose."

Lawrence Alta., July 2, 1907.
Editor,—Please forward enclosed letter to some desirable young lady, and oblige.

Sask., June 10, 1907.
Editor,—Forward letter to "Blue Bell," and oblige, etc.

Riverside, Sask., May 27, 1907.
Editor,—Forward letter enclosed to "Fur Fur" in May number.

Bengo Hertford, Eng., May 28th, 1907.
Editor,—Forward enclosed letter to Ben C. Knight, whose letter appeared in February number.

Farmley, Kilkenny, Ireland.
April 20, 1907.
Editor,—Forward enclosed letter to "The Devil," whose letter appeared in your February number.

Mortlach, Sask., May 20, 1907.
Editor,—Forward enclosed letter to "Twin Sisters" in April number.

Mortlach, Sask., June 20, 1907.
Editor,—Send enclosed to "Twin Sisters," and oblige.

Cut Knife, Sask., May 20, 1907.
Editor,—Forward letter to "Rosebud."

Neepawa, Man., June 10, 1907.
Editor,—Forward letter to "Molly Bawn."

Alberta, May 20, 1907.
Editor,—Send enclosed letter to "My Irish Molly Oh," and other letter marked No. 2 to "Twin Sisters."

Drinkwater, Sask., May 18, 1907.
Editor,—Re-mail enclosed letter to "Fair Fae," Balcarres, Sask.

Winnipeg, June 7, 1907.
Editor,—Forward enclosed letter to "Broncho Bill," Content, Alta.

Dundurn, Sask., May 19 1907.
Editor,—Forward enclosed letter to "Fair Fae."

Camrose, Alta., May 19, 1907.
Editor,—Forward enclosed letter to "Fair Fae."

Esterhazy, May 21, 1907.
Editor,—Forward enclosed letter to "Winter Sunshine" in May number.

Winnipeg, June 16, 1907.
Editor,—Send letter to "Alice Montrose."

Strome, Alta., June 18, 1907.
Editor,—Send letter to "London Jennie."

Pincher Creek, May 17, 1907.
Editor,—Re-mail enclosed letter to "Fair Fae."

Fordwich, Ont., June 10, 1907.
Editor,—Forward letter to "Molly Bawn."

Sedgewick, Alta., June 9, 1907.
Editor,—Forward letter to "Edith Lyle."

Dundurn Sask., June 8, 1907.
Editor,—Forward letter to "Blue Eyes" from Ontario.

Halbrite, June 8, 1907.
Editor,—Forward letter to "Molly Bawn."

Elkhorn, Man., June 8, 1907.
Editor,—Forward letter to "Primrose" from Hargrave.

Pasqua, Sask., June 10, 1907.
Editor,—Forward letter to "Molly Bawn."

Didsbury, Alta., June 10, 1907.
Editor,—Forward letter to "Daisy" in May number.

Alameda, Sask., June 17, 1907.
Editor,—Forward my letter to "Edith Lyle."

Chater, Man., June 17, 1907.
Editor,—Forward letter enclosed to "Edith Lyle."

Estevan, Sask., June 17, 1907.
Editor,—Forward letter to "Alice Montrose."

Dauphin, Man., June 16, 1907.
Editor,—Forward letter to "Molly Bawn."

Calgary, June 7, 1907.
Editor,—Forward letter to "Molly Bawn."

Blackfald, Alta., June 13, 1907.
Editor,—Forward letter to "Daisy," and letter No. 2 to "Fair Fae."

Olds, Alta., June 10, 1907.
Editor,—Re-mail enclosed letter to "Winter Sunshine."

Olds, Alta., May 30, 1907.
Editor,—Forward letter to "Fair Fae."

Edmonton June 12, 1907.
Editor,—Forward letter to "Scotch Lassie."

Aylesbury, Sask., June 9, 1907.
Editor,—Forward letter enclosed to "Edith Lyle."

De Winton, Ata., June 7, 1907.
Editor,—Send letter to "Edith Lyle."

Wauchope, Sask., June 9, 1907.
Editor,—Address enclosed letter to "Blue Bell" from Ontario, in February number.

Willow Range, June 7, 1907.
Editor,—Forward letter to "Edith Lyle."

Horse Hills, Alta., June 23, 1907.
Editor,—Forward letter to "Stub L." Mayville, Alta.

Tuxford, Sask., June 19, 1907.
Editor,—Forward letter to "Irish Molly Oh."

Fairlight, Sask., July 10, 1907.
Editor,—Send enclosed letter to "Mary P.," Alexander.

Didsbury, Alta., June 29, 1907.
Editor,—Forward enclosed letter to "Winter Sunshine."

Brookdale, Man., June 29, 1907.
Editor,—Forward enclosed letter to "Violet."

Rouleau, Sask., July 13, 1907.
Editor,—Forward enclosed letter to "Fair Face."

Westbourne, July 9, 1907.
Editor,—Send enclosed letter to "Irish Molly Oh."

Baljennie, ask., July 13, 1907.
Editor,—Forward letter to "Two of a Kind."

Govan, Sask., July 12, 1907.
Editor,—Forward enclosed letter to "Fair Fae."

Deleau, Man., July 17, 1907.
Editor,—Forward enclosed letter to "Rosebud."

Drinkwater, Sask., May 31, 1907.
Editor,—Forward letter to "Violet" in May number.

Wilcox, Sask., June 3, 1907.
Editor,—Forward letters enclosed: No. 1 to "Uncle Sam's Girl," No. 2 to "Scotch Canadian."

Buffin, Sask., June 30, 1907.
Editor,—Forward letter to "Violet" in May number.

Toronto, June 10, 1907.
Editor,—Please forward letters, one to "Big Ben," the other to "Fur Fur."

Lumley, B.C., June 26, 1907.
Editor,—Forward enclosed letters: No. 1 to "English Widow," No. 2 to "Marjoria," both in February; No. 3 to "London Jennie," No 4 to "Blue Bell," the last two in April.

Pasqua, Sask., June 20, 1907.
Editor,—Forward letter to "Rosebud."

Neelby, Sask., June 28, 1907.
Editor,—Forward letter to "Fair Fae."

Brandon, Man., June 30, 1907.
Editor,—Forward letter to "Chatterbox."

Winnipeg, June 9, 1907.
Editor,—Kindly forward enclosed to "Blue-Eyed Joe."

Regina, Sask., June 12, 1907.
Editor,—Forward enclosed to "Blacksmith."

Moose Jaw, Sask., June 10, 1907.
Editor,—Forward letter to "Blue Bell" from Ontario.

"Long Mike" Blows a Loud Blast.

Redstone, Montana, July 30, 1907.
Editor,—I have been a reader of your magazine for some time and have enjoyed it very much, particularly the correspondence columns.

I am a young man of good habits, 24 years of age, 6 ft. tall and am on the hunt for a wife. I am a good cook myself, but am one of those who would rather work in the field all day than get a meal, but would be willing to help cook, providing I didn't have to wash dishes.

Now, "Carry," in the January number, wants a man that doesn't drink, chew smoke or swear. She needn't write to me, as I am liable to swear when I burn my fingers. Now, I would like to hear from "Daisy," who wrote in the May number. I believe I am tall enough to suit her fancy.

"Cheyenne Mike."

Writes Long Letter.

Sask., July 23, 1907.

Editor,—One of your many readers would like to get in a word edgeways, if possible. Yours is certainly a great monthly; there is everything, from the short funny story to the great correspondence columns. It is a magazine that everybody should subscribe for not merely just to have to say you take it, but everybody should read and study and put into practice the many valuable hints, maxims and useful information contained in its pages. The Western Home Monthly is a paper for the home, a paper for the farm, a paper for everybody, no matter whether they are doing office work or driving a four-horse outfit backwards and forwards on a half-section in this great and glorious Northwest.

I think it would be a good idea for everyone who takes the Western Home Monthly to send a copy or an edition to each of their friends and ask them to subscribe giving them a few pointers on the usefulness and the influence for good, among the folks especially, the magazine in question has in the homes.

There are the correspondence columns, entertaining, educational, bringing the young people together, giving them many hours of enjoyment, and who knows but the hope that is stirred in our hearts by receiving a nice, friendly letter from someone of the opposite sex may grow and ripen till at last we shall find ourselves cheerfully answering the questions the preacher puts to us that unite two willing hearts for better or worse. I think it a bad policy to be too hasty. One should take time and think of the matter;—don't jump at conclusions; never take a life partner on correspondence only. Get acquainted, have at least a year's courtship, and then one should be able to decide one way or the other.

One writer has said that married life is all right, but there is nothing to equal the delight and happiness that courtship brings when two hearts are pulsating as one, and our souls unite in perfect affinity. Then why not have courtship before marriage? What is courtship? Someone has said it is composed or made up of sweet nothings. Then let us have it, by all means.

I think the girls who are opposed to smoking are quite right in their judgments. I am full of admiration for the young ladies with spunk enough to stick up for their rights, for it is their right to tell what they think in regard to men that smoke and chew, and spit that vile, ill-smelling weed around the house, or the man who becomes lower than the lowest of animals by drinking that deadly, that abominable stuff that robs mothers of their sons, ruins and embitters the lives of noble women by the inebriation of their husbands—that stuff we were told to touch not, taste not, handle not, namely, alcohol, which is dealt out in sparkling glasses by a big, overfed, beer barrel of a saloon keeper who wears diamonds and a fancy vest and that diabolical grin. One would fain say "What fools these mortals be."

Then some men would seem to want a wife for anything but what she was intended. I don't think a woman should work outside at all. If she is clean and tidy and looks after the house inside, she has fulfilled her part of the contract. Then ,a woman should have recreation as well as men. Some men will leave their good woman and go off to town and spend a whole day, and perhaps more never seem to think that their better half would enjoy an outing like that and the result. She has to be the martyr and stay at home and milk, feed the calves and so on. A man who would do that is nothing but a brute.

What I want a wife for is for a companion, one with whom I can exchange confidences, one on whom I can bestow my affections and treat as the apple of my eye, and when I get one that is true and good and faithful, my life will commence.

I am tall and have dark hair and eyes, weigh 190 lbs., and am very temperate. My ideal for a wife is a girl with fair hair, blue eyes and rather small of stature, with a plump, well muscled figure, say about 20 summers.

"Merry Sunshine."

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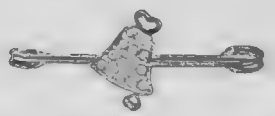

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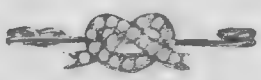

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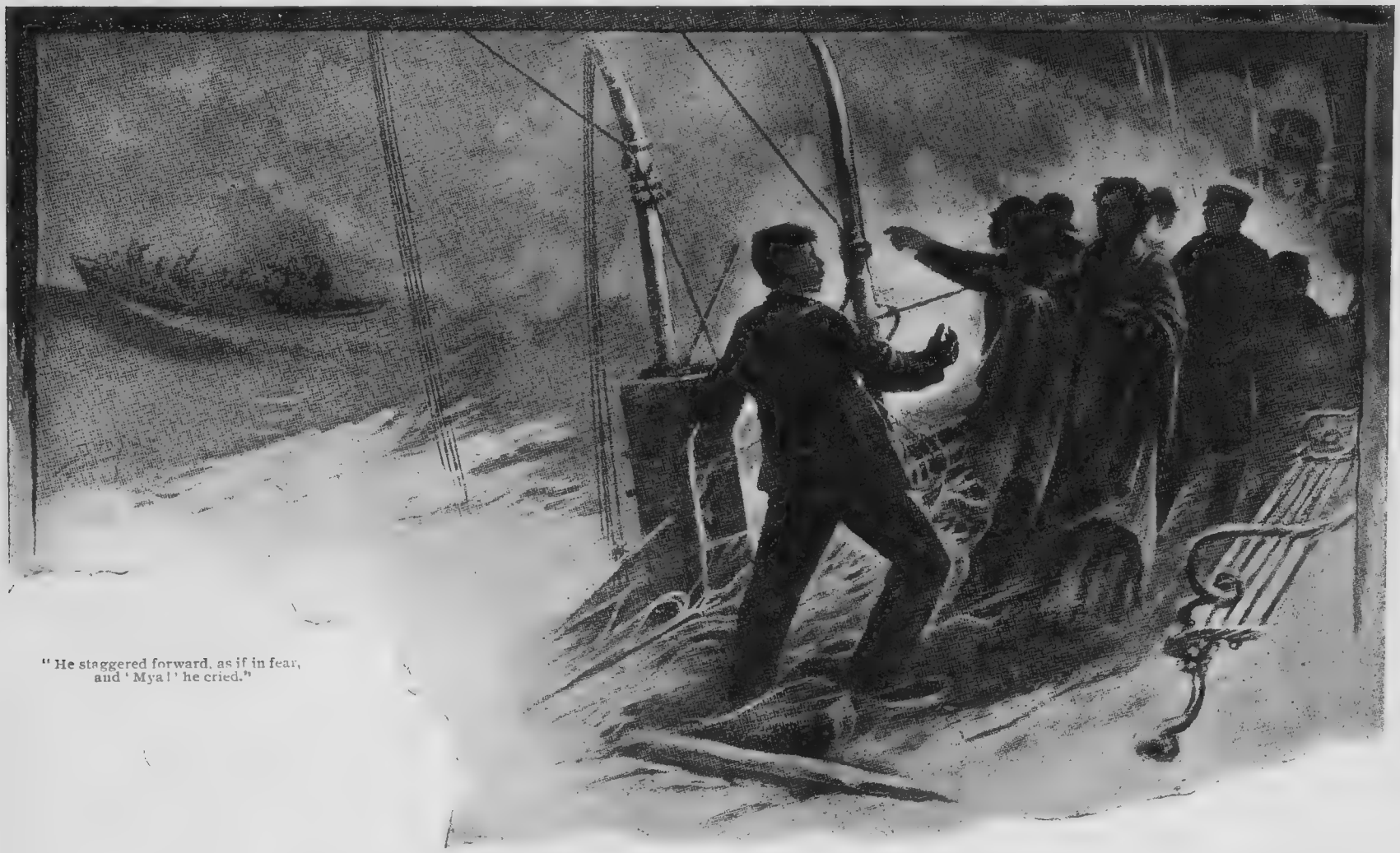

"He staggered forward, as if in fear, and 'Mya!' he cried."

The Price of Victory—By Robert Aitken

THE Magnifique had made good time as far as the Flemish Cap, but there the first of the fog drew a dense curtain across her path and spoiled all prospect of a record run.

A little later came a wireless warning from the Majestic, feeling her way toward the Fastnet through the thick sea-s ke, of busy times on the Banks and a big berg calving below the Virgins, whence its unwieldy progeny was wallowing westward on the Great Circle course.

After this there was snow—dense, incessant, through which could scarcely be seen the dim shadows of disaster and death that went by the big liner, while the sensitive ears of her saloon passengers, peering disconsolately through the steamy portholes, were smitten by the sound of deep-sea curses from the sailors. All the shipping of that hemisphere seemed to be bearing down upon her, but she had so far escaped collision. It was just possible, while daylight lasted, to struggle onward at half speed; when dusk came down the engine-room telegraph rang for dead slow. Every other precaution possible had already been taken, and, with that, she went blindly forward to her fate.

It was the surge of the sea rather than her own impetus which sent the steamer crashing across the submerged floe with such force that, as she sprang upward, the keen, knife-like edges of the ice cut right through her soft steel skin. She slid back, ready to sink.

There followed that pandemonium which breaks loose when a multitude in fear is fighting for individual life, when dark deeds are done in the darkness, when the devil exacts his dues of many who would not otherwise be accounted cowards. It is one thing, remember, to face death freely in the open and by day—another altogether to go down into the depths alive, to drown like rats in a trap, with wide, unseeing eyes.

The Magnifique was crowded from stem to stern. A thousand emigrants had swarmed on board before she started; and in the saloon and second cabin she carried nine hundred passengers; her own hands could be counted by companies.

Many were crushed into shapeless clay in the mad rush for the upper air; many more cast overside in the struggle to be first at the lifeboats; there were even knives at work among the worst of them, stabbing, cutting, carving a way for their wielders toward suppositious safety.

A blue light began to sputter on the flying-bridge, and, as it blazed up, its flare fell, through fog and snow, on the white fretwork of frantic faces turned toward it. Beyond these, on all sides, showed the black, hungry sea, swelling, sinking again with an oily regularity, an apparent relentlessness of purpose which heightened the horror of the scene.

The captain, leaning far over the rail above, shouted short, sharp orders through a megaphone that muffled the words as they left his lips so that no landsman could learn their import. His officers, striving to reach their posts beside the boats, sought to reassure the rabble by the way; but that was seemingly impossible, and it was not long before the dull report of a revolver-shot proclaimed the species of the discipline they were prepared to exercise in case of need. At this the emigrants, misunderstanding the measures being taken for their welfare, began to storm the boat-deck.

As soon as Yorston Goodyear realized that the ship had struck the lifted a life-belt from the rack above his berth, and, snatching a candle-lamp from its socket, started out to find Amberley.

It happened, as he had foreseen, that the electric lights died out before he reached the passage, already packed with maddened men and women, and he had to fight hard to save his insufficient light. Prisoned there among them, he kept calling to his friend, "Miles, Miles!" until through all the uproar there came back to him the answer he had prayed for, and Amberley appeared at a distance, his forehead bleeding, his eyes aflame.

A fresh effort brought them together at the foot of the staircase, up which they clambered painfully in a slow, creeping current of humanity, leaving behind them in the cruel darkness an unforgettable inferno.

Once on the landing immediately above they turned aside, boring their way along another blocked corridor, blind and deaf to the agonies about them, until they came to the cabin they were seeking. The door was

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FOR THAT THIN HORSE

locked, and despite their most desperate demands, they could get no answer from within.

The steamer lurched suddenly to one side while they kicked and hammered at the woodwork; Goodyear broke in one of the panels with his bare hands and thus obtained entrance, but it was Amberley who, carrying the candle meanwhile, came upon Mya du Maurier first. She was lying insensible upon the floor in an inner room.

He lifted her, very tenderly, that the other might adjust the cork jacket about her, enfolded her in blankets and covered all with a great fur cloak snatched from a hook behind him; while Goodyear, having played his minor part, stood looking on, a queer, crooked smile tugging at the corners of his tight lips. It was no time to show jealousy in word or deed; they must sink their savage rivalry in order to save, should it be possible, the woman they both loved.

When they went out into the turmoil again, Amberley bearing the limp body in his arms, they saw that the stairward end of the alleyway was still full of the shrieking, insensate mob and black as the pit.

Goodyear, leading the way with the light, turned to the left along a now empty passage leading to the second-class saloon, whence they were able to reach the engine-room, dark, deserted, half-full of water, and through its lofty skylight they finally escaped, by dint of the most desperate exertion, to the hurricane-deck.

The battle which had been raging about the boats was almost over; a flaming tar-barrel showed a red and white shambles along the line of empty davits from which had dropped to a quick death by drowning the misguided droves who had there beaten down the discipline that might have saved them. Many of those remaining were women and children.

A figure in uniform came stumbling through the throng and Amberley recognized the second officer, who had been on the bridge when the ship struck. From him they learned that the sole, scant hope of saving those left on board lay in that some passing ship might possibly sight their signals of distress.

"Who've you got there?" he asked dully, turning away, and, as they answered, "Good Heavens!" said he; "the old millionaire's daughter!"

A little later he came swiftly back to them, his eyes aglow with good tidings, and spoke shortly, in whispers. "The fourth officer's boat is afloat, he said, "and standing by to starboard. He's willing to take two of you—only two, remember; she's gunwale under already. They'll lay alongside for you in about a minute, and whichever's going with the lady must bring her over to the rail as soon's I hold up my hand. Don't move till then, in case the others try to rush us."

Miles Amberley stood staring at his friend across the prostrate body between them, and his countenance changed.

He had fought fairly, so far, for this woman—but he could not, would not face defeat at the finish. If he must sell even his soul to pay the price of victory he would do so, here and now.

"You'll go, Miles," said Goodyear suddenly, and "Yes, I—I'll go," he gulped.

There was nothing more to be said.

The tar-barrel burned out before the signal that was to seal the sorry compact had come, and darkness once more engulfed them; the straining of the crowd, as the ship settled underfoot, forced them apart. Amberly fought furiously to regain the spot where Mya was lying; he could hear the voice of the second officer above the tumult, and, breaking back toward him by sense of sound, found him carrying her toward the rail beyond which the boat was waiting.

It was no time to waste words; he caught at a corner of her fur cloak and followed, blindly.

At the top of the steep slope he took her back into his own arms and the other tied a rope about them both; then he clambered overside and was swiftly lowered to the water's edge, whence he and his burden were lifted into the lifeboat.

It sheered away, through the thick night, and the second officer shook his head sadly: "She's left the best of her two sweethearts on board," said he to himself.

Fresh fuel was cast on the ashes of the dying fire, and its flame illumined a waste of water about the doomed ship.

Goodyear, free at last of the pressure which had penned him in, glancing about him, felt sickly glad that there was now no need for any good-by; he had sacrificed so much more than his life for his friend that he could scarcely have borne its added agony.

He was still standing there in the snow, benumbed in body and mind, when there came toward him out of a dim corner a white, blanketed figure which spoke his name.

He staggered forward, as if in fear, and "Mya!" he cried. She held out her hands to him.

He hesitated, looking long and anxiously into her dear eyes, before he drew her toward him, unresisting, and kissed her on the lips.

"You have chosen between us," he said simply, as if he had read her thoughts. You must have heard—"

"Yes," she assented, shivering, "I heard you offer Miles his life—and me. Then I wrapped my cloak about a woman lying near me, and—it was easy, in the darkness. It s late, late to have learned my lesson, Yorston, but there's time yet to tell you that I love—"

"Steamer on the starboard quarter!" screamed a strained voice from overhead on the bridge, and through the thinning mist the morning star twinkled cheerily.

The man who is not polite, is ninety nine times out of a hundred a failure.

Among fishes that are able to live a considerable time out of water and that habitually invade the land is the "climbing perch," which can remain for days out of water, and which is even said to climb palm trees, whence its name. The "hopping goby," which leaves the sea to skip along the shore in chase of insects and sand-haunting mollusks, has an elbow joint in its fore fin which thus serves for a leg. Its gill cavity is enlarged so that it can contain considerable air. It is believed, however, that respiration is aided by the thick skin of the tail fin. In the climbing perch the gill cavity contains a special organ which seems to play the part of a lung. Land crabs possess an analogous organ in their gill cavities.—Exchange.

A Song of Love—By Theodosia Garrison.

Love laid his hands on my two hands
And straightway I was strong
He held my eyes within his eyes
That they might see no wrong;
His kisses fell upon my lips
And left them filled with song.

The meanest task my hands may do
For Love's sake now is meet;
The meanest thing my eyes may see
Grows wondrous and complete
And since my songs are all of him
They surely must be sweet.

Makes Fat Vanish

Obesity Quickly and Safely Cured. No charge to Try the NEW KRESSLIN TREATMENT.

Just Send Your Address and a Supply will be Sent You FREE

We have such marvelous records of reductions in hundreds of cases with the Kresslin Treatment, that we have decided, for a limited period only, to give free trial treatments. **A reduction of 5 pounds a week guaranteed.** No person is so fat but what it will have the desired effect, and no matter where the excess fat is located—stomach, bust, hips, cheeks, neck—it will quickly vanish without exercising, dieting or in any way interfering with your customary habits. No starving, no wrinkles or discomfort. **Perfectly harmless**; easy and quick results. Don't take our word for this: **we will prove it to you at our own expense.** Rheumatism, Asthma, Kidney and Heart troubles leave as fat is reduced. Write to-day for **free trial treatment** and illustrated booklet on the subject; it costs you nothing. Address: Dr. Bromley Co., Dept. 190, W 41 W 25th Street, New York City.

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$75 to $150 per month

Hundreds of men wanted to fill positions as Firemen and Brakemen. We teach and qualify you by mail—and assist in securing positions. Write today for full particulars.

Dominion Railway Correspondence School

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We Sell direct to the consumer.

Our Price on Low Down Tank Pumps is **$6.50** cash, cheapest ever sold in the West.

Our Price on **600** feet Government Standard Pure Manilla Binder Twine is **6⅞** cents per pound.

Send for OUR CATALOGUE which shows all lines of Hardware and Harness

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Please forward to my address one of your special hardware and harness catalogues.

Name.....

P.O. Address.....

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When writing advertisers, please mention The Western Home Monthly.

Heart Strength

Heart Strength or Heart Weakness means Nerve Strength or Nerve Weakness—nothing more. Positively not one weak heart in a hundred is, in itself, actually diseased. It is almost always a hidden tiny little nerve that really is all at fault This obscure nerve—the Cardiac, or Heart Nerve—simply needs and must have, more power, more stability, more controlling, more governing strength. Without that the heart must continue to fail, and the stomach and kidneys also have these same controlling nerves.

This clearly explains why, as a medicine, Dr. Shoop's Restorative has in the past done so much for weak and ailing Hearts Dr. Shoop first sought the cause of all this painful, palpitating, suffocating heart distress. Dr. Shoop's Restorative—this popular prescription—is alone directed to these weak and wasting nerve centers. It builds; it strengthens; it offers real, genuine heart help.

If you would have strong Hearts, strong digestion, strengthen these nerves—re-establish them as needed, with

Dr. Shoop's Restorative

—All Druggists—

STOVEL'S ATLAS OF CANADA

Contains 19 maps of the Canadian Provinces and principal cities, the World, British Empire and North America; 12 full and 8 half pages of historical, statistical, descriptive and general reference matter. It is the latest Canadian publication and will be mailed to any address in the postal union for 25 cents. Address:

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The BEST and CHEAPEST system for sending money to any place in the world.
For full information and rates call on local agents of Dominion Express or C.P.R.

Men Wanted.

Reliable men in every locality throughout Canada to advertise our goods, tack up show cards on trees, fences, bridges and all conspicuous places; also distributing small advertising matter Commission or salary $83 per month and expenses, $4 per day. Steady employment to good, reliable men. No experience necessary. Write for particulars.

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Central Business College
WINNIPEG, MAN.
CATALOGUES FREE.

How Arthur Saw the Circus

By CHELSEA CURTIS FRASER

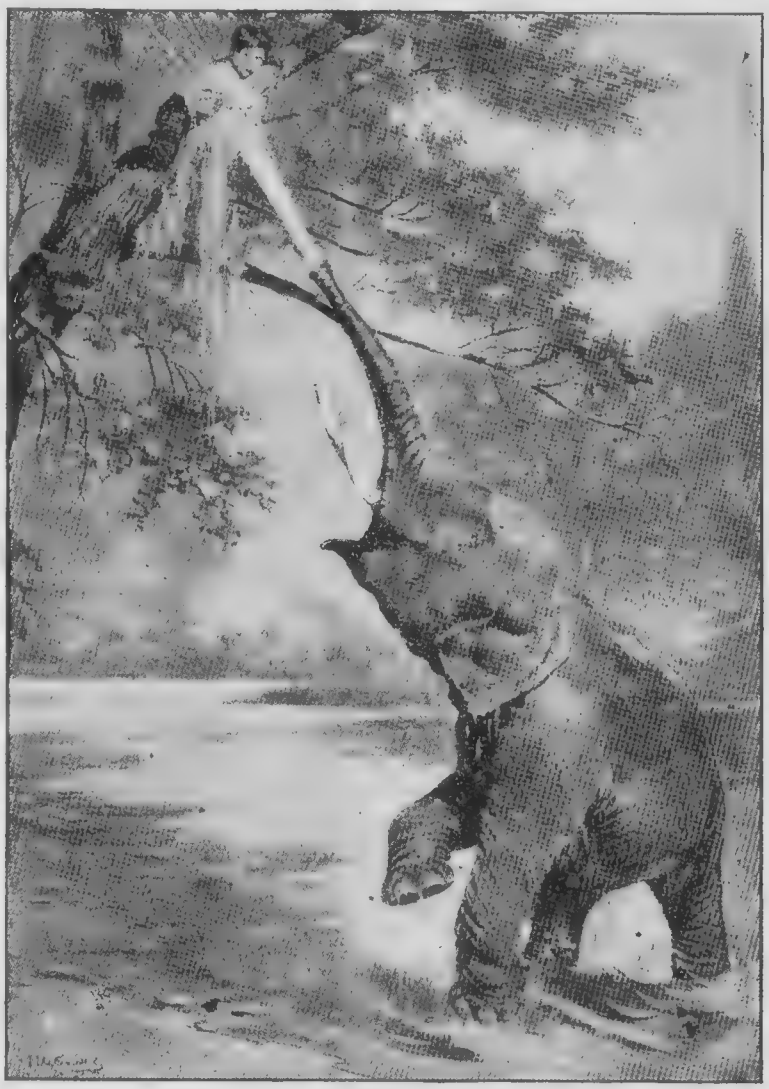
FOR at least five weeks the great flaming posters had been looking Arthur in the face every time he passed a barn on his way to the village. The boys had said that passes had been given to the families who owned these barns, and Arthur considered them the most fortunate beings in the world. If only his father's barn had been closer to the road! But it was too far back, so the circus agent had not asked to put his bills up there.

Arthur thought this very hard luck, for if ever a boy was anxious to see the "Great European Shows" he was that boy. Almost everyone along the countryside was going, and for a time he had hoped to earn enough money to buy a ticket. But the weeks had slipped by, and here it was the very day of the circus and he had not a cent in his pocket. His father had been sick and Arthur had to do so many odd jobs about the house that there had been no time to earn any money whatever.

So on this morning when other lads were flocking into the village to see the circus, Arthur, with a heavy heart, shouldered his fishing-pole and struck off across lots. He wanted to get as far away from the road as possible, so as not to see the merry passers-by. Yes, since going to the circus was out of the question, he would spend the day at Black Bass Lake fishing. Black Bass Lake is a body of water about a mile and a half long and a hundred yards across, in the heart of a thick wood. Arthur had often fished here. It is also a good place to swim too; but you must be careful not to go in on the eastern shore, for there a belt of treacherous quicksands extends for some distance. The old settlers said that two men had lost their lives in the sands, to say nothing of countless animals, and once one of Arthur's friends had come very near to getting caught in them.

Stepping into an old punt when he reached the lake, Arthur prepared to pull out. It was quiet and cool all around. He would rather have had the hot, dusty atmosphere of the circus, but then if a fellow could not have that, then fishing was a pretty good thing anyway. Arthur tried to console himself and pushed off from shore. He had taken scarcely a dozen strokes with the paddle when there was a loud cracking of underbrush from behind, accompanied by a shrill, strange cry.

Arthur turned around sharply. Emerging from the trees and bushes on the lake bank was the huge, lumbering body of an elephant. His thick trunk was curled high in the air, his white tusks gleamed against the dark background of green foliage, and his little eyes danced wickedly. Apparently he had seen the young fisherman before he was detected himself, for the beast seemed to be heading straight for him. For a moment the boy was paralyzed and could not move a muscle. The elephant screamed again. Arthur dug his paddle into the water and made a few strong strokes—then turned and looked again. The animal had plunged into the water and was swimming towards him, his trunk waving above the surface like a huge serpent!



"All at once the great proboscis was elevated in the refugee's direction, and several buckets of water were discharged at him."

Arthur headed the boat up the lake and paddled for dear life. He had not gone far before he became aware that the elephant was gaining on him, slowly but surely. Terror seized him and his limbs shook. He could not hope to get away by keeping to the boat. If he sought the shore, then the savage animal must surely overtake him. If he could only get up a tree he might get out of his pursuer's reach until help arrived.

Arthur turned the prow of the punt towards the opposite shore and strained his muscles as he had never strained them before. His sudden change of course threw the elephant a little further behind. But it was only for a moment. Before Arthur had covered twenty feet he was again in hot pursuit, repeating his queer screams and trumpetings.

Arthur plied his paddle desperately. When he reached the shore he was only about thirty yards in front of the beast. Springing out, he made for a large oak close to the water's edge and climbed it. Barely had he gotten to the first strong limb before the elephant had come up beneath. Trumpeting furiously at being cheated of his prey, he struck his great head against the body of the tree as though he would butt it over.

Lucky it was for Arthur, the oak was of sturdy growth. Such was the power of the big creature that the boy had to cling to the tree with all his might to keep from being shaken off by the severe blows. Again and again the tree shook fiercely and showers of leaves and dead twigs fell about the dripping animal.

Finding that this means would not avail him, the elephant turned his attention to the boat and vented his spite by smashing it into kindling-wood. Then he stood for a time and eyed Arthur angrily.

But it was not for long that the elephant remained inactive. Stepping down into the water, he submerged his trunk as if drinking. Arthur began to breathe easier. He was quickly undeceived; all at once the great proboscis was elevated in the refugee's direction and several buckets of water were discharged at him. Arthur was now wet to the skin. Again and again the trunk was pointed at him and he was deluged with water and nearly blinded. Then he shifted around on the opposite side of the trunk.

Arthur watched cautiously from his safer position. Presently the elephant emitted a series of shrill cries. They were not like his other trumpetings. Instead of anger, Arthur was sure there was now a plaintive note in them—a note of terror or pain. The screams continued deafeningly until the woods echoed and rechoed with them. Arthur watched eagerly. The elephant seemed striving to move, yet unable to do so.

Up to this time Arthur had not thought of the quicksands. Now he remembered them. The elephant was stuck fast in them. Every moment he was being drawn further and further into their relentless clutch.

Assured that his descent could be safely made, Arthur let himself down out of the tree, and hurried homeward as fast as he could go, the frightened calls of the beast ringing in his ears half the distance.

On the way he met Timmy Sullivan, who waved to him wildly.

"Say Arthur! the largest elephant of the circus has got loose and they will give ten dollars to anyone who finds him!"

Just then one of the circus clowns, the circus acrobat, a crowd of people and numberless small boys came in view around the bend of the road. He rushed up to the clown and stammered out his story.

The people of the town joined with the people of the circus to rescue the elephant, but it was Arthur who was the hero of the day. Not only was he given a free admission to the performance that afternoon, but he was ten dollars richer and the envy of every boy of the village.

The Fall Fever.

Somehow when the fall comes on,
And the leaves turn and come down—
Feel like throwing up my job—
Feel like getting out of town.

Want to ramble in the woods—
Want to hear the north wind blow—
Want to hear the chopper's axe—
Want to hear the cattle low.

Want to trudge across the field
When the night is drawing nigh,
To the home from which the smoke
Rises to the yellowing sky.

Want to sit down by the fire
In the evening in the fall,
While the blazes from the logs
Throw their shadows on the wall.

Want to lie down in the night—
Want to feel the rest of brain
That comes only when one hears
On the roof the fall of rain.

Want to go to sleep and rest
To the patter that comes down
On the shingles in the fall
Of the old house out of town.

A Chance for Investors

The Mascota Copper Co., whose mines are located in the Mascota district, Mexico, are making through their representative, S. W. Beatty, Winnipeg, an offer to investors that appears tempting. The price of Mascota Copper is 75 cents per share, but the company makes the following offer to the first who take advantage of it. For each share of treasury stock purchased at 75 cents a share, they will give an additional share bonus. This puts the stock on a basis of 37½ cents per share. The proceeds of the limited amount of stock sold in this way will be used for the purpose of buying and installing at once an air compressor, air drill, and hoisting plant which will enable the company to do in one year what it would take ten if done by hand. The advertisement of the Mascota Copper Co. appears in this issue of the Western Home Monthly and their Canadian representative, S. W. Beatty, 23 Aikins Building, Winnipeg, will furnish further information if such is necessary.

Pointers About Roofing.

If there is one matter more than another of paramount importance in house or barn construction it is the roof. A roof that will not wear well will soon get leaky and a leaky roof means discomfort and loss. Paroid roofing has stood the test of time as none but the very best materials enter into its makeup.

It is tougher, more durable, thicker, smoother and more pliable than any other roofing manufactured.

It is the only roofing laid with square rust proof caps which do not rust or work loose and which have the largest binding surface. Send for free sample and examine for yourself.

Send four cents in stamps to cover postage and this firm will send you free their new 48 page book of complete plans for farm, poultry, dairy and live stock buildings. This book is indispensable to all who contemplate building. When writing mention the Western Home Monthly. Address F. W. Bird & Son, 937 Logan Ave., Winnipeg.

Time Enough.

In language lessons it was the custom of a faithful teacher to give out words which the scholars were supposed to use in short original sentences. One day she asked for brief sentences containing the words "boys," "bees," and "bare." Among the productions handed in she found this remarkable one: "Boys bees bare when they goes in swimming."

He Was Ashamed.

In a little village in West Virginia, some years ago, a three-year-old baby strayed from home with a large slice of bread-and-jam in his small fist. He went straight to the school house, where devotional services were being held. Looking about in childish innocence, he walked up to a front seat, eating and smearing his face as he went. He sat still for some time, but finally stepped out during a prayer. When he reached home his mother asked him where he had been, and then why he had not remained until the services were over and others came away. His answer was very prompt and decided:

"I stayed until that man up in front got to swearing and made all the folks so 'shamed that they put their heads down and hid their faces, and I didn't want to hear him talk that way."

The mother tried to explain to the little fellow that in praying and preaching such expressions as the minister had used were all right, but he couldn't quite see it in that way. "If you whip me for saying swear words, mamma, somebody'd ought to whip him; for he said 'Jesus Christ' right out loud, so!"

This is strictly true, and it was my own little boy.

LEA and PERRINS' SAUCE

BY ROYAL WARRANT TO HIS MAJESTY — BY ROYAL WARRANT TO HIS MAJESTY

IMPROVES most everything you eat. Matchless for the relish it gives to meats, fowls, fish, soups, eggs, cheese etc.

Ask any honest grocer for THE BEST SAUCE. He is sure to give you LEA & PERRINS'.

FORTUNE IN COPPER

Do you know that one copper mine—the Calumet and Hecla, capitalized at only $2,500,000, of which only $1,250,000 was ever paid in, paid in dividends in one year $10,000,000, while four great trunk line railroads, the C. & N. W., and the C., R. I. & P., the Illinois Central and the Chicago and Alton, with a combined mileage of 17,632 miles, a combined capital (exclusive of bonds), of $333,136,596, paid in dividends at the same time only $9,751,701

American Stockholders in copper mines received in dividends in 1906 nearly $60,000,000.
$100.00 invested in Green Consolidated Copper Stocks in 1901 is now worth $8,700.00.
$100.00 invested in United Verde Copper Stock is now worth $80,000.00.
$100.00 invested in Boston & Montana in 1896 is now worth $1,886.00.
$100.00 invested in Wolverine in 1893 is now worth $5,000.00.
$100.00 invested in Calumet and Pittsburg in 1903 is now worth $5,000.00.
$100.00 invested in Calumet & Arizona in 1902 is now worth $10,000.00, and in addition every stockholder has received large dividends. These are only a few instances.

MASCOTA COPPER CO.,

MINES—Mascota District, Mexico.

CAPITALIZATION

1,500,000 shares par value $1.00. 600,000 placed in treasury. Fully paid and non-assessable. NO BONDS, NO MORTGAGES.

FIRST PUBLIC OFFERING OF STOCK.

PURPOSE

This limited amount of TREASURY STOCK is offered for the purpose of securing the necessary funds to buy and install at once an Air Compressor, Air Drill and a Hoisting Plant, which will enable the Company to do in one year what would take ten if done by hand.

NOW PRODUCING COPPER

It might be well to mention that the mine is producing sufficiently to enable the Company to pay for this machinery out of the profits from the ore shipped, and this course would be pursued if it were not deemed advisable to gain time by a stock offering and allow the ore to accumulate. In one year from now, transportation and smelting facilities will be improved to an extent which will afford a saving to the Company of $40.00 per ton as compared to the present cost of shipping.

The time for subscription to this stock is limited. It makes no difference whether you have or have not invested in mining or other stocks and lost or made money. THIS IS THE BEST PROPOSITION EVER PUT BEFORE THE PUBLIC. Any one of at least six of the claims owned by the Mascota Copper Company warrants the entire capitalization. The capitalization, however, is less than the actual value of ore exposed on the Independencia.

In another year our increase of ore ready for the smelter WILL BE ENORMOUS. This is from an investment standpoint based on actual shipments and conservative reports by experts. We own eleven great mining properties merged into one Company, which will pay dividends to stockholders for many generations. We own MINES proven by shipments of ore.

INVESTMENT

Investment has been and always will be necessary to every fortune. Hard work and saving will accumulate something, but by investment only can small sums grow to thousands. If you put your money in a bank it will only draw 3 per cent. interest. The big end of profit requires courage, as well as judgment, and often it is better to put money to work yourself, thereby getting the full benefit of it, and the enormously greater profits that a bank cannot even hope to pay you. To make your money earn great returns invest in the securities of new enterprises of merit, and get in on the ground floor.

We believe that you will not regret investing your money in a creative or productive enterprise like ours, under the management of men of character, judgment and experience, and under conditions which will secure an absolute division equally among those whose money is employed. But to receive the full benefits of this opportunity you must get in on the ground floor. Be one of the beginners and stay with the stayers.

Mining becomes more attractive on intelligent acquaintance. Investigation will prove that it gives the largest profits proportional to the investment, providing reasonable judgment and intelligence is used when an investment is made.

Our proposition presents an opportunity to join an enterprise where the experience required to make an enterprise successful has already been attained. This will be a great advantage to our stockholders. It means that your money can be put to work quicker, that your money will be safer from mistakes, that your dividends will be larger, and that you will receive dividends more promptly, and that these dividends will be more permanent.

GROUND FLOOR OFFER.

The price of **MASCOTA COPPER IS 75 Cents.** per share, but the company makes the following offer to the first who take advantage of it: For each share of Treasury Stock purchased at 75 cents, per share they will give an **ADDITIONAL SHARE BONUS.** This puts the stock on a basis of 37½ cents per share, and it can be secured for cash or on easy terms. If you wish to take advantage of special offer mail coupon to-day and receive full particulars,

MASCOTA COPPER CO.

Represented by

S. W. BEATTY, 23 Aikins Bldg.

WINNIPEG, MAN.

MAIL THIS COUPON.

S. W. BEATTY, Winnipeg, Man.

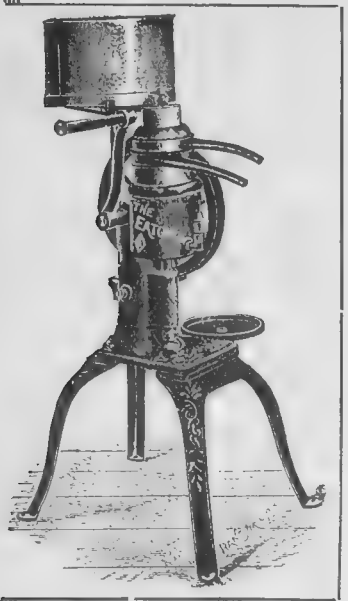
Kindly send me illustrated prospectus and engineer's reports on the Mascota Copper Mines.

Name .....

Street and No .....

Town .....

The "EATONIA" Hand Cream Separator



This Separator is made specially for us by a leading Manufacturer, and in competition with other leading makes, it has won some of the highest awards ever offered for Cream Separators. Tests have proved it to do practically perfect work and to run easier and to be more easily handled and kept clean than any other Separator on the market. Its three leading features are :

EXCELLENCE OF WORK **EASE OF OPERATION**

SIMPLICITY OF CONSTRUCTION

The bowl is so simple of construction that it can be cleaned in a fraction of the time required to clean others, and the whole machine is so simple that there is practically nothing to get out of order. It is so well built that it will last a lifetime and will do the good work till it is worn out.

The Eatonia Hand Cream Separator is made in four sizes. There is a size for the dairy of three or four cows and a size for the dairy of as many dozen. It is as good as any made separator at any price. Write for prices and full particulars

Write for our new Fall and Winter Catalogue.

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WINNIPEG BUSINESS COLLEGE

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Buy the Best - - Roofing

When you build, you want the roofing that will give you the *best service*—that will last so long that its cost *per year* is less than any other.

Paroid has proved in actual use on farm and dairy buildings, on factory and railway buildings, on government buildings at home and abroad, to cost less *per year* than any other roofing.

There are good reasons for it:

It is better made and is made of better materials. Its basis is a better, tougher, more durable felt—made in our own mills. (Established in 1817.) We are in position to *know* that it is. You cannot afford to buy a roofing made from a cheap felt nor from a manufacturer who does not make his own felt.

PAROID

Paroid has a thicker, smoother, more pliable coating than any other ready roofing. It is better all the way through. You can see and feel the difference.

It is the only roofing laid with square, rust-proof caps which do not rust nor work loose and which have the largest binding surface.

Read our offer and let us *prove* to you its superiority. If your dealer cannot supply you, don't take a substitute. Write to us direct.

Send Now For Free Samples

and find how to save money on your roofing. If you enclose 4c in stamps for postage we will send you free our new 48 page book of *Complete Plans For Farm, Poultry, Dairy and Live Stock Buildings.* It will save you money.

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Factory and Office—HAMILTON, ONT.

Originators of roofing roll containing complete roofing kit. We stand back of every foot of Paroid.

OUR OFFER

Buy one lot of Paroid; open it; inspect it; apply it to your roof, and if then you are not satisfied, send us your name and address, and we will send you a check for the full cost of the roofing, including cost of applying.

Mistaken.

"Yes, sir; just as soon as the boss learned that he was sick he called in a doctor and had every attention paid. Took him out of the mine and gave him the best of everything."

"He must be a good man to work for."

"O, there may be worse."

"You don't seem to think very much of an employer who will give a sick man so much attention."

"Who said anything about a sick man. I was talking about one of the mine mules."

Evelyn Nesbit Art Postcards 5 for 10c., silver ; 3-color comics, 10 for 10c., silver. **C. Warren, Postcard Dealer, 3 Allston Street, Boston, Mass., U.S.A.**

WANTED

Information regarding good farm that is for sale and which can be bought of owner. NO AGENTS NEED ANSWER. Wish to hear from owner only willing to close his own deal and save buyer paying big commission and fancy price to some agent. Would also like to hear of good small business for sale by owner. Address,

INFORMATION DEPARTMENT.

Locator Publishing Co., Minneapolis, Minn.

Indigestion.

"We dig our graves with our teeth," was the astonishing statement made in a recent magazine. Strange as it may seem there is more truth than appears on the surface.

Possibly indigestion, the commonest ailment of any, often due to eating too much or too quickly. A very little time of such careless eating will convert one into a dyspeptic, and then it is a short road to permanent impairment of health.

Slow eating in moderate quantities at regular intervals, is the price of health. Every morsel of food should be slowly masticated and thoroughly mixed with saliva before sending it down to be further digested by the gastric juices of the stomach.

Hasty Eating.

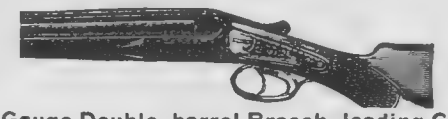
There is one thing above all others which I would like to chat about. We Canadians indulge in hasty eating to the great sacrifice of our health. Hasty eating without proper mastication is a serious violation of Nature's laws. Indigestion, disordered liver and constipation are the penalties.

Fast eating is a habit and one not easy to cure, especially when commenced early in life. Mothers should always insist that their children take plenty of time to eat, no matter what the excitement may be; work and study should never be brought to the table. Leave the books in the school room, the reapers and harvesters in the grain fields, and come to the table with smiling faces and some little pleasantry to talk over that each and every one may enjoy the dinner hour.

The bane of many a home is hurry; and in our Western homes, especially on the farm, the time for seed time and the harvest is so short that it is necessary to hurry. Showers are frequent, and frosts are not long away; but nothing is gained by hurry at meal time, and much harm is done. I always told my children not to hurry through their meals, that they could hurry after they finished their dinners, without injury to their digestive organs.

This hurry off to bed and hurry up in the morning, hurry to get breakfast, hurry to eat it, hurry through the day, the month and the year, is not as it should be, for constant hurry wears on the nerves, brings wrinkles prematurely to the face, and fretful words to the lips, and robs the home of half its comforts and enjoyments.

The Pullman Car Company has just ordered 200 carloads of Washington fir to be worked up into cars.

GUNS  GUNS

12 Gauge Double-barrel Breech-loading Guns

$7.50 Twist barrels, back action, rebounding locks, top snap, circular hammers, plain extension rib, checkered pistol grip stock and fore end, steel butt plate, case hardened mountings, left barrel choke bored.
$10.75 Laminated steel barrels, bar action and Greener cross bolt, otherwise same as above.
$15.95 Steven's hammer with high pressure, nitro-blued steel barrels and all latest improvements
$25.00 L. C. Smith new model hammer gun with blued steel barrels.
$27.95 Remington hammer, with decarbonized steel barrels, selected walnut stock, 30 or 32 inch barrels.

Double-barrel Hammerless Breech-loading Shot Guns.

$16.95 Best rolled steel barrels, 30 or 32 inches long.
$21.95 Steven's hammerless, with high pressure nitro-blued steel barrels
$26.00 Baker's Batavia Special, one of the best hammerless guns on the market.

12 Bore Single-barre Breech-loading Shot Guns

$5.95 Mass. Arms Co. 30-inch special steel barrel, choke bored, walnut stock and rubber butt plate
$7.95 Iver-Johnson 30-inch best quality high carbon steel barrel, with automatic ejector.

Air Rifles.

$1 75 Single shot 20th Century Daisy, for darts or shot.
$2.25 Daisy Repeater. Magazine holds 48 shot.

Rifles.

$4.45 Winchester thumb trigger, 22-calibre, short and long rim fire cartridges.
$5.00 Same as above, plain trigger.
$5.00 Savage plain trigger, 22-calibre, for short and long rim fire cartridges.

Winchester Repeating Rifles for big game, from $17.50 to $33.75
Savage Repeating Rifles from $24.00 to $29.50

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Send us your Ducks and Chickens to be Mounted.

Teals & Butter Balls -	$2.00	Deer Heads - - -	$ 8 00
Canvas Backs - -	2 50	Elks ,, - - -	18 00
Mallards - -	$3 to 3.50	Moose ,, - - -	18.00
Prairie Chicken -	2.50		

Full lines of artificial eyes and Taxidermists' supplies carried. Write us for prices on anything.

Indian Curio Co.

563 Main St., Winnipeg.

A VALUABLE COAL PROPERTY.

Fryer & Co. Receives Satisfactory Report of Amalgamated Coal Co.

Fryer & Co., financial agents, of Winnipeg, have received the tollowing report on the present status and financial condition of the British Columbia Amalgamated Coal Company:

The Company had, on the 23rd day of February, 1907, at the annual meeting, held at that time in the city of Portland, Oregon, a cash balance to its credit on deposit with the Merchants' National Bank, of Portland, $33,794.70.

This spring the Company bought a Sullivan Diamond Drill, with boiler and engine, for the purpose of further exploring the ground and sink bore holes in order to determine where to open the shaft and prepare for mining coal on a big scale. The Company's engineer is now on the ground, and actual work on the coal properties in Nicola valley has been commenced and will be continued until one of the four properties held and controlled by the Company shall have been fully equipped and placed on a producing basis which we expect to have accomplished within the next six or eight months.

The Company has recently secured an option from a farmer in Nicola valley on two thousand acres of land, laying right close to the Canadian Pacific Railroad Line (the Nicola branch), near the town of Coutlee and almost in the centre of the Nicola valley. This land is, according to our engineer's report, underlaid with an abundance of the same high-class coal (bituminous) which has been exposed at "Coal Gully" near Coutlee. I consider this new acquisition to our already large holding (17,500 acres) of the greatest importance to the Company, as it will enable us to go right ahead with sinking of shafts and get ready to procure coal in a few months. The engineer has stated to the directors of the Company in Portland that he would have this mine opened up sufficiently to have coal ready to ship before Christmas. On the property above mentioned there are several big outcrops of coal on Ten-mile Creek and it is believed that these two thousand acres contain enough coal to last as long as any of the present stockholders may live, no matter how extensive the production may be.

The price of the Company's treasury stock is still 25c. per share, but it is believed that an advance will take place as soon as the shaft has reached down to the first vein of coal. The prospect for success is certainly great and could not be better.

The Canadian Pacific Railroad has built and completed a line from Spence's Bridge to Nicola Lake, and is now running daily trains. This railroad is about three and one-half miles from the four sections of coal land situated on Cold Water river, and held by the Company.

The Great Northern Railroad has not reached the coal district yet, but is building its line into the coal field as fast as money can do it. When the road shall have been built and completed to Coutlee it will run across our properties on Cold Water river for a distance of about seven miles. It is also claimed for a certainty that the Canadian Pacific will build a spur from Coulee up Cold Water river to any coal producing mine, whenever ready to ship, but inasmuch as our Company has now an option on two thousand acres of land close to the railroad track, and underlaid with inexhaustible quantities of high grade coal, we would not have to wait for any spur to be built by the Canadian Pacific, and the great importance of this can be readily seen.

Respectfully submitted,
(Signed) S. ANDREW HARTMAN,
Director and Financial Agent.
July 1st, 1907.

GREAT FORTUNES

Have Been Made by Buying Shares in a

Good Coal Mine

In the First Stages of Development. We offer for a Short Time Only, Shares of the

BRITISH COLUMBIA AMALGAMATED COAL COMPANY

15c Per Share 15c

Par Value of Shares $1.00 Non Assessable
No Personal Liability

A SPECIALLY ATTRACTIVE INVESTMENT.

Property—19,500 acres of Valuable Coal Lands in the famous Nicola Valley, B. C.

Five Seams of Coal From 5ft. to 11ft. thick, underlie this vast area. Estimated quantity of coal in these reserves is ONE BILLION, SEVEN HUNDRED MILLION TONS.

2,000 Acres lie beside the Nicola Branch of the C.P.R. This property is to be immediately developed.

Coal will be shipped before Christmas, so the Company's engineer promises.

Stock will go up when production commences, and before that.

As Production Increases stock will go steadily higher, and eventually reach a high value.

This has been the experience of nearly all Western Coal Companies, whose stocks at first sold at only a few cents per share.

An Investment for very great profits, not a speculation.

The Coal is there. It is proved by diamond drilling. It is a question of time and money only to start it coming out.

At the Company's Annual Meeting, in February, 1906, the Treasurer reported Cash in Bank, $33,794.70. plenty of money with which to commence operations,

The Directors are all straight, substantial business men, able to carry the Company to success. The President is

R. L. Durham (Vice-President Merchant's National Bank, of Portland. Oregon.)

Profits—Coal can be mined at $1.00 per ton profit, 1,000 tons per day (a small production) equals $1,000,000 profits per annum. Enough to pay 18c per share on the present amount of stock that has been issued, namely 5,400,000 shares. Your money back in one year and 3 cents per share in addition. 1,000 shares, when stock goes up to par value, will be worth $1,000. They cost only $150 NOW. PROFIT IS $850, or 1,133 PER CENT. 3,000 tons per day will treble the dividends. The Company will eventually produce much more than this.

We recommend this Investment. It will make Big Money for the Stockholders.

DO NOT DELAY, but send in your order AT ONCE, with remittance, and afterwards write us for prospectus and full particulars. If these are not satisfactory, we will refund your money.

Stock is running short. It is a Great Opportunity. Don't miss it.

We will sell stock on the instalment plan. Send 25 per cent. of price with order. You can pay balance in one, two, and three months, if you wish.

Every man and woman earning wages should have at least One Hundred Shares of this GOOD STOCK. Four Monthly Payments of $3.75 secures them. Every harvester who comes to the West to harvest the crop should take a block of this stock back with him and not only Save but MAKE MONEY.

INVEST YOUR SAVINGS and MAKE MONEY. DO IT NOW

Write or wire orders at our expense, or better, call and see us.

FRYER & CO.

Write us for information and booklet called "COAL TALK."

INVESTMENT BROKERS

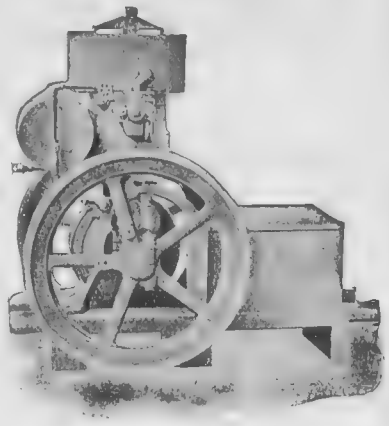
Phone 7010. Suite 315 R, Kennedy Building, Opposite Eaton's, Portage Aveuue, Winnipeg.

HAVE STOOD THE TEST OF TIME

Long years of constant use have demonstrated to the farmers and others in Western Canada the marked superiority of our goods.

A great saving of time and strength may be effected by using a "Manitoba Windmill" to pump water, grind feed and do other multifarious duties too numerous to mention on the farm. It is warranted to last long and wear well.

"THE MANITOBA"



"Manitoba" Gasoline Engines, built on advanced mechanical principles, made in all sizes, will run the cream separator, pump water, saw wood, and do all other kinds of work where an efficient, cheap, economical power is needed.

Thousands of pleased customers testify to the merit of our machines.

Write for Catalogue.

GASOLINE ENGINES 24 & 26 H P.

Manitoba Windmill and Pump Company, Limited

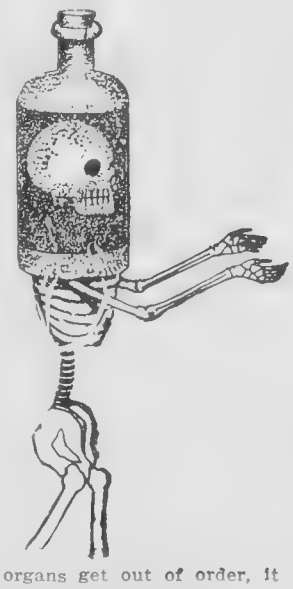
Manufacturers Box 301 BRANDON, MAN.

EVERYBODY IS SICK OF DRUGS.

You know you would rather do almost anything than take that nasty dope the doctor gave you. Why, it makes you sick to look at the stuff, and even the smell is nauseating.

Say my friend, ever hear of Nature's cure? I've got it. It's electricity. It's the power that runs every organ of your body; which enables you to think, speak, or do anything else. It's the power that makes your heart pump blood, your stomach digest food, and the various organs perform their functions like so many machines.

Drugs work against Nature. I'll tell you why. Your stomach is a generator of electricity. It supplies the power that runs every organ of your body, including the heart.



You see, it is the action of the juices of the stomach upon your food that produces this electrical force, and when you fill your stomach with poisonous drugs they destroy these juices, consequently your stomach cannot create enough electricity for itself and other organs.

Just the other day a scientist in San Francisco talked over a telephone which received electricity from the stomach of a living man. That's proof enough that the human body is electrical.

When Nature can't cure, it is because she needs aid. So many people have an idea that this aid is drugs It's not; it is electricity. So if you will restore it to the body, pain and weakness will disappear.

When your stomach, kidneys, liver or digestive organs get out of order, it is because they lack the necessary electricity to enable them to perform their regular functions. The breaking down of one of these organs nearly always causes other troubles. Nature can't cure then, because your body hasn't enough electricity to do the work, so you must assist Nature by restoring this electricity where it is needed.

My Electric Belt does this while you sleep. It saturates the nerves with its glowing power, and these conduct the force to every organ and tissue of your body, restoring health and giving strength to every part that is weak.

Electricity is a relief from the old system of drugging. It does by natural means what you expect drugs to do by unnatural means. It removes the cause of disease, and after the cause has been removed Nature will do the rest.

Dear Sir,—I should have written you before to let you know what your Belt has done for me. I can say that my back is cured, and as strong as ever. For six months before I started to wear your Belt, I could hardly stoop over to pick up anything off the ground. Sometimes I could not walk, the pain in my back was so bad. I had not worn the Belt more than two months when my back was as well and as strong as ever.

Philip Harper, Jr.,
Columbus, Ont.

Get My Book— It's Free

If you can't call, cut out this coupon and mail it to me. It will bring you, prepaid, free, my 84-page book describing my treatment, and with illustrations of fully developed men and women, showing how electricity is applied. It will tell you how to be strong, healthy and happy. Don't wait a minute, cut out the coupon now.

I'll give a free test of my Belt to those who call. Consultation and advice free.

Office Hours—9 a.m. to 5.30 p.m. Wednesday and Saturday to 8.30 p.m.

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DON'T BUY GASOLINE ENGINES UNTIL YOU INVESTIGATE "THE MASTER WORKMAN," a two-cylinder gasoline, kerosene or alcohol engine, superior to any one-cylinder engine; revolutionizing power. Its weight and bulk are half that of single cylinder engines, with greater durability. Costs Less to Buy—Less to Run. Quickly, easily started. Vibration practically overcome. Cheaply mounted on any wagon. It is a combination portable, stationary or traction engine. SEND FOR CATALOGUE. **THE TEMPLE PUMP CO., Mfrs., Meagher and 15th Sts., Chicago.** THIS IS OUR FIFTY-THIRD YEAR.

THE BEST MEDIUM FOR ADVERTISERS ! !

The Western Home Monthly

MISCELLANEOUS.

A Modern Institute.

The Keeley Institute of Winnipeg are now occupying their new building, corner Jessie Ave. and Hugo Street, Winnipeg. They now have the best appointed branch institute on the continent, where increased facilities enable them to comfortably accommodate their growing business.

Their new building is modern in every respect, rooms sunny and pleasant, single or en suite, private baths, large club, reading and ladies' reception rooms, screened verandas, a shaded lawn, and a quiet retreat located away from the noise and gaze of the crowded city, where any degree of privacy desired can be attained. The medical department is under the personal supervision of a regular and qualified practitioner, who resides at the Institute, and is competent and skilled in treating special nervous diseases resulting from liquor or drug using.

The most stubborn cases of neuralgia are apt to yield to hot water treatment. Wherever the pain is located, there a hot water bag should be applied. The suffering part should be wrapped in a blanket, and the unfortunate patient should be put to bed and covered with more blankets, and induced to drink at least three cups of water as hot as the palate can stand. This treatment may seem severe, but it is sure to bring relief. Of course the patient should be careful not to take cold when cooling off after this treatment.

A Russian timber dealer has discovered a valuable mine of oak. It is in a river of South Russia, in layers three or four feet deep, scattered over 150 square miles, and its most striking feature is its variety of colors, supposed to be due to the variegated soil of the river bottom. No fewer than twelve shades of pink, blue, yellow and brown have been noted, each log having its own uniform shade. The logs taken out have ranged from forty to two hundred feet in length and from fifteen to twenty inches in diameter, and it is estimated that more than 150,000, averaging seventy feet, remain.

Teeth of all kinds have been worshipped, and are, in fact, venerated as relics in some religious shrines. Buddha's tooth is preserved in an Indian temple; the Cingalese worship the tooth of a monkey; while the elephant's and shark's tooth serve a similar purpose among the Malabar and Tonga islanders respectively. The Siamese were formerly the possessors of the tooth of a sacred monkey, which they valued very highly, but in a war with the Portuguese they lost the holy grinder and had to pay $3,500,000 to get it back again. It is now kept in a small gold box, inclosed in six other boxes, in one of the many temples of the Siamese capital.

A little Topeka girl came home from church the other day, and was asked what the minister's text was. "I know, all right," she asserted.

"Well, repeat it," the questioner demanded.

"Don't be afraid and I will get you a bed-quilt," was the astonishing answer. Investigation proved that the central thought of the sermon had been, "Fear not and I will send you a comforter."

A Funny Game.

Here is a funny game to play:

Stand facing a girl and say to her, "You can't make the same motion I am going to make."

Then she will say, "Just see if I can't."

Now do this: Put your left hand forward, point the forefinger toward your face and make a circle around your face with it, saying, "I see the full moon."

Next point at each eye and say, "Two eyes;" then touch your nose, saying, "A nose;" then touch your mouth and say, "And a mouth."

Now let your arm fall and tell the girl to do exactly as you did and say what you said.

The point is this: She will be sure to do all the motions with her right hand instead of her left.

And you can promptly say, "No, you didn't do it right." She will ask you to go through the motions again and very likely will use her right hand again.

But suppose she is left handed? She will naturally use her left hand to get the trick right. So you should tell her, "Well, you can't do it again," and be sure to use your right hand when you show her again. When she tries to do as you did she will most likely use her left hand, and you can say, "You're wrong this time."

This trick amuses everybody.

Free, for Catarrh, just to prove merit, a Trial size Box of Dr. Shoop's Catarrh Remedy. Let me send it now. It is a snow-white, creamy, healing, antiseptic balm. Containing such healing ingredients as Oil Eucaliptus, Thymol, Menthol, etc. It gives instant and lasting relief to Catarrh of the nose and throat. Make the free test and see for yourself what this preparation can and will accomplish. Address Dr. Shoop, Racine, Wis. Large jars 50 cents. Sold by all druggists.

The Young Man and His Problem

THE SIGN OF A HERO

He is a slave who dare not be in the right with two or three. The true hero does not count the cost, or if he does, he is indifferent to the result. He is familiar with history and knows what heroism means—a prison for Paul, a stone for Stephen, a scaffold for Savanarola, a burning fagot for Hugh Latimer, a cup of hemlock for Socrates, an assassin's bullet for Lincoln and a cross of crucifixion for Jesus. But the true heart looks down into the dark corridors of the martyr's dungeon and exclaims: "I am now ready to be offered." Dare to be a Daniel. Dare to stand alone.

PROPHET, POET AND PHILOSOPHER.

In the Wesley family there were three sons—John Wesley, Charles Wesley and Samuel Wesley. John Wesley was a preacher and prophet. He did more to regenerate and redeem the British Isles than any man of his generation. He accomplished much because of a steady quiet enthusiasm which came as near "perpetual motion" as anything which the world has ever seen. Charles Wesley was a poet and singer. He wrote seven thousand hymns. He set the heart of humanity on fire with melody. But Samuel Wesley—well, he was a cool minded, cold blooded philosopher. He laughed at his brothers John and Charles. He sneered at the Holy Club and Bible Bigots. He regarded himself as the thinker of his family, but he missed the golden opportunity of his age. He failed to act. Reflection is useless without action.

BE SURE OF YOURSELF.

Grant had a quiet way of deciding things. A decision with reference to one hundred head of cattle or an order concerning to the movement of one hundred thousand men seemed to cost about the same measure of mental effort. Each order seemed to be given in a quiet, confident way, as though he was absolutely sure of himself. Wellington at Waterloo said to one of his officers at a time when the fighting seemed to be the hottest, "Hard pounding, this. But let us see who will pound the longest!" He was sure of himself. Anthony Froude, when he had finished writing the life of Lord Beaconsfield, said to a friend: "That is an honest book. It will please neither the friends nor the enemies of Lord Beaconsfield, but it is an honest book." He was sure of his ground, sure of his facts, sure of his inferences, sure of his conclusions, sure of his own sincerity —He was sure of himself.

THE MAN OF GALILEE.

I am not preaching a sermon or attempting to exhort when I affirm that earth has produced but one perfect character—the peerless personality of history—Jesus of Nazareth. Listen to the words of Renan, "Whatever may be the surprises of the future, Jesus will never be surpassed." When Mr. Landon (Eli Perkins) was preparing his volume on "Kings of The Platform and Pulpit," he wrote to Col. Robert G. Ingersoll for a copy of his most famous lecture. In the letter which accompanied the manuscript Mr. Ingersoll said, "Whatever you do, don't put anything into the book against Christ. I may have said silly things about Him when a boy in Peoria, Ill., but I now regard him as the one perfect man." Jesus is the one universal man. Moses was a Hebrew, Socrates an Athenian, Buddha a Hindu, Mohammed an Arab, Gladstone an Englishman, Luther a German and Lincoln an American, but Jesus belongs to us all. He is the universal man—The one perfect character.

THE GREATEST PROBLEM IN THE WORLD.

Civilization's biggest problem is the saloon. What shall we do with it? Put it where you please and it is a nuisance. Place it on the street corner, adorned with snow white marble and decanters of cut glass and it is a snare—a pocket edition of perdition in gilt edged binding. Hide it away in the rear end of a blind alley and you are playing with a dynamite bomb of deviltry which may explode at any moment. Crown it with high license or curse it with low license it remains the same unsolvable problem—a national nuisance and an individual curse. Even the New York saloon, blessed and consecrated by Bishop Potter of the Episcopal Church of America, turned out a failure and a disappointment. Gladstone affirmed that the end of all legislation was two-fold: that men might find it easy to do right and hard to do wrong. With such a two-fold design in view, keep an eagle eye on the saloon. Chain it! Curb it! Restrict it! and where you can, Destroy it!

GREAT MEN—HOW TO STUDY THEM.

A straw will show which way the wind blows and the little things in the life of a great man will reveal his character. Parnell, in playing chess, was very slow in making a move, but when he made a move, he did it quickly—rapidly. His thinking was long and deliberate. His action quick and sharp. Grant thought over every battle in order to gain fresh points for the next conflict. Luther placed a flower on his writing desk in order to calm and sweeten his thoughts. Dickens inspected every room in his house, every day, in order to see that everything was neat and in order. Whitefield could never study in a chamber where the furniture was poorly arranged or out of order. In his personal dress he was the very incarnation of neatness and yet he swayed thousands. In the pulpit he had the abandonment of inspiration. Gen. Sherman walked among his sleeping soldiers at midnight in order to see that all important details had received proper attention. In life detail determines destiny.

"I GET UP."

The strong man is a good blend. He is a mixture of common sense and uncommon sense. He has a sincere regard for the twin realities—the seen and the unseen. He is the incarnation of caution and courage—about fifty per cent. of each. When he looks forward he has also an eye to the right and an eye to the left. He can be religious without being visionary and Godly without being "goody." Dr. Adam Clarke, the commentor, was well known as an early riser. A young preacher who regretted his inability to follow the example of the Doctor in the matter of early rising wrote to him to inquire the secret of his success. "Do you pray about it." inquired the youth. "No," replied the Doctor, "I get up!"

DISARMED.

There is a frank honesty which cannot be made ridiculous, although it be an acknowledgement of ignorance. It was an honesty that Lincoln used, and an anecdote told of him shows how with it he once disarmed a learned opponent who had overwhelmed him with quotations. Lincoln was not a learned man, but for true knowledge he had the highest respect. The practising lawyer with his pseudo-learning, however, was a fair target for Lincoln. One such lawyer, in order to impress his hearers and to embarass his opponent, quoted massively a Latin maximum. "Is that not so," Mr. Lincoln?" he asked. "If that is Latin," Lincoln responded dryly, "I think you had better call another witness." Probably the jury hailed the frank young lawyer as their own champion, since he professed himself as ignorant as they.

BE HONEST.

No man likes to be defrauded. If he buys a coat he wishes the cloth to be just what the merchant says it is; and if he purchases a barrel of apples he feels outraged when he discovers that the big apples have been put in the ends of the barrel, and that the space between is filled with small and unsound fruit. Great business successes have been built up by men who have acted on this known trait in human nature; and men who have ignored it—who have perhaps assented to the proposition that honesty is the best policy, but have not acted on the knowledge that it is so—have failed to win permanent success. A fine illustration of what happens when men throw away their opportunities is afforded by the decline of the American cheese export trade. In 1881 cheese to the amount of nearly one hundred and fifty million pounds was sold abroad. Last year the export of American cheese amounted to less than ten million pounds. The Americans had the market, and lost it by failing to keep the cheese up to the standard. Canada has secured the trade. In 1905 Canada exported more than two hundred million pounds of cheese. "Honesty is the best policy."

TRUTH.

Truth is a beautiful thing, and philosophy is bent on seeking it. A professor of philosophy, who has taught as rigorously as did Kant that it is never right, under any circumstances, even if the shock kills the listener, to tell anything but the exact truth, so far as words will do it, has staked his entire prosperity on a wager. He agrees for one year to utter no falsehood, even a white lie, on penalty of forfeiting his estate. He thinks that the trouble with philosophies is that they have never been demonstrated in practice. He is willing to back his philosophy in a way that is at least sportsmanlike, if not philosophical. By the way, he differs from most philosophers in having an estate to forfeit.

FARMING A PROFESSION.

A distinguished scholar and farmer is quoted as having paid his eloquent and, on the whole, just tribute to the farmer, "Farming is a profession requiring more shrewdness than law, more technical training than medicine, more uprightness than theology, more brains and resourcefulness than pedagogy. It is its own reward. God made farmers. The other professions are parasites. This is rather hard on other professions, but still, none too much honor can be paid the conqueror of the soil. More intensive farming is needed in this country and the young man who learns to farm scientifically will reap a richer harvest.

PLEASURES OF THE HIRED MAN.

"The real, the substantial pleasures of the hired man's life, especially if he is hired by the day during the harvest time, is the rainy day. Does the pious Hindu, his hundred cycles of laborious life completed, awake to diviner music than the melody of pattering rain? It seems peculiar that a man who works hard with his muscles from five in the morning until late in the evening, with a short nooning of an hour, perhaps, should turn to athletics the first thing after the chores are done in the evenings. Foot races, jumping, turning pole, all are popular, especially if some neighbor lad comes over from the next farm to join in it. Among the pleasures not athletic are the summer ice cream socials, destined more for the glory and advancement of the church, however, than for the pleasure of man. You ride six or eight miles of a dark night, after a hard day's work, your fatigue aggravated by the good clothes you have to wear. Arriving at the school house, you are invited to pay ten cents for a dish of watery ice cream and a square of cake, served by some young woman whom you do not know and are afraid of being introduced to. After the refreshments, if you are refreshed, and the program, if there is a program, you drive home again to arrive, perhaps, a little before breakfast time. Such are some of the pleasures of the hired man.

POLITICAL MANNERS.

Manners, according to Edmund Burke, barbarize or refine us by a constant, steady, uniform, insensible operation, like the air we breathe. Burke referred not to the graces of the drawing-room alone, but to the bearing up of men and women towards others in all their activities. The man of gentle manners, whether he be rich or poor, always respects the feelings of others, and when he expresses disagreement with another he does it in a gentlemanly way. Those who follow the reports of the debates in the British House of Commons have frequently noted the high tone of the discussion. There are exceptions, but the rule is that men of all parties act as if they were co-operating for the general good. Debate in the Canadian House of Commons too frequently degenerates into arraignment of the honesty of purpose of this party or that officer. The Premier himself receives his share of abuse. The Canadian Parliament might profit by the example of the British House of Commons. Good manners, political or otherwise, are an indication of good breeding.

KNOW YOUR MAN.

In this age of "hustle" a proper exercise of discretion in the selection of your social, business and political alliances might not be amiss. A good story is told about a young college graduate who has been learning something about practical politics. He attempted to wrest the control of a New York assembly direct from Tammany. When the campaign was over he found that the men whom he had trusted to co-operate with him had taken his money and hired out to the other side. They took his ballots, but did not vote them. The "detective" whom he hired to watch his rival turned out to be a lieutenant of that rival, and some of his professed followers stole his watch, chain and diamond scarf pin. Make it your rule to "know your man" before trusting him too implicitly.

What the World is Saying

Sensible Mexico.

No doubt Mexico is looked upon by many as a half-civilized state, but its recent proposition, anent the celebration of its centennial, is worthy of consideration by some states that have a lofty opinion of themselves. Mexico proposes to inaugurate public improvements in every town, and have the towns finish them, during the year, if possible. The centennial will, therefore, record itself in streets, avenues, drives, parks, gardens, schools, libraries, fountains, water systems and public buildings. Our hats off to Mexico. Whenever we have a centennial the first consideration is, How much powder can we burn? The next, How many strangers can we gather into town, ostensibly to look at parades, but actually to be decoyed into our places of amusement and entertainment; and the next, how much of an exhibition we can make, of dry goods, engines and squashes. The Jamestown Exhibition will be a memory in another year, but the Mexico Centennial will leave its good results to posterity, for its long rejoicement.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Reckless Automobilists.

The accident near South Norwalk, Conn., adds only one or two to the season's long list of automobile fatalities. But the affair is thoroughly characteristic of the quite general conduct of automobiling. The fast young man of wealth and his wife were trying to make a record run on the public highway. They had frequently before been doing the same thing. It is said that they had been in several smash-ups previously, and no doubt considered them great fun—courting serious danger having become necessary for the stimulation of a jaded appetite for pleasure. They were at this, as at other times, not merely showing light regard for their own safety, but exhibiting no regard whatever for the safety of others using the same highway. They were racing with another machine, which might also properly have gone to smash, and in the contest of speed they ran against a horse carriage and tipped the women occupants into the road. And in thus exhibiting a criminal recklessness concerning the lives of others, they brought their own wretched, sensation-seeking existence to an end in one case and near to it in the other. It is a hard saying, but is it not a true one—such persons die as the fool dieth and risk death as doth the fool.—Springfield Republican.

State Court Judges Across the Line.

A few weeks ago certain American lawyers of some distinction who were travelling in England cabled home their impressions of the English judge. The picture was that of the legal pedant, moving ponderously, speaking solemnly, living narrowly, lacking practicality, dressed unspeakably. Judicial gollywogs, they were called. Mr. Frederic R. Coudert, who has just returned from travelling in France and England, has a different opinion. He says that comparison of the judicial systems of France, England, and America results unfavorably to this country. Not that our judges are lacking in common sense—they perhaps excel the French and English judges in that respect. It is in regard to their judicial qualifications that they fall short. And they fall short in judicial qualifications because of our system of selection—because we elect instead of appoint, and because our system is not such as to make the law a subject of lifelong judicial study. This criticism he would not apply to the judges of the federal courts, but only to those of the state courts. The choice is not between common sense and learning. We cannot rest content with the reply that if we have the common sense we're willing to let Europe have the learning. For our conditions are constantly becoming more complex, are constantly demanding men on the benches who know the law from its first to its last letter—who are thereby prepared to solve the great legal problems which our industrial life is constantly unfolding before us. It is said so often that the poor and the public are almost defenceless against the rich and the incorporated, who are able to buy up the best counsel procurable. Too little has the public realized the protection to be found in the learned and independent judge. In some instances entire states have shown a woeful blindness to this protection. The cases of Arkansas and Alabama are in point. They have sought to prevent access to the federal tribunals—the best courts before which litigants might go—in some cases. We need a little less politics and a little more independence, a little less superficiality and judicial pretense on our benches. We need it for our own individual sakes and the sake of the country.—New York Globe.

Spain's Low Educational Status.

A Spaniard who was walking with a German visitor in a Madrid street not long ago stopped to shake hands with a beggar—an old acquaintance who used to be a public school teacher, but had become blind. "Do not pity me," said the beggar; "when I was a teacher I often went hungry. Now I take in two or three pesetas a day and am comfortable." The pay of a Spanish school teacher is at most 600 pesetas ($120) a year, and may be only one-half of that. When the King, in his recent address, made no mention whatever of the education question, there was much surprise and criticism in some quarters. This changed to indignation when there followed a royal edict recommending those communities whose expenses exceeded their income to reduce the school budget by either dropping some of the teachers or reducing all salaries by 100 pesetas. This would affect over 800 teachers. When the Republican, Augustin Sarda, at a session of the Senate, accused the Government of barbarism and folly for exposing to starvation men who had the important duty of rearing good citizens, the minister of education, San Pedro, had no other answer than that the measure was only a temporary makeshift.—Manchester Guardian.

The British and the Continental Views of War.

Another fundamental difference between Great Britain and Continental countries—especially those countries in which militarism prevails—lies in their respective views of warfare, its aims and its methods. We here are wont to look upon a campaign somewhat as knights of the Middle Age regarded a tournament. Everything must be carried out strictly according to rule, no unfair advantage may be taken of the enemy, who is treated with all the chivalrous consideration due to a noble rival, and the moment he cries "Enough," we ought to sheathe the sword and allow generosity rather than justice to dictate the terms of peace. In a word, war for us is but a glorified game. For military nations, on the contrary, it is a life and death struggle, in the course of which no advantage, fair or unfair, must be spurned. As Bismark put it, each belligerant's aim should be to bleed the other white. War should be destructive, cruel, ruthless, not only in the interests of the stronger of the two adversaries, but also for the sake of the weaker. The formula would seem to be: in war it is humane to be inhuman. Perhaps the advocates of this system are right. But what is certain is that they have an enormous advantage over those who adopt our view that war is a glorified game. They will not be baulked out of a possible victory by any Hague Statute forbidding an attack on our warships until a formal declaration of war has been issued: they will not be shamed into making peace on fair terms by fear of moral disapproval; they will continue to beat the enemy long after he is down and helpless; they will cripple him by enormous war contributions and the annexation of whole provinces; and even after peace has been concluded they will try to pick a quarrel anew and ruin irretrievably—in the interests of peace. These views are known to be firmly held and systematically acted upon. We are all aware that Continental countries will conduct their future campaigns on these lines. But we fail to realize the significance of the fact, and therefore we make little or no provision for what is coming. In truth, the naval fight of the future has already begun at The Hague, and our representatives there evince a generous disposition to make things easy for the foe presumptive, while allowing him to tie his hands. There is no doubt, for instance, that our Government would strictly respect a prohibition to attack the enemy until a formal declaration of war had been made—no matter what advantages we should be foregoing. But is there any doubt that the militarist enemy would do likewise. And if not, why consent to have ourselves handicapped?—The Contemporreview.

Beauty's Debt to Vaccine.

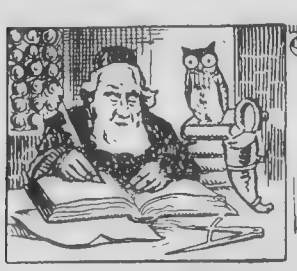
Beautiful women a century ago evoked the wild enthusiasm of which you write because they were then so few. Smallpox had ruined all complexions, and the few women who had escaped it, who would now only be called ordinarily nice-looking, were then as rare as goddesses, and so worshipped. Forty years ago aged relatives used to tell me stories that puzzled me of ladies in Edinburgh about 1820—of ladies so beautiful that crowds always lined their paths from their carriages to the shops. I used to regret having missed seeing beauties so delightful, little knowing I was really seeing them daily. The milkmaid, accidentally vaccinated in her trade, escaped smallpox, and so gained the repute for fresh complexion that some of us who are older can remember. Vaccination has enabled all women now to equal her in beauty, and her fame has gone, though her looks remain as before. Thanks to Edward Jenner, it is said that we men need not rush in inconvenient crowds when we wish to see a good-looking woman, for in every gathering and by many hearths are women now as lovely as were the famous and fabled beauties of the past.—London Graphic.

"The Baffling of All Science."

Nothing argues a greater want of imagination than the silly chatter about the possible politics and the sex problems and so forth of "the people in Mars." It is like the hugely popular novels describing life in the twenty-first or thirty-first century, and the wonderful inventions and discoveries of our descendants. The people who engage in this talk and write these books are so commonplace and so essentially without imagination that they have to turn to the huge or to the improbable to get any fresh idea or sense of wonder. These are the sort of people who see nothing wonderful on earth save the seven or eight or nine—we forget the number—"wonders of the world" which Mangnall or Pinnock tabulated—as if the composition of a pebble or a pea were not good enough for wonder and the baffling of all science!—London Saturday Review.

Mr. Roosevelt's Hip Pocket Gun.

In a recent editorial the New York Tribune says of any man who habitually carries a pistol that he is, "as a rule, either a coward or a potential or actual criminal. He is himself a menace to peace and order, and should be got rid of for the benefit of the community." Whereupon a democratic paper in New England facetiously remarks that "unless the Tribune omitted that editorial from its Oyster Bay edition a certain well-known resident of that community is likely to leave his pitchfork right in the middle of the hayfield and go up to the city and shoot up the Tribune office." The presence of a pistol in the president's hip pocket is fully justified. There is no reason why his personal and political friends should hesitate on fit occasion to refer to the fact and show why it exists, if, indeed, there are those who need such showing. The president's situation as regards imminent danger is to the last degree exceptional. One-third of all the men who since 1864 have been elected or declared elected to the presidency have fallen by the hands of assassins. Who else in civil or military life fills so dangerous a position as the chief magistracy of this republic? It may be that the fact of having a weapon at hand would not render it available in time of need, but there is no doubt that it would inspire a feeling of greater security, and that is a matter of moment. And it is far from impossible that it might not save a president's life and kill or capture his assailant. At any rate, if ever the present or future president should face an assassin, his countrymen would thank God if he has a gun handy and makes good use of it. As the impecunious country preacher used to borrow a $5 bill of his well to-do deacon on Sunday evening so that he might "feel sufficiently braced up to preach a decent sermon," on the same principle it is well that a president should feel the comforting and sustaining influence of a good gun within easy reach in time of peril.—Washington Star.



THE PHILOSOPHER

In the group of distinguished and influential British journalists whose visit to this country last month was an event of so much importance, there were representatives of various shades of political opinion. On returning to Winnipeg after their travels through Western Canada, they were discussing the country's future and the probable effect of this policy and of that policy in moulding that future. One of their number, the representative of a London journal known the world over, who had been a listener, not an active participant in the debate, was at last called on for his opinion. He said that what had been most deeply impressed upon him in Western Canada was the self-reliance developed by the conditions of life. "The man on the prairie," said he, "who is grappling manfully with his own individual problem and succeeding by the exercise of his own intelligence and energy, is developing something that means more to the country than any policy, or any politics." There is a great truth in these words. One of the most important lessons that experience teaches is that, on the whole, success in life depends more on character than on intellect, or fortune, or anything else. This is true of the individual; and what is the nation but a collection of individuals? The nations in which strength of character is developed, and in which self-reliance, integrity, industry and self-control are most diffused and most respected are inevitably, in the long run, the most prosperous and the most advanced. This is a law that cannot be questioned, and it becomes more and more apparent as civilization progresses.

SUCCESS IS BASED ON CHARACTER.

Not, of course, that the right moulding of public policies is not of the highest importance. But the right development of individual character is the first necessity for the right moulding of public policies and the right working out of our British system of representative institutions of self-government. It is only through the high character of individual citizenship that the party system in politics can be made to yield beneficial results. Doubtless British self-government might have been developed through other and better means than the party system; but the historical fact remains that it did not. It developed through the party system. The evils of party system are many and manifest. They were never described with more cynical truth than by Dean Swift, when he termed party the madness of the many for the benefit of the few. It is for right-thinking individual citizens to prevent those evils, recognizing that in free countries party government is the inevitable, if not the best, or the only, way of conducting public affairs. A good man will adhere to his party only so long as he can do so with a firm and honest conviction that its policy is the most beneficial to the country. When he can do that no longer, he asserts his independence. It is in such men, whom Swift's cynical definition of party cannot include, that the hope of good government rests. And their number is constantly growing greater in Western Canada.

THE INDIVIDUAL AND THE PARTY.

That there is something in our Western politics which distinguishes them from the politics of Eastern Canada might be argued from many points of view. One difference is that politics on the prairies do not seem to be dominated by lawyers to the same extent as in the rest of the Dominion. In two out of the three Prairie Provinces the premiers are not lawyers. In every other province the premier is a lawyer; and the Dominion Premier—as also the leader of the opposition in the Dominion Parliament—are likewise lawyers. This is not cited against them here as a high crime and misdemeanor. Again to quote Swift, the lawyers of his time were declared by him to be "men bred from their youth in the art of proving by words, multiplied for the purpose, that white is black and black is white, according as they are paid." Swift had a rough tongue, and a biting pen. His savage description of the legal profession is quoted here with no intention of applying it to the members of that profession in Canada today, in politics or out of politics. It is a necessary and honorable profession. And, after all, what could be more in the natural course of things than that lawyers should take to politics? The politician who is not a lawyer necessarily develops the lawyer-faculty of arguing his side of the case in its strongest form. He cultivates the arts of advocacy. Like a lawyer striving to win a verdict from the jury, he uses all his powers of persuasion; he skilfully avails himself of any mistake or admission of his opponent; he appeals to every resource of ingenious and eloquent pleading. The electors are the jury; it is their business to decide on the merits of the case. Just as it is necessary in a trial by jury that the arguments on both sides should be set forth fully in their strongest form, so also is it necessary in a political contest, in order that the electors may discharge their function. Thus it is that while all lawyers are not politicians, all politicians have, on occasion, to practice the arts and methods of lawyers.

LAWYERS AND POLITICS.

Once more the scientific world is agog over the question whether the lines discerned on Mars, when viewed through observatory telescopes, are, or are not, artificial waterways—just as astronomers on Mars, or some other planet, may be pointing their telescopes towards Alberta on this planet of ours and arguing whether they see irrigation systems. Some astronomers who are pointing their telescopes at Mars are positive that they see an elaborate system of canals, and on the strength of their assurances the conclusion is advanced that Mars is inhabited and that the Martians are an amphibious people, or at least semi-amphibious, like the Dutch. On the other hand, other astronomers throw doubt on the reality of those alleged artificial waterways. Professor A. E. Douglass, for instance, of the university of Arizona, writes: "I used to believe in them, but now, as the result of a careful study of optical illusions, I am very skeptical as to the reality of the fainter ones." As for the general question of the presence of men—or living beings—on other heavenly bodies besides the earth, the fact is, of course, that there is not a great amount of expert opinion available. Perhaps that deserving of the most attention is from the pen of Professor H. H. Turner, the Savilian Professor of Astronomy at the University of Oxford. He believes that life must exist on the planets of the solar system and probably of the universe as well, because they resemble the earth in many respects. But as they also differ from the earth in many respects, it is probable that their forms of life, animal and vegetable, differ considerably from ours. "The inhabitants might perhaps," writes Professor Turner, by way of illustration, "live in the air, or under the ground, or be like our insects. They might, indeed, be able to live without oxygen. Some low forms of life on the earth seem to get on better without air, and on the airless planet it is conceivable that such forms might have developed into higher beings such as man." If this possibility is admitted, the almost atmosphereless moon may be the home of a thriving population of Moonites. However, the whole question is one that requires for adequate treatment the imaginaiton of a novelist and poet.

OTHER WORLDS THAN OURS.

Why has mankind from prehistoric times used alcohol? The theory heretofore generally held is that it is taken as a stimulant. But a well-known English writer on science, Dr. C. W. Saleeby, now declares that this is a mistake. Alcohol, he says, is taken, just as opium is taken—to give "peace of mind." It is taken, that is to say, not as a stimulant, but as a sedative. Both serve the same purpose, he says; and it is a fact that no race uses both. But this theory that alcohol is not taken as a stimulant lands us in the midst of paradoxes. It is to be noted that Dr. Saleeby condemns both alcohol and opium. The resort to either as a means of banishing worry and nerve strain has long since been proved fallacious; and yet that is what has given them so strong a hold upon humanity. They not only fail to banish the cause of worry, but they produce bodily and mental damages of which the result is worry multiplied manifold. To return, however, to Dr. Saleeby, he—as has been said before—does not regard alcohol as a true stimulant. To true stimulants, as for example, tea and coffee, he assigns great value—he rates them with sunlight as natural stimulants of the essential processes of life. Here we find fresh paradoxes; medical authorities have been declaring alcohol a valuable stimulant in the tropics, and sunlight dangerous—the latter theory, as noted in last month's Western Home Monthly, being applied by Rev. E. C. Heustis, of Red Deer, Alberta, and following him, by the New York Medical Record, to the sunshine of Western Canada. Here, indeed, is a tangle. The one thing that seems to emerge with any certainty from the conflict of opinion is that for the ordinary person drugs are unnecessary, and that their use opens the way to consequences which it is difficult to measure. It is because man is the worrying animal that he resorts to mechanical agents for relieving worry. Misery stupefies itself with drink; and so does luxurious idleness. It is no accident that in all countries the drug habit affects least the people who lead useful, active lives in healthful surroundings, free from the fear of poverty, and with both mind and body kept occupied.

WORRY AND STIMULANTS.

An event which deserves an important place among the notable and interesting happenings of the past month was the examination of Mrs. Eddy at greath length by court officers at her home in Concord. The object of the examination was to ascertain the condition of her mental faculties, with a view to the determination by the court of the question whether the condition thus ascertained showed her to be capable of managing her property interests or of understanding the management of them by those to who she had delegated the task. That is what the purpose was; and pending the decision of the court, it may be noted what the purpose was not. It was not to find out whether Christian Science is, in the celebrated phrase of Rev. Dr. Patton, President of Princeton Theological Seminary, the leading Presbyterian divinity school on this continent, "neither Christian nor scientific." The immediate impression which the examination produced was that Mrs. Eddy is very fluent, especially for a woman of her advanced years, and that her courtesy and earnestness are very marked. Her fluency, above all, must be admitted. To believers in her doctrine that fluency is as a precious flooding of light upon the subject which she claims to hold in charge by divine revelation. To others the fluency of Mrs. Eddy is lacking in logical coherence. The words flow on with a pleasing smoothness to the air which impairs the effect on the mind for those to whom mere multiplication of agreeable words does not necessarily suggest their meaning, or impress it on the understanding.

MRS. EDDY'S EXAMINATION.

The diplomatic difference between a royal handshake, a royal kiss, and repeated royal kisses has never been worked out in handbooks and treatises, but the difference is there just the same, and the international importance of it is carefully weighed in Europe. When King Edward and the German Emperor met the other day at Wilhelmshohe they not only kissed each other's cheeks, as monarchs do when they meet in friendship, but they did it repeatedly. The leading papers in all the European capitals have been discussing at length the deep significance of this, which lies in the fact that when the King and Kaiser met a year ago they merely shook hands. The manner of their recent meeting at Wilhelmshohe means that European tensions are relaxing, and that Great Britain and Germany in particular are now on friendlier terms. The monarchs in their personal relations are necessarily more or less controlled by the state of public feeling in their respective countries. But in the case of His Majesty and the German Emperor diplomatic gossip has had it that for the past year or two there has been a certain coolness for personal reasons. Some two years ago the Kaiser saw fit to indulge in some personal criticisms of his uncle, while on a yachting cruise, and his remarks were reported to the Foreign Office in London by a British diplomat who was on the yacht and whose duty it was to report them. The report eventually came under King Edward's eye. It is satisfactory to know that the Emperor has made amends. Able man as he is, he could go to school to King Edward and learn lessons in tact, in dignity, in knowledge of men and of public affairs, and in statesmanship, that would be invaluable to him.

THE KING AND THE KAISER.

WINNIPEG—THE BUCKLE

Main Street—Looking South from City Hall.

Main Street—Looking No

Princess Street—Showing a few of the Wholesale Houses.

C.P.R. Yards—Looking East fr

McDermot Ave.—The Commercial Centre the Wholesale Houses.

C.P.R. Yards—Looking West from Overhead Bridge.

E OF THE WHEAT BELT.

ooking North from City Hall.

. Portion of Main Street—Showing Old Post Office.

ng East from Overhead Bridge.

Canadian Bank of Commerce—Main Street.

ad Bridge. Note—126 miles of Track in this Yard.

Bannatyne Ave., East—Showing row of Wholesales.

An Encouraging Message

I have a message of hope and good cheer, of encouragement and inspiration to every suffering woman. I have endured the torture due to female troubles and the consequent despondency and mental agony almost to the point of despair, and I have been restored from this condition to a state of vigorous health, and to the happy, exhilarating frame of mind which accompanies physical well beirg. This change has been brought about wholly by the use of ORANGE LILY.

In addition I have had the privilege and pleasure of inducing multitudes of other suffering women to give ORANGE LILY a trial, and have received thousands of enthusiastic acknowledgements of the blessings it has brought to them. The following is a sample:

Truro, N. S., April 5, 1904.

Dear Mrs. Currah,—Your very kind letter was received yesterday. In reply to your question about my health, I am thankful to say that I am very well. As I have never given you a statement of my case you may be interested in it.

For several years I have suffered untold agony. This suffering was continuous, but I would have violent attacks every few weeks, each attack lasting several days. The first Sunday in November, I felt the pain increasing and so did not go to prayers. The rest of the family did go and soon after the forcing down pains seized me and I had to remain on the floor until their return. I was in great pain all night and was very sick for a whole week.

Then Mrs. L. came to see me and told me of your wonderful medicine. I got my husband to send for it right away, as I was too sick to write myself. (My doctor could do nothing for me.) I have used 5 boxes of ORANGE LILY, have had three months of good rest, and am now well, never better in my life. I have not had the old pains since. I often ask my husband if it is myself that is going around and doing my own work. I can scarcely believe it. It brings tears of joy to my eyes. I could shout it to all the world. I cannot speak enough in its praise.

Your friend, Mrs E. H. F.

Receiving as I do, dozens of such reports each day, I feel impelled to make known to my suffering sisters the merits of ORANGE LILY. It differs from other so-called remedies in that it is not taken internally. It is a strictly local treatment, and is applied directly to the affected organs. Its curative elements are absorbed into the congested tissues, expelling the stagnant foreign matter which has been irritating the membrane and oppressing the nerves, and a growing feeling of physical and mental relief is noticeable, almost from the start. It is a positive, scientific, remedy, and even if you use no more than the Free Trial treatment you will be very materially benefited.

Free Trial Offer.

I want every reader of this, who suffers in any way from painful monthly periods, irregularities, leucorrhea, inflammation or congestion of the organs, pains in the back, etc., to send me their addresses, and I will forward at once, without charge, 10 days' treatment. If your case is not far advanced it may entirely cure you, and in any event it will do you much good. I am so earnest in making this statement, and so positive that it is true, that I trust every sufferer who reads this notice will take advantage of my offer and get cured at home, without a doctor's bill. Address, enclosing 3-cent stamps, MRS. FRANCES Q. CURRAH, Windsor, Ont.

ORANGE LILY is recommended and sold in Winnipeg by The T. EATON Co., Ld., Drug Dept.

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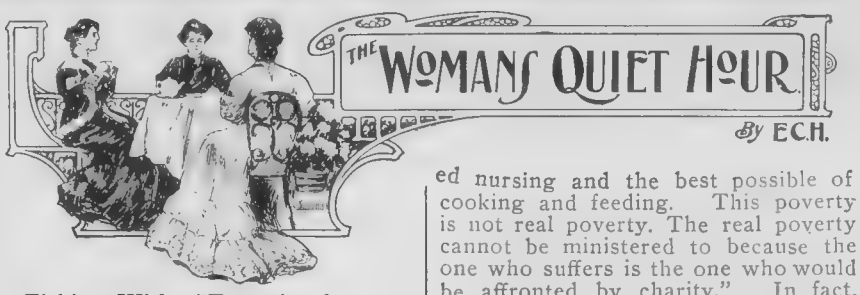

THE WOMANS QUIET HOUR

By E.C.H.

Fishing With A Worm. "To make the most of dull hours, to make the best of dull people, to like a poor jest better than none, to wear the thread-bare coat like a gentleman, to be outvoted with a smile, to hitch your wagon to the old horse if no star is handy,—that is the wholesome philosophy taught by fishing with a worm."

The above quotation I found on a stray card the other day and it has haunted me ever since. Somehow I wish more of us could enjoy the good homely old pastime of "fishing with a worm." Perhaps some of this wholesome philosophy would sink into our souls. Most of us need a fuller measure of contentment. We are all striving too hard in this golden West and take too little time to consider just how much of it all is worth while. If we could only make up our minds to enjoy each day as it goes along and not always wait to take our pleasure until that fortune is made, only to find then that we have lost the art of having a "good time." The whole trouble is that we refuse to take the simple pleasures free to everyone, we only appreciate what costs us money.

"To make the most of dull hours and the best of dull people," is something we all need to learn. We are always seeking to be entertained, never to entertain. It is too much trouble to spend a half hour chatting with some one who does not interest us, and still that half hour might do more good than many of the dollars given to charity, and if we put our whole hearts into it, it might surprise us by the profit it would yield. It is the lonely body who seems to be out of it in the social or other gatherings who really needs our aid, very often far more than the people to whom we give our money and our old clothes.

What is Poverty? Speaking of charity reminds me of a little piece of a book I was reading the other day. A lady who had a large sum of money she wished to devote to charity called in a number of people to consult with her, how it should be expended. Everyone had some hobby, but the newspaperman, when asked for his opinion, was very pessimistic about the possibility of really helping those who need it most. "Ministering to the poor," said he, "is, in the main, an unnecessary work, a work misdirected and tending to pauperize those to whom it ministers. Poverty is not to be measured by the amount of one's possessions or income or earnings, but solely by the extent to which people are denied the things they greatly desire. The majority of those whom we regard as the extremely poor have, in fact, pretty nearly all they want. They have food enough of the kind they like. They have roofs over their heads, and even if these happen to be cellar roofs they are better than the people sleeping under them have ever been used to in their lives. They have clothes that are better and sweeter smelling than the foetid sheepskins they wore in Russia and warmer than the calicoes that served them in Italy before they came here, and more important still, they have a chance to better themselves. There are schools for their children, everyone of whom may make what he can out of himself. They can earn more here than they ever could in the lands of their birth. They are not the poor. If they are sick or fall victims to any accident, there are hospitals open to them where they may receive the attention of the most eminent surgeons and physicians without charge, together with the most expert of trained nursing and the best possible of cooking and feeding. This poverty is not real poverty. The real poverty cannot be ministered to because the one who suffers is the one who would be affronted by charity." In fact, the conclusion this newspaper man seems to have come to is that helpful charity is scarcely possible in a country like ours, in which every man and every woman who cares to earn a living can do so. There is much truth in this as almost everyone who has had much to do with working amongst the so-called poor will agree.

A Hospital for Children. The hospitals and such institutions which are free to the poor must be supported, however, and there is a movement on foot just now in Winnipeg to establish one that will be devoted entirely to children and where only the women who really love children will act as nurses. The project has not been much talked of yet, the idea being to gather a small fund before a general meeting of everyone interested is called. Toronto has a fine hospital devoted entirely to children with a beautiful summer home on the island, where the little people who are well enough to be moved can have the pure lake breezes to assist them in their struggle for health. When the project is well started, assistance from outside points will be welcomed, and this is a charity the children should be especially interested in. When I was a small girl, the Sunday school I attended maintained a cot in the children's hospital and the different classes vied with one another in earning money for this fund. We girls used to get up bazaars at which only dolls' clothes were sold. Some one's veranda was borrowed for the occasion and the mothers would help with a donation of cake and lemonade. Some one could usually make good taffy, which sold well. Five cents would buy the finest garment in the exhibit, for none of us were very rich and things which sold for two or three cents were the most popular, but the pennies soon counted up and a couple of dollars were added to the cot fund. How we enjoyed it all, too, the making of the dolls' clothes and the planning for the great event and underneath it all was the happy feeling that we were really helping. Children enjoy giving and for their sakes it is a spirit that should be encouraged.

Holiday Time. I have been fortunate enough this summer to have a real holiday trip down East. I wonder if some of you can imagine how I enjoyed seeing a real snake fence once more and the old orchards where the cherries were just ripe. I had a small boy with me who picked his first berries off a tree and for his sake we took a trip through the Niagara fruit country, where he saw peach and pear trees for the first time. I had rather dreaded the visit to the Falls for I had heard so much about the great power plants that have gone up there that I quite expected the beauties of the scenery would be quite marred. This is not true though. Of course, the wilderness which had its charm has gone, but that was inevitable anyway, but the buildings erected by the power companies are beautiful, really works of art, and the grounds surrounding them are being beautified. In fact, one would never dream that commerce could have so beautiful a setting. All the plans for these buildings have to be submitted to the Park Commission before the buildings can be erected. The many parks have been beautified and every facility is given the visitors to view the falls from every point of vantage. The Canadian side has been wonderfully developed and a fine new hotel has been built where it commands a glorious view of both the American and the Horseshoe Falls.

The Old Way and the New.

By W. Crawford Sherlock.

"What's the matter, Brown? You look like you're down in the mouth after all the fun we've had tonight. Afraid of trouble when you get home, eh?"

"That's just it, Hopkins. Mrs. Brown is the best little woman in the world, but she can't help raising a scene when I stay out a trifle late. I don't do it often, but now and then the spell comes on me to have a turn with the boys, and I can't resist the temptation. I'll hear about the faults and failings of men in general, and of myself in particular, for the next two hours and it will take a new hat at least to restore the usual peace and quiet to our happy home."

The all-night car had been delayed somewhere uptown and the two friends had decided, after waiting a half an hour, to walk home.

"You didn't begin right, Brown," laughed Hopkins, as they sauntered along. "The first time I stayed out late my wife began a curtain lecture. I walked out of the house and stayed away all the rest of the night and she never tried it again. Try that, Dick."

"It wouldn't work in my case," replied Brown, gloomily. "Anyway, I wouldn't try that plan. I suppose it's her nerves and I guess it isn't right, only I can't help it. Here's my house; good night."

Brown slipped the key into the nightlatch and noiselessly opened the front door, then removed his shoes to avoid making any unnecessary sound. These precautions had never availed him in the effort to elude the vigilance of his wife, but he did so from mere force of habit. As he stole up the stairs a light in the dining-room, visible through the crack under the door, attracted his attention and he came down again to investigate.

To his surprise he saw that the table was set for two and through the outer door his wife busily engaged in preparing something that was undoubtedly appetizing, judging from the odor that was wafted to his nostrils. Mrs. Brown, as soon as she became aware of his presence, dropped her oyster fork and ran to meet him, throwing her arms around his neck and kissing him affectionately. Then drawing him to a chair, she brought his slippers and placed them on his feet.

"Just sit still, Dick," she said cheerily. "You are tired, I know, and our little midnight repast will be ready in a few moments."

By this time Brown was entirely incapable of doing anything else. With mouth wide open and eyes fairly bulging out of his head from pure amazement, he sat where he had been placed. He tried to speak, but his voice failed him. A few minutes later Mrs. Brown reappeared with a dish of fried oysters, another of chicken salad, a plate of hot biscuits and a pot of delicious coffee. She then invited her husband to join in the lunch. Brown arose and tremblingly walked to the place where his wife indicated. His plate was filled bountifully and he strove to eat, but somehow he could not manage to swallow the food.

"What does it all mean, Mary?" he gasped, dropping his knife and fork and staring hard at his wife. "I expected—"

"Yes, I know what you expected, Dick," returned his wife, smiling at her husband's perplexity, "but I have been thinking over things lately and I came to the conclusion that it wasn't right to be so disagreeable when you stay out late. It came to me like a flash that I had all day to have a chat with my old girl friends while you have to be at the office and only have the evenings. You don't go out often and it was real mean of me to be so horrid about it. Just look at this," and Mrs. Brown took a little frame from the mantlepiece containing a card upon which was written: "I am going to try to make home happy for my husband, even if he does stay out late every now and then.—Mary Brown."

"Now, Dick," continued his wife, "just tell me when you are going to stay out late and I will have a nice little lunch ready for you when you come home. That is, if you will eat it. You are just staring at the food and not touching it, and—," reproachfully "I tried so hard to make it appetizing."

Brown didn't say a word for fully fifteen minutes, but he was doing a deal of hard thinking.

"Mary," he said at last, when the oysters and salad had disappeared from view, "it's mighty nice of you to act this way after I came home at two o'clock in the morning. Not only that, but to tell me that you'll do this every time I come in late, is a strong temptation to repeat the offense. I'll make a bargain with you, though. If you'll have something like this once a week, I'll promise not to stay out late again. Is it a go?"

"Of course I will, dear," replied Mrs. Brown, joyfully, and added in an undertone, which Brown did not hear, "The old way didn't work, but the new is a decided success."

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Making Over Gowns. We seem hardly to have had a chance to wear our summer clothes and it is already time to be thinking of fall and winter wardrobes. Now is the time to go over last winter's things and decide just what can be furbished up to duty for another season. Fortunately the styles just now are such that it is very easy to bring old fashioned gowns up to date. The jumper waist still holds its own and no better style could be found for the doing over of a dress. The kimona sleeve is very popular and a dress waist that has old fashioned sleeves can very easily be remodeled in this fashion, the sleeves being ripped up and used to broaden the shoulders of the waist and form the kimona sleeve which can be large or small as your material will allow. Patterns for these sleeves can be had from almost any of the pattern firms and are easily followed by the home dressmaker. Of course, there will have to be under sleeves, but they are best made of any contrasting material, silks or lace. The long tight sleeve is one of the newest for these waists and is much more suitable for winter wear than the elbow sleeve. A small round or pointed yoke or a narrow vest of the same material as the undersleeves will add to the dressiness of the waist. Folds of silk or velvet are smart skirt trimmings just now and are effective in bringing a skirt up to date, similar folds being used on the waist.

A Simple Evening Gown. I saw a dear little evening gown direct from Paris the other day which, although it cost a pretty penny, was so simple that the amateur dressmaker might easily copy it at small cost. It was a flowered organdie, delicate sprays of soft mauve lilacs on a white ground. About the bottom of the skirt, which was made quite full, with just a few tiny tucks to fit it over the hips, was a broad band of plain organdie of the same shade as the lilacs. Bands of the same material trimmed the waist, with a little Val lace, and a broad sash of the same mauve organdie edged with the lace was tied around the waist with the ends falling almost to the bottom of the skirt. The same idea would be charming carried out in any of the pretty delicate colorings.

The Fall Hat. The styles in hats have changed greatly since the spring, when the mushroom shape, dipping decidedly over the face, held the first place, and the small hat, fitting closely to the head, was also very popular. Later in the summer all the curves and bends of the hat brim were straightened out and the broad brimmed sailor took the lead in the ready-to-wear hats, and for dressier wear the broad brim also became fashionable, with just the slightest droop, not mushroom at all, but not just stiffly straight. These styles will lead for fall and winter hats, the brim being broader in the back than in the front, and the hat is worn on the back of the head, held on in some mysterious manner. The trimming will mostly be in the centre, the front drooping towards the back. Immense pom poms of hackle feathers will be one of the new features in the trimming.

New Styles in Hairdressing. The hats worn so far off the face demand a very soft fluffy hair dressing and the marcel wave is now a thing of the past. The hair must be a mass of soft loose waves, with little curls peeping out coquettishly here and there. If you can wear your hair parted, by all means do so, for it is the height of fashion. It must be puffed softly at the sides and rolled behind the ears to be the loose knot worn on the neck or a little higher. If you still cling to the pompadour lift it well off the face and build it slightly higher on the left side. The back hair is then coiled well at the back of the head with a few puffs just back of the pompadour. The whole secret of this season's styles in hairdressing is that it must be soft and fluffy. With this as a foundation you may almost follow your own sweet will as to the exact method of disposing of your back hair.

Crossing the Jordan-Tide.

If the day's brief pain and passing care,
Have seemed too much, and too hard to bear;
If under its trivial press and smart
Thou hast failed in temper and lost in heart;
If the undiscouraged, journeying sun
As it sinks to rest, with its travail done,
Leaves thee all spent with trouble and sorrow,
How shalt thou face the harder tomorrow?

If the things familiar daunt thee so,
How shalt thou deal with an unknown woe?
If conquered by every passing dole,
How build the sinews of thy soul?
To stand and shiver on the brink
Of each recurrent task, and shrink,
Will never harden thee to abide
The waves of the turbulent Jordan-tide.

* * * * * * *

So, if the now seem cruel and hard,
Endure it, with thoughts of the afterward;
And be sure that each task that is clearly set,
Is to brace thee for other tasks, harder yet.
Train the stout muscles of the will
In the daily grapple with daily ill,
Till, strong to wrestle, and firm to abide,
Thou shalt smile at the turbulent Jordan-tide.

The Month's Bright Sayings.

Mark Twain: All education is preparatory. It is life that gives the finals, not college.

James J. Hill: My heart goes out to the man who does his work when his boss is away as well as when he is at home.

President C. M. Hays, of the Grand Trunk Pacific: The man who does his work so well that he needs no supervision has already succeeded.

Harold Begbie, of the London Chronicle: To stand on the platform of the new palatial Canadian Pacific Railway Station at Winnipeg, and see the trains arriving almost hourly from the east with their complement of new life, is to see a nation in the making.

Governor Cummins, of Iowa: Canada is soon to enforce a federal meat inspection law obtained from Parliament without the aid of public agitation and clamor. The lesson of our own meat scandal seems to have been well and wisely learned across the border.

Jules Guyot: The wheel of world politics revolves swiftly after all. A year ago the German press denounced the idea that France had paramount rights in Morocco. Now they think a French protectorate inevitable. A little anarchy is very educational.

Winston Churchill, M.P., Under Secretary for the Colonies: Lord Rosebery's attack upon the Liberal ministry, delivered on Tuesday in the House of Lords, momentarily revived to view a brilliant man who has all the qualities of a great statesman, except the inclination to work and the courage to fight.

A. E. Mason, M.P. for Coventry: When a vote of thanks to ladies has to be proposed, a bachelor is generally chosen to do it. I suppose the reason is that bachelors are not afraid of being found fault with afterwards for the clumsy manner in which the work has been done.

Mrs. Cynthia Westover Alden: It remains for some lover of humanity to start a crusade against the collapsible gocart, the springless lumber wagon in miniature, in which the unthinking mother jolts her helpless infant over the jagged pavements and uneven sidewalks to the peril of its spine and its little bones.

William Whyte, Second Vice-President of the C. P. R.: Much has been said and written about the Alps of Switzerland and about other great mountain ranges of other continents, but when knowledge of the Canadian Rockies becomes as worldwide as it deserves to be, the grandeur of this great national heritage of the Canadian people will stand unsurpassed by general consent.

Professor Chamberlain, of Birmingham: From hints dropped by several of the educated, and from the still more interesting, because frankly naive, remarks made by Japanese servants whom I have taken with me to Europe at different times, I found that the travelled Japanese consider our three most prominent characteristics to be dirt, laziness and superstition.

Andrew Carnegie: The life of mere pleasure, of mere effortless ease, is as ignoble for a nation as for an individual. The man is but a poor father who teaches his sons that ease and pleasure should be their chief objects in life; the woman who is a mere petted toy, incapable of serious purpose, shrinking from effort and duty is more pitiable than the veriest overworked drudge.

Howard Gray, of the Pall Mall Gazette: We have at home a population of close on 50,000,000 in a country of about the size of the biggest of your great lakes. We have examples of nearly every kind and shade of political and social thought. We have also thousands of years of insular prejudice and local feeling behind us, some of which is, no doubt, a little hampering. But, we have also a thousand years of traditions—the most glorious traditions that have ever inspired a race.

Secretary Straus: Organized laber is here to stay, just as organized capital is. Both are proper within certain limitations. The abuse of organization is as bad on the part of labor as it is on the part of capital. Boycotts are as wrong as rebates or any other method of unfair competition. The thing to do is for organized capital and organized labor to get together on a program of conciliation, and not to make war upon each other.

Mr. Mattson: In German seaports I found thousands of people lying waiting to be transported over to the shores of Canada, but the facilities were inadequate to handle the immigration. On the Scandinavian peninsula conditions were no better. First and second cabins were booked two months ahead, and steerage could be had only on linse touching American ports. Immigrants with Canada for thir destination were forced to land in the States.

J. R. Brinton: Looking at the amount of coal that is being produced in the country, and the increasing demand for it, I predict a great demand for coal next winter, quite as large as there was last winter, if not more. I maintain that with the number of miners at work and the poor facilities that exist for distribution, it will be impossible to cope with the demand much better than last winter, unless people take time by the forelock and secure their coal in August and September. They may depend upon it that a scarcity is coming.

W. D. F. Vincent: The dress of the celebrities, as well as the dress of commonplace people, forms an index to their minds and characters, and in this way it affords food for philosophers and thinkers. That men are treated by others in harmony with their general appearance is now a well-established fact, and yet the wonder is that the general run of people do not give more attention to those outward and visible signs of their inward selves, for if they did they would find the world a less rugged place and the people they came in contact with a more refined body.

President Woodrow Wilson, of Columbia University: While we can accomplish something by legislation, legislation can never be more than a part, and often no more than a small part, in the general scheme of moral progress; and crude or vindictive legislation may at any time bring such progress to a halt. Certain scholastic leaders propose to redistribute the world's goods by refusing to thrift and energy their proper superiority over folly and idleness and sullen envy. Such legislation would merely wreck the world's efficiency for the purpose of redistributing the world's discontent.

Sir Oliver Lodge: The teaching of religion to small children is a difficult subject in itself and a subject also of unfortunate controversy. The ultimate object of religious training must be to encourage such ideas and habits as shall result in a happy childhood and a sound and useful life. Respect for "grown-up" people is a natural, childish instinct which ought not lightly to be destroyed. The first real gods of a child are his parents, however ungodlike they may be; and hence arises that feeling of security and nearness of protection and law, which is one of the luxuries of childhood, and, I may add, one of the responsibilities of parenthood.

Free Press Sporting Editor: A long-geared person named Kaiser was sent to the mound by Taylor. As they are mostly Germans it might be expected that the locals would treat the Kaiser with respect, but instead the showed a shameful disregard for his exalted position. In fact they placed a half-Nelson on the game by batting the said Kaiser out of the box in the sceond inning. Obtaining a lead of six runs, and having previously been through a strenuous over-time contest, was not conducive to making the Hustlers hustle, so that they loafed somewhat towards the finish and the Giants picked up a few runs, but the game was cinched from that second round.

A. J. Dawson, of the London Standard: Nothing worth accomplishing in the world has ever been accomplished in the absence of the national spirit; and nothing ever will be. Socialism, internationalism, humanitarianism and all the other isms are all very well, but they lead nowhere, because they are over-diffused. The first and most direct way we can serve, not only our own race, but humanity at large, is in the service of our own people: firstly, those people immediately around us in whatever branch of the big family to which we belong; and secondly, the big family of the empire itself. That is my conviction as to the best way a man may serve humanity—developing and strengthening the tie of fellowship and fraternity, which unites us all from the Yukon to Melbourne, from Winnipeg to Calcutta.

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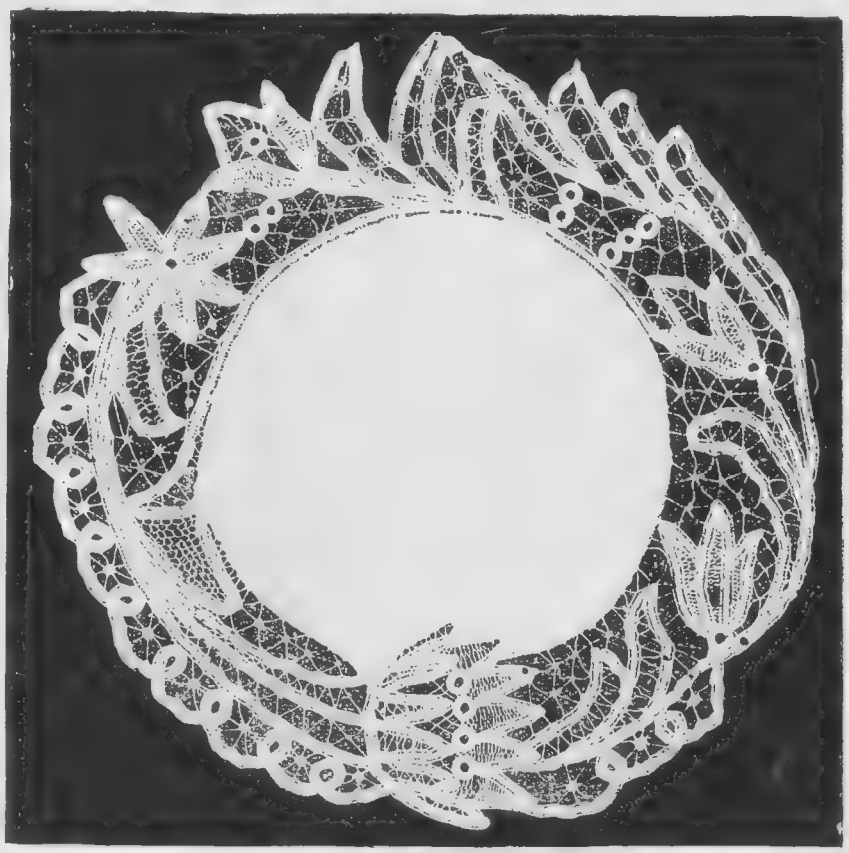
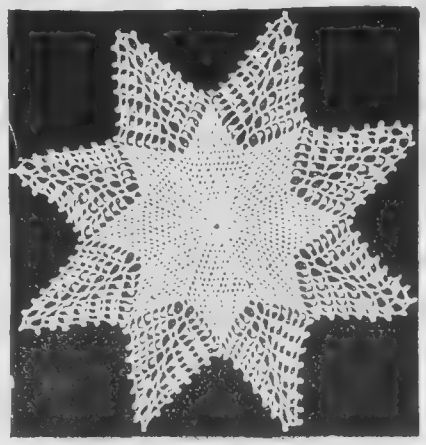
Battenberg Centerpiece, Pond Lily Design.

This piece is simple, but very effective. I have a large centerpiece—about twenty inches across—and two smaller ones—twelve inches—which I use on my sideboard in preference to a scarf, the large one in the center of the board, and the smaller ones at each side, at the end of the board. A bolt of braid will make the set; in addition will be needed 1¼ dozen rings of the larger size, 2½ dozen small rings, and a spool of linen thread, No. 50, or according to the way you do the work. Very close, fine work requires a finer thread. A half-yard of linen will make the centers for all three pieces, with a little "to good." Stiffen your pattern by basting it on heavy wrapping paper or enamel cloth. Some work with embroidery hoop, as in embroidering, but I think this draws the stitches. After the pattern is thus basted—or pasted, if you prefer—baste the braid on, following the outside one of the double lines, and whipping the inner edge of the braid to make it conform to the inside line. Do this basting with fine stitches to hold the braid securely. Use any stitches you like—those in the model are of the very simplest description. Russian or cross-stitch and twisted or Sorrento bars. When the stitches are all in, place the piece face down on a soft surface and press the back of the pattern with a moderately hot iron; this stretches the threads, so that the work will not shrink when removed from the pattern, as it would otherwise do. Then cut the basting stitches at the back, remove the lace, and pick out the threads. The pattern is then ready to be used again. Often "Battenberg Clubs" are formed, and ladies exchange patterns after using them; this is a pleasant idea, unless one prefers to have work which is "exclusive," or which everyone else does not have. It is true that one tires of the loveliest piece of art work, whether executed with needle or brush, if it is seen everywhere one goes.



Battenberg Centerpiece, Pond Lily Design.

Eight-Pointed Star Doily.



Eight-pointed Star Doily.

Chain 6, join in a ring.

1. Chain 3 for 1st treble, 15 trebles in ring, join to top of 3 chain.

2. Chain 3, a treble in same place, * a treble in nevt stitch, two in next, repeat from * around, joining after last treble to top of 3 chain.

3. Chain 3, a treble in same place, * a treble between each of next 2 trebles, 2 trebles between the two widening trebles of last row, repeat from * around and join.

4. Like 3rd row, always beginning with 3 chain for 1st treble, putting 2 trebles between the 2 widening trebles, or those made in one place, and a treble between each two trebles between the widenings. The latter outline the points of the star.

5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11. Like 4th row, the number of single trebles increasing one in each point, every row.

12. Like 4th row, only with a picot-chain between the two widening trebles. There will be 13 plain trebles between. the picot chain is made thus: Chain 6, fasten back in 5th stitch from hook, chain 1, 1 treble and so on.

13. * Make 13 trebles over 13 trebles, make a picot-chain, as described, a treble in picot of last row, picot-chain, a treble in same picot, picot-chain, miss 1st treble following, and repeat from * around.

14. * Make 11 trebles over 13 trebles, missing 1st and last (a single in trebles after poining to top of 3 chain, and 3 chain to begin the round, always), picot-chain, treble in treble, picot-chain, a treble in picot, picot-chain, treble in picot, picot-chain, treble in treble, picot-chain, and repeat from * around.

15. * Make 9 trebles over 11 trebles, missing 1st and last (picot-chain, a treble in next treble) twice, picot-chain, a treble in next picot, picot-chain, a treble in same picot, (picot-chain, a treble in next treble) twice, picot-chain; repeat from * around.

16. * Make 7 trebles over 9 trebles, missing 1st and last, (picot-chain, a treble in next treble) 3 times, picot-chain, a treble in next picot, picot-chain, a treble in same picot, (picot-chain, treble in next treble) 3 times, picot-chain; repeat from * around.

17. * Make 5 trebles over 7 trebles, missing 1st and last, (picot-chain, a treble in next treble) 4 times, picot-chain, a treble in next picot, picot-chain, a treble in same picot, (picot-chain, a treble in next reble) 4 times, picot-chain; repeat from * around.

18. * Make 3 trebles over 5 trebles, missing 1st and last (picot-chain, a treble in next treble) 5 times, picot-chain, a treble in next picot, picot-chain, treble in same picot, (picot-chain, 1 treble in next treble) 5 times, picot-chain; repeat from * around.

19. * Make 1 treble in 2nd of 3 trebles, (picot-chain, a treble in next treble) 6 times, picot-chain, a treble in next picot, picot-chain, a treble in same place, (picot-chain, 1 treble in next treble) 6 times, picot-chain; repeat.

This completes the doily. It may be easily enlarged to almost any size desired by starting a greater number of star-points, 12, 16 or 20, as wanted, or by adding to the number of rows like 4th before decreasing the points, or beginning the picot points.

Aunt Lilian's Diamond Lace.

Make a chain of 43 stitches, turn.

1. Miss 3, 2 trebles in next 2 stitches, (chain 2, miss 2, 1 treble in next, to form a space) 12 times, 2 trebles in next 2 stitches, chain 3, a treble in same stitch with the last treble, turn.

2. Chain 5, 3 trebles under 3 chain, chain 2, miss 3 trebles, 2 trebles under 2 chain and 1 in treble following, 11 spaces, 2 trebles in last treble and top of 3 chain, turn.

3. Chain 3, 2 trebles in 2 trebles, 10 spaces, 2 trebles under 2 chain, (chain 2, 3 trebles in next space) twice, chain 3, a treble in same space, turn.

4. Chain 5, 3 trebles under 3 chain, (chain 2, 3 trebles in next space) twice, chain 2, 2 trebles in next space and 1 in treble, 9 spaces, 2 trebles at end of row, turn.

5. Chain 3, 2 trebles in 2 trebles, 8 spaces, 2 trebles under 2 chain, (chain 2, 3 trebles in next space) 4 times, chain 3, a treble in same space, turn.

6. Chain 5, 3 trebles under 3 chain, (chain 2, 3 trebles in next space) 4 times, chain 2, 2 trebles in next space and 1 in treble following, 7 spaces, 2 trebles at end of row, turn.

7. Chain 3, 2 trebles, 6 spaces, 2 trebles under 2 chain, (chain 2, 3 trebles in next space, (chain 2, 3 trebles in next space) twice, chain 3, a treble in same place, turn.

8. Chain 5, 3 trebles under 3 chain, (chain 2, 3 trebles in next space) twice, * chain 5, a treble in last of 3 chain, 1 in treble and 1 in 1st of 3 chain following, chain 5, * (3 trebles in next space, chain 2 twice, 2 trebles in next space and treble in treble, 5 spaces, 2 trebles at end, turn.

9. Chain 3, 2 trebles, 4 spaces, 2 trebles under 2 chain, (chain 2, 3 trebles in next space) twice, chain 5, 5 trebles over 3 trebles and in chain each side, chain 5, (3 trebles in next space, chain 3, a treble in same space, turn.

10. Like 8th row to *, chain 7, 7 trebles over 5 trebles and in chain each side, chain 7, finish like 8th row from 2nd * to the end, making 3 spaces, instead of 5.

11. Chain 3, 2 trebles, 4 spaces, 2 trebles under 2 chain, chain 2, 3 trebles in next space, chain 2, a treble in 3rd treble following and 2 under chain, chain 5, miss 1st of 7 trebles, 5 trebles in next 5, chain 5, 2 trebles under chain and 1 in treble following, (chain 2, 3 trebles in next space) twice, a double treble in last of 3 trebles in preceding row, turn.

12. Chain 5, (3 trebles in space, chain 2) twice, a treble in 3rd treble following and 2 under chain, chain 5, a treble in 2nd, 3rd and 4th of 5 trebles, chain 5, 2 trebles under chain and 1 in treble following, (chain 2, 3 trebles in next space, chain 2, 2 trebles in next space and 1 in treble, 5 spaces, 2 trebles at end, turn.

13. Chain 3, 2 trebles, 6 spaces, 2 trebles under 2 chain, chain 2, 3 trebles in next space, chain 2, a treble in 3rd treble and 2 under chain, chain 3, a treble in 2nd treble, chain 3, and continue as in 11th row.

14. Chain 5, (3 trebles in next space, chain 2) twice, a treble in 3rd treble and 2 under chain, chan 2, 2 trebles under next chain and 1 in treble, chain 2, 3 trebles in next space, chain 2, 2 trebles in next, and a treble in treble, 7 spaces, 2 trebles, turn.

15. Like 5th row, ending with a double treble in last treble of preceding row.

16. Like 4th row, beginning with chain 5 and 3 trebles in 1st space.

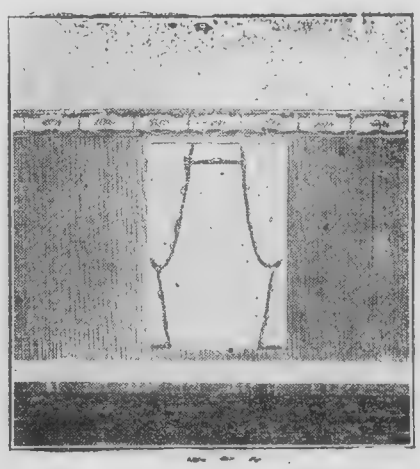
17. Like 3rd row, ending with a double treble in last treble of 16th row.

18. Like 2nd row, beginning with 5 chain and 3 trebles in 1st space.

19. Chain 3, 2 trebles in 2 trebles, 12 spaces, 2 trebles under 2 chain, chain 3, a treble in same place, turn.

Repeat from 2nd row, the point again increasing.

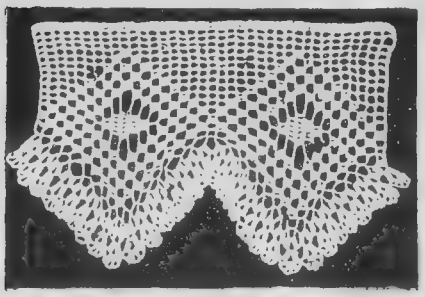
When you have made a length suffi-



Window Curtains.

cient for your purpose, finish the edge as follows:

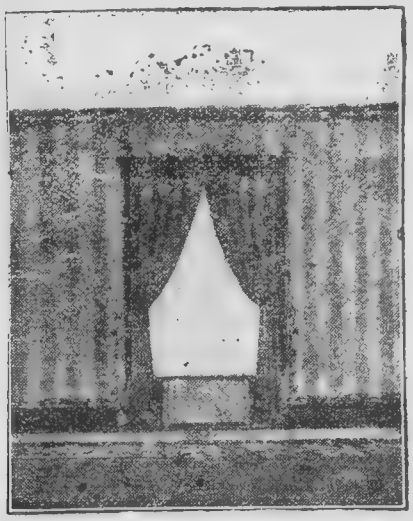
1. Instead of turning at end of 19th row, * chain 7, fasten under loop at edge of point, and repeat from *, fastening 2 chain of 7 under the loop at point.
2. Under each loop of 7 chain make a shell of 2 trebles, 2 chain and 2 trebles.
3. Shell in each shell of last row.
4. Make 4 trebles each, separated by



Aunt Lillian's Diamond Lace.

2 chain, 1 double between shells, chain 2 chain in shell, chain 2, 1 double between shells, chain 2, repeat.

If the strip is intended for an apron, as a finish for the end of a bureau scarf, or similar purpose, the border may be carried up the ends of the strip. The edges give a slightly ruffled or full effect, making this an especially **pretty trimming for shirts, aprons, etc.**



Window Hanging.

ALMA COLLEGE, ST. THOMAS, ONT.

The Alma Daughter Societies of St. Thomas, London and Toronto in behalf of the Alumnae of the College have asked permission to have erected at the main entrance to the College grounds Jubilee Memorial gates and fence. The societies have already made contracts with a London firm amounting to $1,100 and the work of erecting the gates will be begun at once.

Mrs. Jean Wylie Grey, lady principal of Alma College, who is spending the vacation in Europe, will return to Canada in time for the opening of the College Sept. 10th.

NEW IDEAS FOR BRIDESMAIDS.

Something entirely original for the bridesmaids to carry is the shower muff. It is quite the latest substitute for the shower bouquet. And by the way it is easier and more graceful to carry. The muffs are big and are masses of white tulle. From the lower part of the muff hang long streamers of narrow white satin ribbon, and to each streamer a spray of lily of the valley is attached. These muffs are also made up in downy marabout, and if one wishes, they may be used to introduce the color note in the bridesmaids' costumes. Faint lavender muffs either in tulle or marabout would look not only exquisite but decidedly unique if sprays of pale pink and lavender sweet peas were used to give the shower effect. Pink muffs with little pink rosebuds and a spray of green leaves tied to the ribbons would also be fetching.

A very new way for the maid of honor to carry her flowers is to have them tied to a long staff which she should use as a walking stick.

I'll stop your pain free. To show you first—before you spend a penny—what my Pink Pain Tablets can do, I will mail you free, a Trial Package of them —Dr. Shoop's Headache Tablets. Neuralgia, Headache, Toothache, Period pains, etc., are due alone to blood congestion. Dr. Shoop's Headache Tablets simply kill pain by coaxing away the unnatural blood pressure. That is all. Address Dr. Shoop, Racine, Wis. Sold by all druggists.

The T. Eaton Store, Winnipeg, Man.

The above illustration shows the Winnipeg store of The T. Eaton Co., Limited as it appears with the new addition which is now nearing completion. When the store was opened a little over two years ago it was thought that provision had been made for years, but before it was in operation a month a staff of workmen were busy adding an additional story, and by the time that the second year's establishment in Winnipeg was crowded out, another enormous addition was all but ready for occupation.

Originally the store contained 5½ acres. The additional story added almost another acre and this year's extension has brought the area up to 10¼ acres.

In other lines the expansion has been equally rapid. The city delivery system in the beginning contained 30 horses and 16 wagons. It has been added to from time to time until at present 60 horses and 30 wagons are commissioned to deliver Eaton merchandise in Winnipeg and suburbs.

The store opened with 600 employees and this number has since increased to from 1,500 to 2,000, according to the season of the year.

The store has a frontage of 275 feet on Portage avenue and 315 on Donald street.

The Health of the Nation will be Improved by the Use of

COWAN'S

PERFECTION

COCOA

(Maple Leaf Label)

Pure, Nutritious and Easily Digested.

The Cowan Co. Ltd., Toronto.

SHORT STORY
WRITING BRINGS IN THE
DOLLARS

Let us send you the proof and then let us help you to get into the Game. Our splendid

Home Study Plan

will enable you to make preparation during spare hours at trifling expense. Our Booklet "S.S." explains, it will cost you 1 CENT and a moment of time to get a post-card and address it to us. Send your request to

The SHAW CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL
393 YONGE STREET TORONTO, CAN.
W. H. SHAW, PRESIDENT C. W. CHANT, SECRETARY

The Raymond Lines

The Old Canadian Reliables

The National Cream Separator
Is the acknowledged favorite and is used by all those who know and want a high grade well made and reliable separator.

The Raymond Sewing Machines
The oldest, best known and best liked of them all. For over half a century it has been the acknowledged leader both for workmanship and design.

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Raymond Mfg. Co. of Guelph, Ltd.

324-6 SMITH STREET, WINNIPEG.

CALGARY PRINCE ALBERT VANCOUVER

Try KDC

MOST FAMOUS PREPARATION in the sphere of medicine. It ranks first in curative power. **Indigestion FLEES before it. It is a pure Household Remedy,** whose merits have long been established and can be used with perfect safety from the **Father to the Infant. Insure against Indigestion** by keeping K. D. C. always at hand.

25c, 35c and $1.00. All Druggists.

K. D. C. COMPANY, Limited, New Glasgow, N. S.

A Present Day Problem.

A most hopeful sign of the times, as leading ultimately to great and far-reaching results, is the increasing interest in and agitation of the child education and child labor problem. And while some of the measures suggested seem verily like "putting the cart before the horse," to make use of a homely but trite old phrase, yet any attempt towards the betterment of present conditions, however awkwardly it may be made, should receive the assistance of all right-minded people.

There may be danger of pauperizing more or less permanently many families where the children now assist in earning independent support, by requiring the school attendance of the children and the furnishing of means to meet the needs of the family from whom their wage is withdrawn, by philanthropic societies or individuals; and the idleness of the children before and after school hours is a moral danger that must be considered.

Yet, if the element denominated public opinion can be sufficiently stirred to manifest such a general interest in the condition of the poor as to seek to better it by legislation, there is hope that it may some time be led to such deeper consideration of the problem as will lead to dealing with causes instead of effects, to endeavor to uproot the evil rather than to seek to eradicate it by culling off the surface growth, which, as all farmer folks know, so often results only in strengthening the root-hold.

Why is it that little children labor between daylight and darkness, when they should be at school or at play out in the air and sunshine?

This question suggests others, the discussion of which involves the discussion of our entire political, social and governmental fabric, powers and class conditions.

Were the parents of these little toilers paid a living wage for their work; were the price of necessities of life to return still a fair profit to producers, manufactures and dealers, there would be no child labor problem.

There are few parents so selfish, so ignorant, so devoid of ambition for their children and interest in their future welfare as to deny them the opportunities so freely offered in this country for securing an education, unless compelled to such a course by the direst extremity.

The children labor that they may live. They work to secure the necessities of food, shelter, light and heat, all of which are produced from natural resources, but which, coming freely from the hand of the Creator through nature, are seized upon and held in fee by a few that they may extort such tribute from the many as shall enable them to live in luxury and exult in power.

Legislation "for the protection of our infant industries," "for the development of our natural resources," immense donations of the public domain, "to encourage the extension of transportation facilities," have been carried to such an extent and so long continued as to give a favored few opportunity to so enrich themselves as to permit them to secure such control of the necessities of life that they may place such prices as they please upon them, and also upon the labor with which these necessities must be utilized, until the laborer is delivered bound and helpless into their hands, himself and his family condemned to constant toil that they may simply exist, and finally pauperized by the legislation that forbids the children to labor.

Their life toil is preferred by the majority of these small workers, to being compelled to attend school and give up their work, the pay for which is so pitifully small, yet is sadly needed. And they have been known to voluntarily hide themselves in cellars and continue their work there hoping thus to escape the officers sent to look up such helpless little slaves and compel attendance at their school, when they know they will be branded as objects of charity.

And however much we may wish that these children receive an education, we cannot but respect their desire and that of their parents to earn an independent livelihood. We should beware how we crush out this spirit of independence, for once lost the usefulness of the individual is crippled for life.

The writer has no cut-and-dried theories as to how this great problem may be best solved. The greatest wisdom of this and yet future generations will be required in its solution, but every thoughtful person should desire to assist in bettering the condition of all workers, of the poor and oppressed, particularly as bearing so heavily upon children as to make them toilers from babyhood, and each give what assistance is possible along some line of effort toward that end.

To some it may be given to see more clearly than others "man's duty to his fellow man," and the work of these is that of public agitation and the education of the masses upon this subject, until we shall each see our duty and do it fearlessly, using whatever of influence or powers we may possess, be it much or little, toward securing the reign of right and justice, and the education and elevation of the humblest of God's poor human creatures to realize and become worthy of kinship with the purest and greatest, and of sonship with the Infinite.

Stain the Shingles

WITH

Stephens Shingle Stain...

Made in black and 13 tints, all rich and striking, and appropriate for shingles.

With Stephens' Shingle Stains you can get artistic and finished effects in reds, browns and greens, and also preserve the shingles.

Stephens' Shingle Stains protect, and effectually retard wear and decay.

There is both pleasure and profit in using Stephens' Shingle Stains.

Ask your dealer to give you a set of colored shingles showing these stains.

G. F. STEPHENS and CO., Limited
PAINT MAKERS
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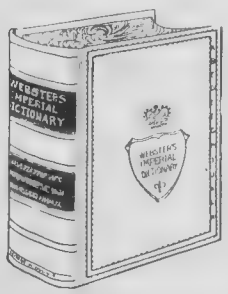
Webster's Imperial Dictionary

This is the newest and most up-to-date edition of Webster's Standard Work. It has been re-edited throughout and contains thousands of new words. It is printed from new plates and the type is, in consequence, beautifully clear. This is the latest, and in many respects the best, dictionary published, and at our price is marvellous value.



Webster's Imperial Dictionary,

2,173 pages, 2,500 illustrations, new colored plates and tables, bound in full low sheep, thumb-indexed.

Publisher's price, $7.50. Eaton price, $4.95.

THE T. EATON Co. LIMITED
WINNIPEG CANADA

This 18 size open face gunmetal watch with fine Swiss movement, gold dial combination photos of the King and Queen and royal family and splendid timepiece; the very latest and most durable watch in the market. Price

$2.65

This 18 size open face gunmetal case with a very fine Swiss movement. This watch can be set the same as an alarm clock, and will ring for several minutes. It is an accurate timepiece and one of the latest watches that has ever been invented. Fully warranted, very fine porcelain dial, Roman and Arabic figures. Price

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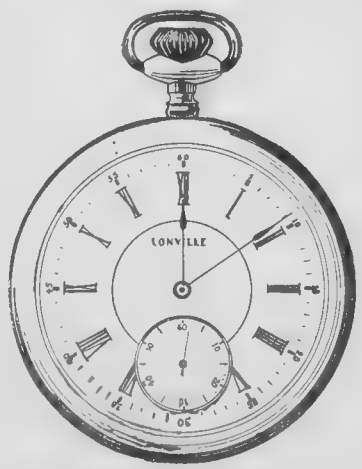

This 16 size open face 20-year case is guaranteed, and made of two plates of solid gold with the plate of composition between and guaranteed to wear for twenty years. This case is fitted with a high-grade 16-size 15-jewel damaskeened quick train, straight line, lever escapement, micrometer regulator, exposed pallets, cut expansion balance, hardened and tempered brequet, hairspring safety pinion, screw bankings, exposed polished steel winding wheels, dust band, Roman or Arabic, depressed centre, second white enamel dial and red marginal figures. Gents and Ladies watches same. Price

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We will accept any produce you may wish to send to us at the highest market value, f.o.b. Winnipeg, instead of cash. Any goods not found satisfactory we will cheerfully refund your money.

IN THE BUSINESS WORLD.

A Change of Agents.

We are advised that the agents for the Ideal Butter Separator at Calgary are McHugh Bros., and ndt A. McBride & Co. We regret that intimation of the change of names of the Calgary representatives was not given us in time to have the display advertisement appearing in September number contain McHugh Bros.' name. However, this notice is intended to serve the purpose and to convey the information desired.

Write for Calendar.

A copy of the calendar for 1907-08 issued by Moulton College, 34 Bloor Street East, Toronto, has been received by us. Moulton College is an academic department of McMaster University for girls. The college prepares for matriculation into any university in Canada, as well as for teachers' certificates of the Education Department. An English course and courses in music, art, household science and commercial work are also provided, and there is a junior department leading up to high school entrance. The faculty is selected by the Senate, and appointed by the Board of Governors, and the Senate prescribes the courses for study and the examinations for diplomas. The Chancellor of the University, under the Board and Senate, has responsible supervision of the administration of the college.

It will be observed that one of the courses of the college leads directly to university matriculation. Many of the students, after graduating, take the university course, one of the conditions under which the college was founded being that the arts and theological classes of McMaster University should be open in perpetuity to such students of Moulton College as might be qualified to pursue university and theological courses. Parents in Western Canada who contemplate giving their daughters an education in the advanced branches of learning would do well to send a post card to Mr. E. A. Hardy, Principal Moulton College, 34 Bloor Street East, Toronto, and request that a copy of the calendar for 1907-08 be mailed you.

A Special Offer to Housekeepers.

Housekeepers throughout Western Canada will learn with pleasure of the latest triumph, the "Briggs Washer," a moderate priced washer that will do the work of one costing a great deal more money, and according to the claims of the makers, will do it in less time. A washing machine is a necessity in every home, as it will pay for itself several times over in the first few years. The Briggs washer, constructed on improved scientific principles, is built to last long, run easily, and is guaranteed to wash clean and not to tear or wear the clothes. It has been thoroughly tested and proved that it even exceeded the most sanguine expectations of its makers.

The Briggs washer will be sold by every reliable dealer in Western Canada. If your dealer cannot supply you, write direct to the makers, giving them the name and address of your dealer, and they will see that you are supplied.

Readers of the Western Home Monthly who will write the E. H. Briggs Co., Limited, Winnipeg, and give them the name and address of your nearest dealer or hardware man, will be mailed a coupon good for 50 cents, which may be tendered the dealer and will be accepted by him as part payment on account of a Briggs washer. Get busy and write now.

Wild Plums.

The cultivated plums grown in the Northwestern States are simply improved varieties of the wild plums found growing in those regions. There are said to be about 200 named varieties of these improved wild plums now grown in these states. These have been originated by selecting the finest wild specimens, cultivating them and raising seedlings therefrom.

In many parts of Manitoba and some other western districts wild plums of very good quality abound. The wild plum is, in fact, our most promising native tree fruit. The future of plum growing in these prairie provinces will depend mainly upon the improvement of our native species. None of the European or Japanese plums will stand our climate, and very few of the improved wild plums grown in the states to the south of us will ripen here. We have just as good material to start with as others had, as the cultivated plums now grown in many other countries were no better in their original wild state than our native wild plums. Instead of importing tender fruits that are sure to prove a failure here, we might turn out attention with advantage to the improvement of our native fruits. Some work in this direction has already been done with the strawberry, raspberry and some other fruits. In order to encourage this good work, the Buchanan Nursery Co., of St. Charles, Man., offers a prize of $5 for the best sample of wild plums sent them this season. Any one who has discovered a specially good wild plum, should send them a pint of the fruit by mail, marked so the sender can be identified, and their name will be entered in the competition.

Competition open to Northwestern Ontario and the Prairie Provinces.

Great Faith in Absorbine.

"I have been using Absorbine for the last three months and have great faith in it. I first tried it on a colt that got its leg cut in a barb wire fence. It healed up, but began to swell. I applied Absorbine, and it removed the swelling in twelve days," writes Mr. F. O'Neill, Wolseley, Sask., Canada, under date of March 28, 1907. Absorbine is a pleasant remedy to use, does not blister or remove the hair, and horse can be used during treatment. It is a prompt remedy for bunches and blemishes, sprains, cuts, etc. Price $2.00 at druggists or delivered. Manufactured by W. F. Young, P.D.F., 138 Monmouth St., Springfield, Mass. Canadian agents: Lyman, Sons & Co., Montreal.

STOVEL'S ATLAS OF CANADA.

A Superb Ready Reference Atlas—the first of its kind to be made in Canada.

It is difficult to understand how a complete, ready-reference geographical, historical and statistical presentation of the Dominion can be gathered into a neat attractive little volume to sell at the popular price of 25 cents, but such is Stovel's Handy, Ready Reference Atlas of Canada which has just come to our desk.

The little atlas is 6½ x 8 inches, and contains 11 full-page maps of the World, British Empire, North America, the Dominion, its 9 Provinces and Newfoundland. These maps are supplemented with 8 half-page maps of the leading cities of Canada, and 12 full and 8 half pages of historical, statistical, descriptive and general reference matter. The cover page design is very attractive, as is also the blue paper cover in which it is bound.

This atlas has been compiled, engraved, printed and published by the Stovel Company, of Winnipeg, and is the first work of its kind ever made in Canada, a fact which will prove a source of pride and gratification to every Canadian who sees the atlas, particularly the people of this great, progressive West.

The atlas should find its way into every home in Canada, and doubtless will as soon as the public realize what a wonderful fund of useful information it contains.

The Stovel Co. will mail it to any address in Canada on receipt of 25 cents.

Testimonial.

"Mr. Tuttle,—I want to tell you that last winter my mare corked (cut one foot with the shoe of the other) herself, and I could not cure her. Hearing that Mr. Bussin sold this remedy, I bought a bottle of Tuttle's Elixir, and I used it on her and to-day she is well cured. You can publish this testimonial. —Geo. Roy, St. Emile de Suffolk, Co. La Belle, Que."

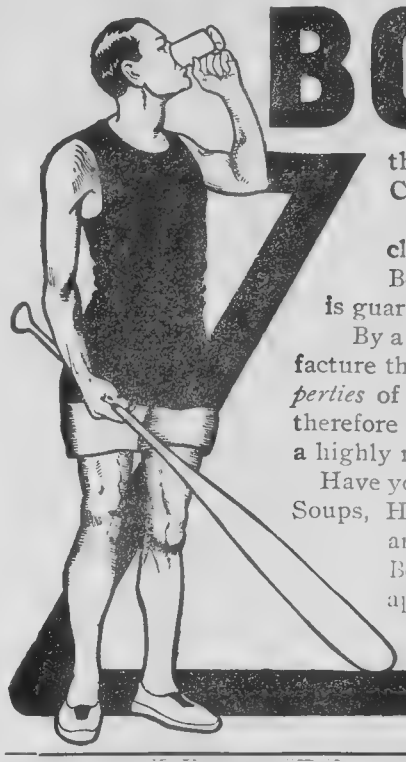
Harvester Trust.

Papers in the suit to be instituted by the government against the International Harvester Company for alleged violation of the Sherman Anti-Trust Act, are being drawn at the department of justice at Washington, U.S.A., says a despatch from that place, and the indications are that the company will be called into court in the immediate future. It is likely that the proceedings will be begun in Chicago.

A year or more ago, complaints of the operation of the International Harvester Company reached the Department of Justice, and agents of that department and of the Bureau of Corporations have accumulated a mass of information on the subject. The evidence that the company has violated the anti-trust law is asserted to be conclusive. The investigation disclosed that the parent company controls practically all of the big reaper and mower and thresher plants in the country and that an apportionment of the country is made among the various subsidiary concerns in such a way that no one of them will come into business conflict with any other. It is alleged further that prices of the farm machinery manufactured by the International Harvester Co. are fixed by the concern and from those prices dealers are not permitted to vary. In this way and through its control of the many plants, the company is able to dictate the output of such machinery, and parts of the country into which it shall go, and the prices at which it shall be sold. These conditions apply, it is said, not only to America, but also to foreign countries.

The operations of the company, as viewed by the officials of the Department of Justice, are in restraint of trade. No intimation is given of the date of the institution of the government's suit, but the delay will be only incidental to the preparation of the government's case.

There is only one



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the high grade English Concentrated Beef.

BOVRIL is prepared exclusively from Selected British Beef and its absolute purity is guaranteed.

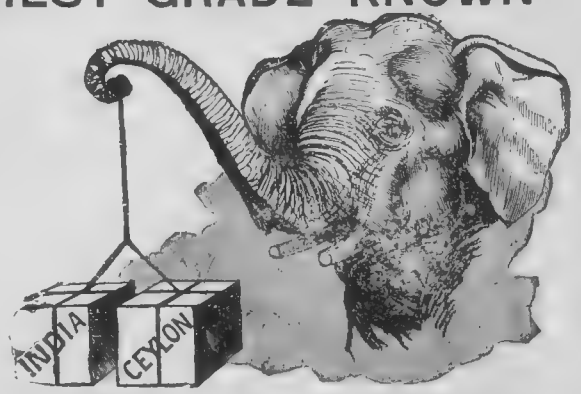
By a special process in its manufacture the *whole* of the *valuable properties* of beef are retained and it is therefore a stimulating as well as a highly nutritive food.

Have you tried a little Bovril in your Soups, Hashes, etc.? If not, do so and note the improvement. Bovril sandwiches are both appetising and nutritious.

TETLEY'S TEA

THE HIGHEST GRADE KNOWN

A fine Tea delightfully flavored—the best of all drinking teas. Good quality with strength of flavor. A tea that goes a long way and is most economical. Tetley's Tea is a rich, refreshing drink, not a stimulant.



All Grocers Have It.

HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY, WINNIPEG, CANADA, Canadian Distributors.

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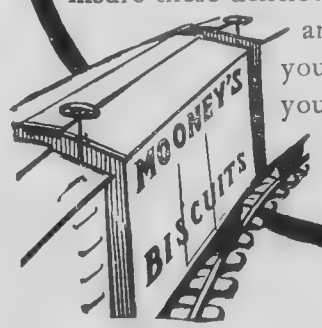
Coming by the Carload

Western Canada is biscuit hungry. People have been longing for better biscuits. And every one admits that no other biscuit was ever made, that was so good—and acknowledged so good—as

Mooney's Perfection Cream Sodas

Brought right from the bakery at Stratford to their destination in Western Canada in private cars, that insure these delicious biscuits being as fresh and crisp and inviting on your own table, as though you were eating them hot from the ovens.



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Is the favorite household remedy for the prompt cure of
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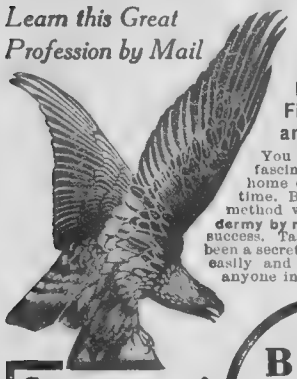
Learn this Great Profession by Mail



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You can now learn this fascinating art in your home during your spare time. By an entirely new method we teach you **taxidermy by mail** and guarantee success. Taxidermy has long been a secret, but *now* it can be easily and fully mastered by anyone in a very short time.

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Hunters, Fishermen and Naturalists are quick to grasp this wonderful opportunity to learn taxidermy by mail. The cost of tuition is small. This entrancing and money-making art is *now* easy to learn by men, women and boys.

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Decorate home and den — preserve the trophies of the chase! Be sure to get our Great Book "How to Learn to Mount Birds and Animals" anyway. It is sent free. Also our beautiful FREE Taxidermy Magazine. Don't delay. Write at once and learn a profession that will make you independent for life. Remember our great books—absolutely FREE. Address
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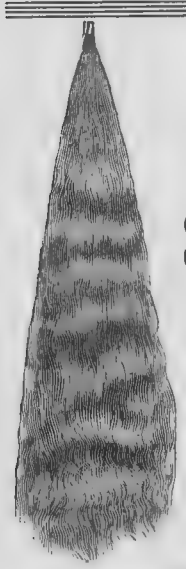

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They are made of the finest imported hair. We make up all our own goods and can guarantee satisfaction in every respect.

We make a specialty of mail orders. Send us a sample of your hair and we can make you a switch that will match perfectly.

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Write for our illustrated telegraph book "F." We mail it free.

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TORONTO ONTARIO

PATTERN DEPARTMENT

The Western Home Monthly will send any pattern mentioned below on receipt of price specified. Order by number, stating size wanted.
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6926—A Pretty Style for Wrapper or Bathrobe.

The success of a negligee depends not only upon its becomingness, but upon its ease of donning, for the busy woman can waste no time on fussy ribbon bows and numerous hooks or buttons when a negligee is put on. Here is sketched a pretty style for wrapper or bathrobe, the closing being effected with a hook at the neck edge and a ribbon or cord girdling the waist. The broad collar is sure to prove becoming, ending

in pointed neck effect in front. The sleeves are of the loose flowing variety, and may be finished any length desired. The gown is to be finished in round or sweep length, a graduated flounce completing the lower edge. A lawn, washable silk, challis, or Japanese stuff may serve, 8¼ yards 36 inches wide being needed for the medium size.

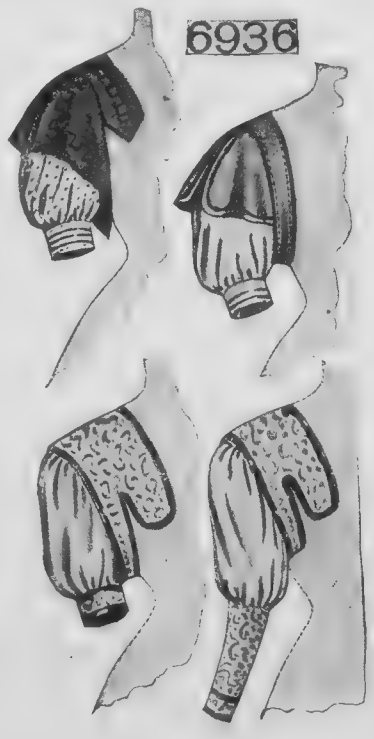
6926. Sizes 32 to 42 inches bust measure

The price of this pattern is 15c.

Special Offer—This pattern, with any one other pattern in this issue, together with one year's subscription to The Western Home Monthly—all three for 50 cents.

6936—Some Fashionable Sleeves.

There is no more important factor in the make-up of a gown than the sleeve. If the arm covering is a bit smart and becoming, the whole waist is improved thereby. In remodelling waists, the sleeves should be made as nearly up to the fashion as possible, and here are shown sleeves of good style and well suited to make-overs. The first two show graceful sleeve caps, with shoulder strap and mandarin sleeve band respectively. Both are in combination with a full short puff, which may be made long to the wrist by means of a deep cuff, if desired. The last sleeve is finished with another style of mandarin sleeve band, the front and back views being given, the long and short sleeve being provided for here also. The sleeve bands may be of a trimming material or the same as the rest of the sleeve. For the medium size the first two styles require 2⅛ yards of 27 inch material for each pair and the last 1 yard.



6936: Sizes small, medium and large.

The price of this pattern is 15c.

The sleeves are suitable for ladies' and misses' waists.

Special Offer—This pattern, with any one other pattern in this issue, together with one year's subscription to The Western Home Monthly—all three for 50 cents.

4218—A Serviceable Apron.

Whether she possesses a bent for art which causes her to spend her out-of-school hours over paint brushes and easel, or whether she is simply eager to help her mother in housewifely pursuits, the up-to-date school girl stands equally in need of a cover-all apron. This need not necessarily be an unbecoming garment. On the contrary, as

shown in the accompanying illustration, it may be quite a picturesque one. The apron sketched may be made in either high or low neck effect, and of any desirable tub fabric. It is fashioned very simply, and is manifestly not adapted to elaborate ornamentation. To develop the medium size 3⅛ yards of 36 inch material will be required.

4218: 4 sizes, 10 to 16 years.

The price of this pattern is 15c.

Special Offer—This pattern, with any one other pattern in this issue, together with one year's subscription to The Western Home Monthly—all three for 5 cents.

4225—A Novel Suspender Frock for the Small Girl.

The suspender dress has ever been a favorite with mothers of artistic tastes, and deservedly so, for there is no more becoming design for a little maid's frock. The mandarin suspender shown in the accompanying sketch is a novel and attractive variation of this popular model. The short straight skirt is so arranged as to give the long-waisted effect that is now so much in vogue, while the pretty full waist, pleated at the neck and gathered at the belt line, is of such shaping as to adapt itself gracefully to any little figure. As pictured, the dress is made of golden-brown nun's veiling and trimmed with narrow velvet ribbon of a darker shade, the waist portion being made of pongee; but it may be modelled in any preferred silk, woollen or tub goods, with skirt and waist of the same material, with or without the suspender attachment, and with full-length or shorter sleeves. To model the medium size 3⅞ yards of 27 inch material will be required.

4225: 7 sizes, 3 to 9 years.,

The price of this pattern is 15c.

Special Offer—This pattern, with any one other pattern in this issue, together with one year's subscription to The Western Home Monthly—all three for 50 cents.

4058, 4059—A Simple School Gown.

The shirt waist dress for school wear is the choice of practical mothers because of its freedom from frills and fixings, which not only show wear quickly, but unsuit the gown for its youthful wearer. The blouse is tucked in pointed yoke effect and adorned with a pompadour yoke, which may introduce some effective trimming. The skirt is a five-gored one stitched in side-pleats to below the hips, whence it falls in graceful folds to instep length. For a simple little home dress to be made in mousseline de soie or

albatross, the waist may be gathered instead of tucked, and the neck may be finished in Dutch square outline. For the medium size the dress calls for 5¼ yards of 36 inch material.

Two patterns: 4058, sizes 13 to 17 years. 4059, sizes 12, 13, 14, 15 and 16 years.

The price of these patterns is 30c, but either will be sent upon receipt of 15c.

Special Offer—These patterns together with one year's subscription to The Western Home Monthly—all three for 50 cents.

6906, 6894—A Graceful Outdoor Toilette.

Every woman knows the need of a "between seasons" costume for wearing on the pleasant days.

Such a costume will be found in the design sketched, which lends itself equally well to development in silk or wool fabrics. The jacket wrap with its cape sleeves and modish broad-shouldered effect, is especially becoming to a slender figure, and the same is true also of the seven-gored plaited skirt, which may be cut either in round or instep length. The trimming of the costume as pictured consists of an applied garniture of braid, but bias bands of silk or velvet of a contrasting tone may be used if preferred. Two patterns are necessary for modelling the costume, and for the medium size 2⅝ yards of 27 inch goods will be needed

to make the wrap, and 8⅞ yards of the same width to make the skirt.

Two patterns: 6906, 5 sizes, 32 to 40 inches bust measure. 6894, 7 sizes, 20 to 32 inches waist measure.

The price of these patterns is 30c, but either will be sent on receipt of 15c.

Special Offer—These patterns together with one year's subscription to The Western Home Monthly—all three for 50 cents.

6402—A Lady's Bathrobe.

A bathrobe is an article of luxury which one cannot do without after realizing its convenience and usefulness. Eiderdown and Japanese cloth are the choice of materials, and the only adornment offered is the facing of a contrasting color which finishes the edges. The sketch shows the best style of bath-

robe developed in blue and white eiderdown and with plain blue facings. A wool cord confines it at the waist, and is the only fastening aside from the one at the neck. It is an ideal garment to be hurriedly slipped on, and covers one completely. The labor involved in its manufacture is very little and no experience is necessary. For the medium size 7 yards of 36 inch material are needed.

6402: Sizes 32 to 42 inches bust measure.

Price of this pattern, 15c.

Special Offer—This pattern, with any one other pattern in this issue, together with one yaer's subscription to The Western Home Monthly—all three for 50 cents.

4226—A Dainty Little Bertha Frock.

The little dress here illustrated will be a joy to the maternal soul. It is made with exquisite simplicity of fine French batiste, the yoke and bertha being decorated with delicate hand embroidery, but the design lends itself equally well to development in almost any fabric suitable for children's wearing, whether of linen, silk or fine wool. To develop the medium size 3⅛ yards of 24 inch material will be required.

4226: 6 sizes, ½, 1, 2, 3, 4 and 5 years.

The price of this pattern is 15c.

Special Offer—This pattern, with any one other pattern in this issue, together

with one year's subscription to The Western Home Monthly—all three for 50 cents.

4240—A Piquant Coat for the Small Girl.

There is a decided air of smartness and originality about the little coat here illustrated, and the mother of a small girl will certainly extend a warm welcome to so desirable a model. It displays all of the most attractive features possible in a long coat, and although it is here made of pongee-colored panama, with trimmings of brown ribbon velvet, it is well adapted for development in any one of a variety of materials, whether silk, linen or woolen. A particularly modish feature is the shaping of the front, while the smart outward-turning tucks on back and front produce a graceful effect that is

very pleasing. The medium size calls for 3⅝ yards of 27 inch material, with 1⅞ yards of ribbon velvet for garniture.

4240: 8 sizes, 5 to 12 years.

The price of this pattern is 15c.

Special Offer—This pattern, with any one other pattern in this issue, together with one year's subscription to The Western Home Monthly—all three for 50 cents.

6913—A Smart Tailored Waist.

There is an indefinable smartness about the shirt waist sketched which will appeal to the particular woman. Linen is the material used, but any of

the tub fabrics would serve as well. The very trig tucks stitched to the waist line make it neat and natty while the mannish coat closing and applied pockets are all important to its successful outcome. The sleeves are regulation shirt style, while the back of the waist has a straight yoke. For any sort of wear the style is excellent. The medium size calls for 2¼ yards of 36 inch material.

6913: Sizes 32 to 42 bust measure.

The price of this pattern is 15c.

Special Offer—This pattern, with any one other pattern in this issue, together with one years' subscription to The Western Home Monthly—all three for 50 cents.

GLEANINGS.

A broom supporter made of spools is a simple and convenient device. Screw two large empty spools high up on the middle frame of a door, just far enough apart to allow the handle of the broom to slip in. The broom part rests on the spools.

To scald milk place the entire amount in the inner vessel of a double boiler; partly fill the outer vessel with hot water, cover, and place on the fire. By the time the water boils rapidly the milk will be at the scalding point, and should be used at once.

The best way to wash any kind of flannel garments, to keep them soft and woolly as when new, is to put a teasponful of liquid ammonia in the water when washing, and again in the warm rinsing water. If this be done, flannel of any kind will never get hard and spoiled as one sometimes sees it.

Mix 1 lb. of powdered borax and ½ lb. of granulated sugar, and when they are thoroughly blended roll the whole with a rolling pin. If this mixture is put in the crevices around the parts frequented by blackbeetles they will quickly disappear. It is not dangerous and can be freely used, and is also one of the cheapest and best remedies that can be found.

Mildew is removed easily by lemon juice and plenty of sunshine. Put on lemon juice and let stand in livest sunshine. Another method is to use a paste compound of soft soap, tablespoonful powdered starch, juice of one lemon, salt. Cover the spot with the paste and allow it to stand forty-eight hours. A second application may be necessary.

Old blankets make the best sort of padding for ironing boards, and old pillow and bolster cases are invaluable for cleaning rags—but only an old housekeeper knows the value of rags, and she only because she has, at some time or other in her experience, found herself without old muslin and flannel when some emergency arose which called for just such an everyday need.

New Use for Strawberries.

In hanging clothes to dry, first hang up the thickest part, waist or neck bands, etc., because, if hung by the thinner part, the water would run into the thick part, lodge there, and take longer to dry. Second, hang up everything wrong side out, so that any accidental soil will not do so much damage as if it appeared on the right side.

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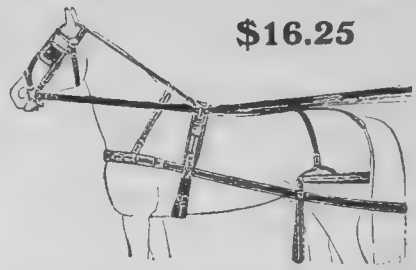

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This harness is made from selected oak tanned leather, trimmed with the very best mountings and made by the most skilful workmen. Bridle ⅝, with box loop and overcheck and chain front. Lines 1 inch flat, black, with russet hand part. Breast collar folded with layer, lined with felt, with box loops and buckle. Traces 1⅛ inches single strap, with double and stitched points. Saddle 3 inch leather lined, full leather jockey and patent skirts. Shaft tugs with billets. Belly band single strap. Breeching single strap with fancy crease.

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Bridles, ¾ in. checks, round winker stays and checks, square blinds, open, stiff or jointed bits; lines; collars, leather or cloth faced, open top; hames, high top, steel bound, with 1½ in. x 18 in. hame tug and double grip trace buckle; traces 1½ in. x 3 ply x 6 ft., with cockeye; martingales and pole straps 1½ in. with slides and straps, felt-lined strap back band with hooks and terrets; cruppers buckled to back strap, X. C. trimmed.

Heavy Team Harness

With Breeching,

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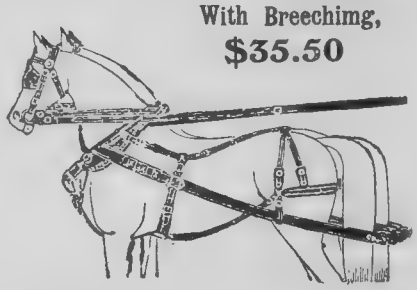

$35.50 buys our No. 628 harness, which we consider the best harness for the money to be had anywhere in Canada. It is made of best oak tanned leather by expert workmen. We guarantee every piece and part to be perfect in workmanship and quality of stock used. You can order this harness with the distinct understanding and agreement if it is not better than any harness of the same pattern and size that you can buy elsewhere at $40 to $50, it can be returned to us at our expense and we will refund your money together with the transportation charges you have paid. All we ask is, upon the arrival of the harness compare it with other harness you are offered at $40 or $50, and if you are not satisfied that our harness is better in every piece and part, and well worth more than other harness you are offered at the prices mentioned above, simply ship it back and say send me my money with the freight charges, and you will receive by return mail, your money, together with transportation charges. Bridle ¾ inch, with round winker stays, square blinds and short flat checks, ¾ inch. Lines 1 inch by 22 feet long. Hames and tugs, No. 3 bolt hames with 1½ inch tug, with three loops and double grip buckles. Traces 1½ inch 3-ply with two rows stitching. Breeching ⅞ inch Braznor. 1½ inch Pole Straps. Martingales 1½ inch Collars, with cloth facings or leather facing. Trimmings, X. C. plate.

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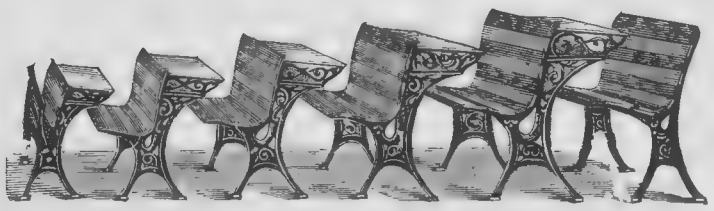

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Home Decorations.

CURTAINS

A clever woman who has studied the art of house decoration says: "The beauty of a room depends chiefly upon its openings; to conceal these is to hide the key to the whole decorative scheme." This applies with equal force to windows and doors, and the tendency of modern decoration is a reaction from concealing these openings with voluminous, stuffy draperies toward beautifying them with appropriate treatment.

It is interesting to note that what is to-day an unsanitary nuisance, the door drapery, was when first used an absolute necessity. Their use originated with the use of sliding doors in houses and was designed to protect the room and its occupants from draughts. In most houses of to-day this is still a perfectly legitimate purpose for them to serve, since house-building is not brought to that state of perfection which absolutely excludes draughts. However, let us bear in mind that portieres, then, have a distinct purpose, and it is not for mere ornament. Door hangings should be weighty enough to exclude draughts and also to hang in proper folds. Because of the size of the openings they guard, they should be as unobtrusive as possible so as not to break into the architectural scheme of the room.

Good materials for door hangings are silk, cotton tapestry weaves, and denims in plain colors with stenciled designs along the border. Denim makes excellent curtains, since it is washable. Wool should not be used since that fabric holds odors for a long time and also catches dust and dirt and is difficult to launder satisfactorily.

With the increased attention given at the present time to the principles of architecture, the treatment of doors and windows from an architectural standpoint is given much thought.

Doors in modern houses are the subject of plain, elegant treatment in perfect harmony with the rest of the room so that it is not necessary to hide ugly features with voluminous drapes. A modern, well made, well hung door is its own excuse for being and nothing more ornamental or more in good taste could be supplied when it is necessary to close an opening part of the time. It is cleanly, and entirely efficacious in excluding draughts, and when open, harmonizes with the entire room and gives pleasant unobstructed view into adjoining rooms.

So far as the architectural treatmeut is concerned the foregoing is as true of windows as of doors. A well designed and well made window needs no drapery to conceal its presence as a feature of interior treatment. But the window curtain has a separate purpose which must be fulfilled. The curtain should be hung to regulate the amount of light admitted into the room. It should be dignified by this very useful purpose, and not degenerate into a meaningless accessory.

We must say a word in regard to the window shade, that contrivance most obviously used to regulate the light in a room. This serves the purpose best when hung to roll from the bottom; an arrangement easily accomplished. The window shade should be of some quiet color, buff or olive green, alike all over the house to harmonize with the exterior treatment of the building and at the same time not break into the scheme of each individual room. At present one can get shades of one color outside and of different colors inside to match each room. The rollers should be fitted inside the casement so as to be conveniently out of the way when hanging the other curtains.

Inside curtains are necessary over the shades to give the air of cosiness and privacy from the street, but great care should be taken not to hang such curtains as will shut out the fresh air or make the room dark and dingy. Many materials may be utilized, such as silk, which is very beautiful and rich, especially the brocades, or velvet, which is also handsome, but exceedingly unsanitary, since it holds odors like wool and catches dust easily and is hard to clean. The most satisfactory materials are scrim and muslin. One who is clever at needle work can decorate scrim with simple edging and monogram, or make dainty ruffled muslin curtains which are both appropriate and sanitary, since a visit to the tub only improves their looks. Figured dimities or lawns in dainty designs to harmonize with the walls are appropriate for sleeping rooms if one so desires.

We should avoid elaborate lace curtains. They are not only inartistic, but vulgar as well, since they seem to thrust the luxury of one's private home upon the notice of the passers by on the street. We should also avoid double hangings at the windows, though in light materials and well chosen colors they often add to the richness and privacy of the room, particularly the living room and the library. Sash curtains may be hung at the kitchen and bath room windows if desired, but at all other windows the curtains should be simply hung from the top to the bottom of the sash with no lambrequin or flounce at the top.

The World a Stage.

Laugh and the world laughs with you;
Weep, and you weep alone!
For the sad old earth must borrow its mirth,
But has trouble enough of its own.
Sing, and the hills will answer;
Sigh, it is lost on the air—
The echoes bound, to a joyful sound,
But shrink from voicing care

Rejoice, and men will seek you;
Grieve, and they turn and go
They want full measure of all your pleasure,
But they do not need your woe.
Be glad, and your friends are many,
Be sad, and you lose them all.
There are none to decline your nectar'd wine,
But alone you drink life's gall.

Feast, and your halls are crowded;
Fast, and the world goes by.
Succeed and give, and it helps you live,
But no man can help you die.
There is room in the halls of pleasure,
For a large and lordly train
But one by one we must all file on,
Through the narrow aisles of pain.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox

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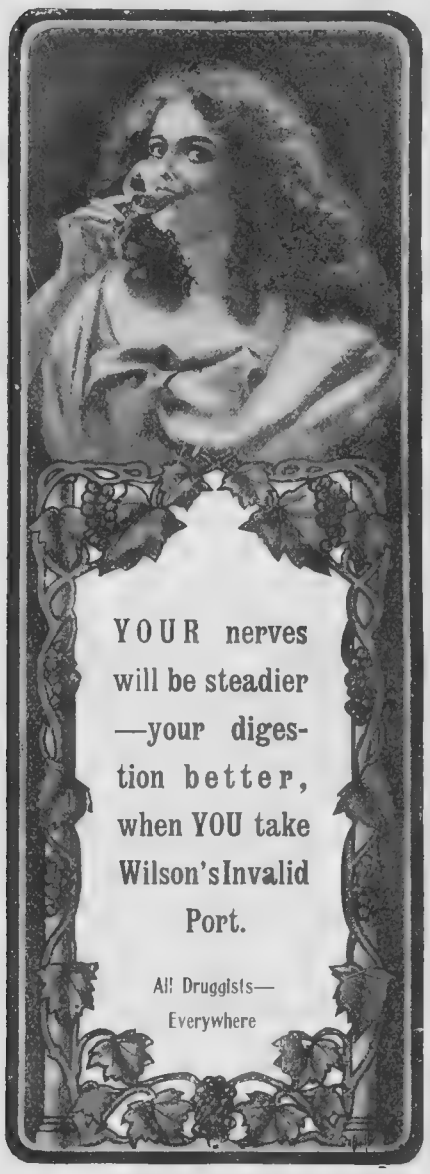

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In the World of Music.

Some years have passed since Albani was last heard on this continent, but she is still singing. At present she is singing in Australia. Her next tour will be in India, where she will give some fifty concerts. She is making a feature of old English songs, which she has found from experience are always popular.

Smoking is generally considered bad for singers, and probably it is. But Caruso smokes a dozen cigarettes a day and Scotti smokes twenty. Of the great Mario it is related that he smoked strong Havana cigars all day long, and that he got special permission to smoke in his dressing-room at the opera house, so that he might indulge the craving in the intervals of singing. Sims Reeves smoked persistently.

English journals have a funny story anent W. S. Gilbert's incapacity to remember his new title when he went to London the other day to attend a dinner. By constant repetition of the words, "Sir William, Sir William," the title became fixed in his mind until his attention was distracted by some event in the street. On arriving at the house at which he was to dine, the composer of "The Mikado" gave his name to the footman as "Mr. Gilbert." "Sir William, I believe," promptly replied that functionary.

Perhaps the funniest thing in the musical world is the behavior of the Italians toward what they like best. That, unquestionably, is a loud, high note; it makes them frantic with delight. Liking it so much, one would think they must want to hear as much of it as possible; but no; almost invariably, as soon as the note has been struck they break into frantic yells and completely drown it. It was so the other day in London at a charity concert. Caruso sang, and the Italians in the gallery were carried away, and shouted as he was holding a fortissimo high note, while the indignant English, as Alfred Kalisch remarks, shouted "Hush." The Italians, in other words, are as absurd as a child would be who showed his delight in a dish of ice cream by pouring a glass of vinegar over it after eating a spoonful or two.

When Gilbert and Sullivan parted company all music-lovers had cause to regret it deeply. The reason why they separated has not heretofore been known officially, but we know it now. Mr. W. S. Gilbert wrote recently to the Dublin Evening Herald to correct various errors regading himself contained in an article which appeared in that journal. He denies that he had prosecuted an organ-grinder for annoyance, and then applied for permission to appear as his counsel. He denies that he had ever spoken rudely to a member of his company. As for his collaborator, "the 'separation' was not between 'Gilbert and Sullivan,' but between myself and Mr. D'Oyly Carte. It arose from a question whether a sum of £1,500 for refurnishing the front of the Savoy Theatre was properly included in the preliminary expenses of the production of 'The Gondoliers.' I had no quarrel with Sir A. Sullivan, though a coolness existed between us for a time, in consequence of his declining to interfere in the difference between Mr. Carte and myself."

A sarcastic programme is the latest thing that comes from England. In view of the persistently cold summer in that country the Musical News has suggested the following as an ideal list of numbers for an open-air concert: Fantasia, "The Storm" (Lemmens); song, Shakespeare's "The Rain it Raineth Every Day"; selection, Handel's "Water Music"; song, "Do You Remember, Love, That Night in June?" (Goring Thomas; song, "A Summer Shower" (Marzials); song, "Surefooted Snow" (Lie); song, "The Rainy Day" (Wadham-; part song, "Where Icicles Hang" (Simpson); Mendelssohn's Overture to "Midsummer Night's Dream"; old English song, "Summer is Icumen In"; duet, "O Wert Thou in the Cauld Blast' '(Mendelssohn)· and a grand fantasia, introducing "Home, Sweet Home" and airs from German's "Merrie England." The London Telegraph suggests as suitable additions, Schubert's "Der Wintertag" and the chorus form "Pirates of Penzance," beginning "How beautifully blue the sky!"

In an interview in the Echo de Paris, Mme. Adelina Patti, insisting upon the accuracy of her statement that she is sixty-four years of age (didn't she mean forty-six, said the polite interviewer) added: "You want to know, I suppose, how I managed to reach such an age without appearing too much damaged. Well, I have done nothing at all. Up to forty I stinted myself in nothing and ate and lived as I chose. After forty, however, I took to a comparatively strict way of living. Since then I have eaten no red meat, and have drunk only white wine and soda. When I feel weak, a glass of champagne picks me up. I never touch spirits or liquors. My diet consists of light food and white meat, chiefly sweetbreads, sheep's brains, fowl and vegetables. I always sleep with the window wide open in summer and partly open in winter, so as not to get the cold air straight on my face. I never got to bed early hardly ever before half-past twelve or one. A severe hygiene and an elaborate toilet before bed are absolutely necessary to any woman who does not want to get fat. That is my only secret of health. Above all, I think it is necessary to take a bath before going to bed."

At a recent meeting in London of the association of musical competition festivals, the fact was brought out that in about sixty districts in all parts of the kingdom musical competition festivals are held, and that their number is steadily increasing. Musical tournaments were held centuries ago by troubadours and other minstrels, but these are different. An English journalist says that these festivals "excite an amount of enthusiasm hardly to be generated in any other way, and beget results to correspond." According to Wagner, enthusiasm is the most essential of all things for securing success in a musical undertaking; without it, for instance, the choruses in the last movement of Beethoven's ninth symphony cannot possibly be sung. Two leading musical experts of England have lately said things worth quoting with reference to these competition festivals. W. H. Hadow, one of the speakers at the meeting referred to, said it was a mistake to measure a nation's progress in matters artistic by the individual achievements of its greatest men. Everybody feels proud of these men, but it is not by them that we should be saved, but by the degree of cultivation obtaining among the community at large. Of this degree of cultivation, Frederick Corder wrote the other day: "I have heard choirs of mill girls that made me wonder what was left for the archangels; I have heard choirs of rough men brought to the fine edge of a solo quartet of trombones; but that crowning glory of the North, the well-selected mixed choir, carefully trained by some local conductor, can touch the heart and compel the willing tear in a way nothing else can."

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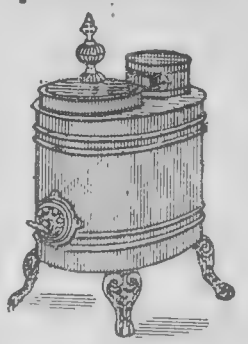
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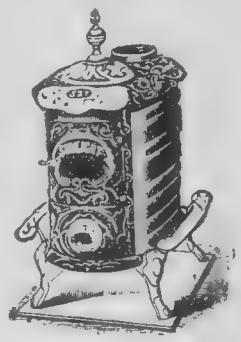
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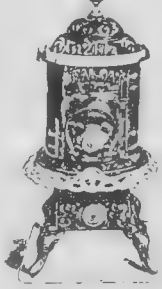
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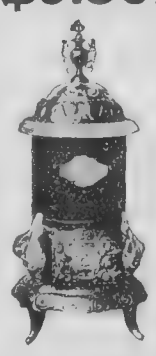
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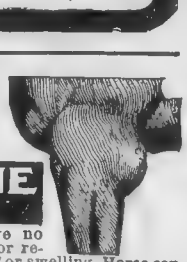

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Water Supply for Farm Houses.

By a Farmer.

A neighbor gave this reason for getting a windmill: "My well is deep, I have a good deal of stock, and my wife is not very strong." The world is thus shown to be more considerate of women than in the olden time, for the man delegated to select the model woman to be the mother of the faithful picked out the one who said, in response to a request for a drink of water, "I will draw for thy camels also." But if it will be advisable to avoid this hard, straining work, and save the women, why not have the windmill send the water to the house which is used by the family, as well as the water to the stock yard which is used by the stock? The man who is considerate of his wife will do it. The fact that he has not done it is not because it is costly or difficult, but because he has not given the matter proper consideration.

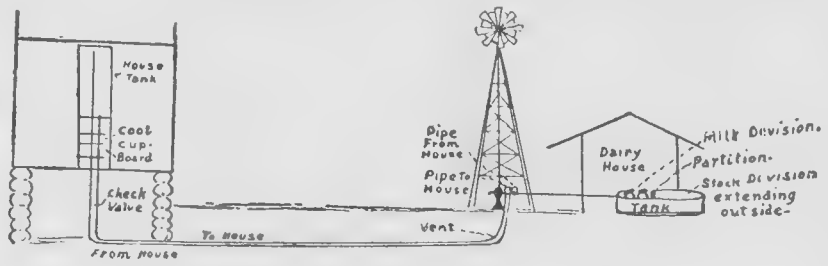
The windmill is too common to need description or to recommend. My experience leads me to prefer an eight foot, back gear, steel wheel, geared back two and one-half revolutions of the wheel to one stroke of the pump. The back gear wheel has more power—that is, will run in a lighter wind—than a direct stroke wheel, and as the pump works slower it is not jerked or strained. Get a "force head" pump. It costs a dollar or two more than the open head pump, and is worth much more, as you can force water any place you choose, and can wash buggies, etc., with a hose. I prefer the force head pump to the "three way" pump. The latter is theoretically all right, and its action is entirely satisfactory, but it allows surface water to get into the well, and surface water is poison. My well is drilled well and cased with gas pipe, water and air tight, and extends to the pump base above ground, so not a particle or filth (solid or liquid) nor any insect can get into the well.

I have a steel tower, and the steel posts are in stone and cement—that is, the hole was filled with stone and cement mortar, and of course is set solid and holds the posts from wiggling or pulling up. If, however, the posts are wooden, do not set in cement, for the wood will swell under the influence of the wet cement, then shrink in dry weather, and leave a space into which water will run, remain and rot the wooden posts.

Of course, every farmer who has windmills has a tank for water for stock purposes. He never forgets that. What he forgets, generally, is to put a tank in the house for house purposes. There can be a regular bath room and toilet outfit in the house, warm and cold water in every room, but this calls for considerable outlay, and the style depends upon the building, the family and the purse. What I have to say at this time is relative to the inexpensive yet useful method which all can afford, or rather, which none can afford to do without.

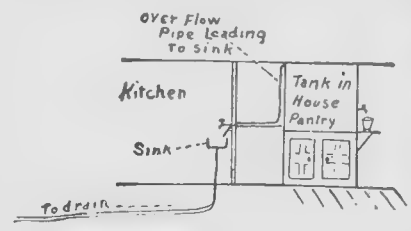
Different methods have been tried, and while all are good there is a choice. A big, elevated tank outside is used by some. This will furnish water in the farm house by simply piping from this elevated reservoir and furnish water which is as good as city water. But what we want is something better. City water from the reservoir or mains is stale. So is the water from the outside tank.

I ordered a small galvanized steel tank for the house. It is some twelve inches from front to rear, four feet wide, and reaches to the ceiling. It is not set on the floor, but the bottom is at a convenient height for draining dry, with a cupboard beneath it. Mine is in the pantry, because that is the most convenient as my house is built. Friends who have copied it have put it in the dining-room, or in the cellar way, wherever was most convenient. There is a water cock in the pantry and one in the kitchen, and it is surprising how much water the women will use when it can be had right where wanted and by the simple turn of the wrist. Some authority says that a family will use 15 gallons a day when right at hand. I am sure that we use more rather than less. But if it has to be carried from a well then the family will scrimp along with less. The tank is made thin and wide so as to get next to the wall, and also serve as a water top to a cupboard. Cool water will cool a cupboard, and although it will not make a regular ice refrigerator of it, it helps nicely, and there is no work whatever connected with operating it.



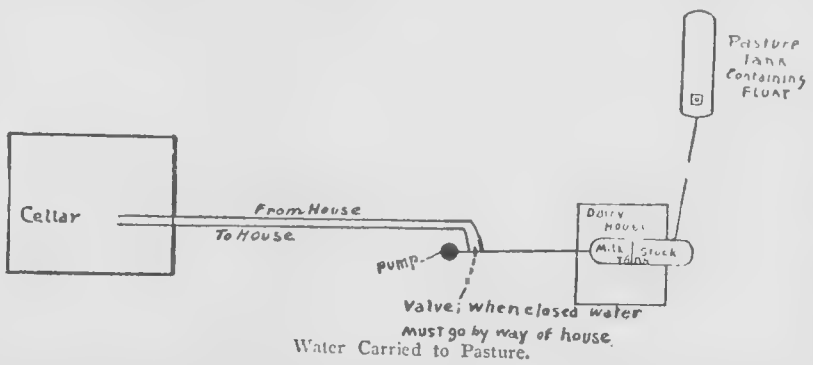
Water Carried to House.

This house tank has an inlet pipe and an outlet, besides the pipes through which water is drawn for use. The inlet pipe enters at the bottom with a check valve in the cellar below. The cool, fresh water enters at the bottom,



Arrangement of Tank in House.

and the other pipe extends through the bottom and to within a few inches of the top, and the overflow water makes its exit through this pipe. All the water used by stock can be sent by way of the house, and so there will be no need of any stale water. But if fresh water not going by way of the house is needed in the dairy house, opening a cut-off valve at the pump will deliver there. The diagrams will make this plain.



Water Carried to Pasture.

My dairy house has a galvanized steel tank. The first division holds the milk and cream. The water overflows into the other division, and one end of this extends into a covered shelter from which the stock drink. A tank heater is in the tank in the building—the stock division. Being indoors, it is easy to fire, and the stove pipe leads to a tile chimney. The tank heater is seldom needed, the tank being so well protected by the building. A float is in this, which starts and stops the windmill automatically. In extremely cold weather, however, the windmill is not allowed to run unless there is enough wind to keep water running in the pipes. From this tank for stock is a pipe leading to a pasture across the road and a float valve in the pasture tank regulates the supply there. Of course, this is not used in winter. In my case the water pipe running from pump to house is in a ditch below frost, and the overflow or return pipe from the house tank to the dairy house is in the same ditch. Location of buildings determines the direction the pipes must run. The only expense beyond the ordinary water pipes is for the tanks and valves.—a matter of a few dollars. The working of the system is excellent all the year round. The expense of sending water to the house depends upon the distance. My recollection is that it cost me about $15 for the pipes to the house and return to the dairy house, $8 for the house tank, and about $5 for unions, stop cocks, check valve ,and putting them all in. This was a total outlay of $40. Furnishing water to the dairy house cost nothing extra but an eight foot pipe, all the stock water going through it. The expense of piping to the pasture is not called for where all the pasture is on the same side as the well.

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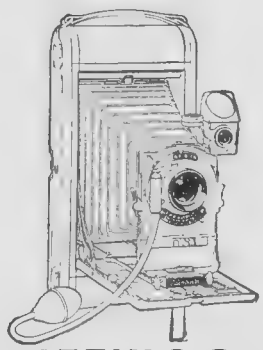

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Round the Evening Lamp.

No. 1.—Strange Transpositions.

In each sentence fill the two blanks with the same word used in different senses:

1. The girl —— and pinned a —— on my coat.
2. Be careful, Jack, or you will —— the —— and perhaps break it!
3. Because James could not ride in the —— he became a little ——.
4. He hit the —— a blow with a —— he had in his hand.
5. He hears the rustle of the —— as he skirts the forest.
6. She is so unassuming and —— that I doubt if she will occupy the —— for her in front.
7. It was but —— that the girls who took part in the exhibition should have free tickets to the ——.
8. He attempted to —— the house, but carried away nothing but a ——.
9. I gave the man my —— and he put a —— to the proceedings.
10. I lost a valuable gold —— in the ——.

No. 2.—Ladder.

* * * Uprights:
* * * * 1st, islands belonging to the United States.
* * * * 2nd, a fruit.
* * * *
* * * * Rounds:
* * * 1st, a noble man.
* * * * 2nd, single.
* * * * 3rd, nobleman.
* * * * 4th, a metal.
* * * 5th, the Orient.

No. 3.—Illustrated Rebus.

A well known quotation.

No. 4.—Beheaded Rhyme.

Fill in the first blank with the correct word, and each succeeding blank with the same word successively beheaded:

Why what a very strange ——,
To offer stews at such ——;
Of course, each may have his ——.
Which costs so much, I'd live on ——.

No. 5.—Word Square.

A word suare consists of a certain number of words all of the same length, which, when arranged one beneath the other, wil read the same across and downward.

* * * * * 1. Solemn music.
* * * * * 2. To reverse.
* * * * * 3. A girl's name.
* * * * * 4. Sound.
* * * * * 5. Both useful and ornamental.

No. 6.—Pictorial Transposition Puzzle.

Find a word or words that will correctly describe the following picture; then transpose the letters of such word which will answer to the definition given beneath the picture.

Soveeigns.

No. 7.—Presidential Discoveries.

In the full names of nineteen presidents of the United States, find the following hidden words, each of which is selected entire from the name of some single president, although in one or two cases the spelling merely gives the sound of the word that is to be found:

1. An insect. 2. A household task. 3. Two birds. 4. A faithful woman. 5. A forest tree, familiar to school-boys. 6. Two Old Testament men. 7. Four New Testament men. 8. A product of the mine. 9. Two products of the pig. 10. The thousandth part of a dollar. 11. A heavy weight. 12. An inhabitant of the western part of Europe. 13. A famous spy, executed during the Revolutionary War. 14. A line of soldiers. 15. One of the supports of a bridge. 16. Dexterity. 17. A river crossing and river obstructions. 18. Fish eggs. 19. Affirmative votes. 20. A noted Philadelphia philosopher and statesman. 21. An old-time Grecian hero. 22. A useful timber. 23. An English statesman whose head was cut off. 24. A title-deed to lands or estates. 25 Three musical syllables. 26. A title of the Deity mentioned in the Bible. 27. A delicious sweetmeat. 28. A domestic fowl. 29. A girl's name. 30. Something added. 31. One of the members of a family.

No. 8.—Blended Squares.

1	2	3	4		13	14	15	16
5	6	7	8		17	18	19	20
9	10	11	12		21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	30	31	32	33 ..
			34	35	36			
37	38	39	40	41	42	43	44	45
46	47	48	49		58	59	60	61
50	51	52	53		62	63	64	65
54	55	56	57		66	67	68	69

Words of Nine Letters: 4-57, benedictions; 25-33, changeable; 13-66, pertaining to tailoring; 37-45, to determine.

Words of Four Letters: 1-4, a mean fellow; 5-8, to soothe; 1-25, one of the divisions of the Aryan race; 2-26, a remedy; 3-27, pertaining to wings; 13-16, a shower of rain; 17-20, an ecclesiastical tunic; 21-24, a dance; 15-32, a man's name; 16-33, a story; 46-49, a color; 50-53, to obstruct; 54-57, a possessive pronoun; 37-54, a curve; 38-55, a character in a play; 39-56, a peasant; 58-61, part of the eye; 62-65, pains or troubles; 66-69, recent; 43-67, a solo; 44-68, to fight.

No. 9.—Accidental Hidings.

Find concealed in the following quotation two names for portions of time:

"From better inhabitants spurned,
Reluctant dost thou rave."—Goldsmith.

"Each spire, each tower and cliff sublime,
Was hooded in the wreathy rime."—Hogg.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN AUGUST NUMBER.

No. 1. Strang Beheadings.—1. Alone, lone. 2. Brash, rash. 3. Covert, overt. 4. Awake, wake. 5. Selected, elected. 6. Bring, ring. 7. Brake, rake. 8. Abate, bate.

No. 2. Problem.—Each man got 24 pounds of fish, as the total weight of the fish was 72 pounds.

No. 3. Conundrum Picture.—1. Calves. 2. Buoy (boy). 3. Two feet (two-thirds of a yard). 4. Land. 5. Pants. 6. Heel (heal). 7. Horn. 8. Re-pose. 9. Sole. 10. Bank. 11. Pause (paws). 12. Grazing. 13. Cheek. 14. Hide. 15. Hares (hairs). 16. Crook. 17. Dog's ears. 18. You (ewe). 19. Lashes. 20. The Hidden Hand 21. Ayes and noes (eyes and nose). 22. Band (on hat). 23. Fleece. 24. Skye (sky). 25. Nails. 26. Nap (Napoleon). 27. Patch (Sam Patch). 28. Blades (of grass). 29. Hill. 30. Back. 31. Ate sheep (8 sheep). 32. A dog. 33. 'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view.—Thos. Campbell. 34. Bear skin (bare skin). 35. Limbs. 36. Ram. 37. Arms. 38. Sleepers. 39. Mussel (muscle). 40. Pear (pair of trees). 41. Knees. 42. Temples. 43. Shade. 44. Mouth. 45. Crown. 46. 47. Black legs. 48. Sheep's head. 49. Joint. 50. Pupils and Irises. 51. Lamb. 52. Rest. 53. Tales (tails). 54. General wool. 55. Tulips. 56. Teeth. 57. Neck. 58. Ears. 59. Locke (lock or hair). 60. Bow (bow on hat). 61. Eyes. 62. Grass ("All flesh is grass"). 63. Lying creatures.

No. 4. Word Puzzle.—1. Plain, plane. 2. Maize, maze. 3. Knight, night. 4. Barque, bark. 5. Pause, paws. 6. Main, Maine. 7. Heard, herd. 8. Ants, Aunt's.

No. 5. Pictorial.—Sixteen.

No. 6. Riddle.—Nameless.

Catch 'em and Hold 'em.

THE NEWHOUSE TRAP

Is absolutely reliable. Never fails to hold the game. Positive in action, easy to set, will not get out of order.

Made in all sizes to catch anything from a rat to a bear.

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ONEIDA COMMUNITY, Ltd.

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SEWING MACHINES

The Right Kind At Less Than

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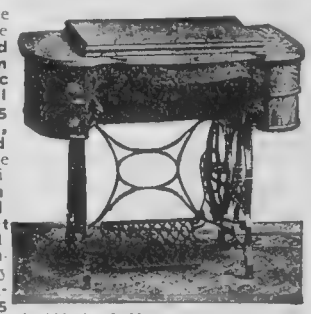
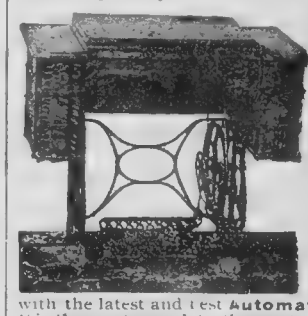
An absolute 10 year Guarantee with every machine. **Three Months Free Trial Before You Decide to Keep It or Not. Positively a Saving of $15 to $40. Strictly High Grade Sewing Machines, None better Made.** These machines are sold through the Retailer at double our prices under another name. **Why pay more when you can get the best machine made at so great a saving? Thousands now in use and every one giving perfect satisfaction.**

$18 Buys the Economy five drawer drop head Solid Oak Cabinet, the **best** machine in the world for the money. While the price is **extremely low,** some might think it too cheap to be good, yet we guarantee it to do the work required of a machine equal to any you can buy elsewhere for $35. It is made to last and give good satisfaction.

For $26.50 we offer the **Wingold High Arm Automatic Lift, Ball Bearing, 5 drawer, Drop Head Cabinet** the most beautiful **French Polished Oak Cabinet** most handsomely finished in every detail, a **regular $75** machine for only $26.50; **fully guaranteed for 10 years** and **three months free trial before you decide whether you keep the machine or not.** We consider this one of the Greatest Bargains in Sewing Machines ever heard of. It is made by one of the largest and most reliable manufacturers. If you want something good this will please you





$27 Buys the Winnipeg Ball Bearing, Automatic Lift Seven Drawer, Drophead Sewing Machine. **Elegantly designed, exquisitely** finished, **brilliantly hand polished.** A most beautiful and desirable **Serpentine Front Cabinet** equipped with the latest and best **Automatic Lever Lift.** It is the most complete, the most durable, as well as the **Handsomest Machine** ever offered at any price. The Head is designed on symmetrical lines, high arm and full length, made of the very best materials and all wearing parts Case Hardened. **Latest Improved** in every detail, a complete set of **Most Modern Steel Attachments** and a full set of accessories makes this the **Simplest** and **Easiest Operated Machine made.**

OUR OFFER! Mail us your name and address saying you would like to have our New Sewing Machine Offer, and you will receive by return mail **FREE** the most **LIBERAL OFFER** ever heard of. Don't buy a Sewing Machine of any kind on any kind of terms until after you receive our offer. Write to-day for further particulars.

THE WINGOLD STOVE CO.

DEPT. W. H. M.

245 Notre Dame Avenue, WINNIPEG.

When writing advertisers, please mention The Western Home Monthly.

Minister Speaks to Mothers

Tells His Wife's Experience for the Sake of Other Sufferers.

The following letter has been sent to Dr. T. A. Slocum, Ltd., for publication.

Dr. T. A. Slocum, Limited.—Dear Sirs: Within the last two years my wife (who is of a delicate constitution) has had two severe attacks of la grippe, both of which have been speedily corrected by the use of Psychine. We have such faith in the efficiency of your remedies that as a family we use no other. For toning up a debilitated system, however run down, restoring to healthy action the heart and lungs, and as a specific for all wasting diseases, your Psychine and Oxomulsion are simply peerless. Yours sincerely, Rev. J. J. Rice, 61 Walker Avenue, Toronto.

PSYCHINE, Pronounced Si-keen, is a scientific preparation, having wonderful tonic properties acting directly upon the Stomach, Blood and weak organs of the body, quickly restoring them to strong and healthy action. It is especially adapted for people who are run down from any cause, especially Coughs, Colds, Catarrh, LaGrippe, Pneumonia, Consumption and all stomach or organic troubles. It has no substitute.

PSYCHINE
(PRONOUNCED SI-KEEN)

is for sale at all dealers, at 50c and $1.00 per bottle, or write direct to Dr. T. A. Slocum, Limited, 179 King St. W., Toronto.

There is no other remedy "Just as Good" as PSYCHINE.

Dr. Root's Kidney Pills are a sure and permanent cure for Rheumatism, Bright's Disease, Pain in the Back and all forms of Kidney Trouble. 25c per box, at all dealers.

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ABSOLUTELY PURE
CREAM TARTAR.

Nearly all goods in this line at the present time are adulterated and in fact unfit to use.

GILLETT'S is used by the best bakers and caterers everywhere.

REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.

GILLETT'S costs no more than the inferior adulterated goods.

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P. S. — British Publications

The Home Doctor.

Hard water is injurious to the skin.

The clearest, most sparkling water, may be full of deadly germs.

The best medicine for children is fun, frolic, out-door play and unrestraint.

Many a woman thinks she needs medicine when all she needs is an afternoon nap.

Don't try to rest yourself by eating a hearty meal. When very tired lie down and rest for a little while.

Bind a piece of lemon on a corn for three nights in succession and the corn will usually be entirely removed.

Beef-tea will not prove so monotonous a diet to an invalid if a different flavoring is used each day, such as clove, bayleaf or celery.

Olive oil is one of the simplest and best skin foods. Being a vegetable product it will not cause hair to grow. Wash face in soft water before using.

Give the baby something cooling when his mouth and gums are dry and feverish from teething. A very little crushed ice wrapped in clean linen for him to suck will be very grateful and soothing.

Impure drinking water is often the unsuspected source of typhoid fever and other contagious diseases. It is safer to boil drinking water and aerate it, if there is not conclusive evidence that it is pure.

As far as possible burn all garbage; it is the best way to dispose of it. A gas range requires the services of a garbage man to keep the surroundings of the house in a sanitary condition.

Give your stomach a little time to digest a meal before hurrying away to do something which will require a great deal of strength and energy as this diverts the blood from the stomach and digestion is retarded.

For about eight months a baby should have eighteen hours of sleep out of the twenty-four. From that time until he is two or three years of age his nights should be ten or twelve hours long, beside the daily nap of one or two hours. This is nature's requirement for most healthy children.

Persons who bite their lips and keep the muscles of the face in active motion when not talking, create a multitude of wrinkles by this form of nervousness, and have a worried, worn-out expression long before nature would stamp them as legally due to age.

A man doing an ordinary day's work will be sufficiently nourished if he eats and digests in one day what will be equivalent to half a pound of butter, one pound of meat and two pounds of bread. Any of the starchy vegetables may take the place of bread, while eggs, fish, cheese, etc., may take the place of meat.

Soak the feet in hot salt water for half an hour at bed time when very tired, after which rub a little camphor ice on feet and ankles, and again in the morning before putting on stockings, and you will feel rested and refreshed all day. Camphor ice can be bought at the druggist's at 10 cents a tube.

Sulphur is one of the best blood purifiers. When a teaspoonful is taken in maple syrup or stirred into a glass of milk the taste is not perceptible. It should be taken for three mornings, then a small teaspoonful of cream of tartar dissolved in hot or cold water for three mornings, alternating in this way for twelve days.

When too fleshy about the waist and hips practice the following exercises daily: Bend forward from the hips, keeping the knees stiff, until the ends of the finger tips touch the floor. Practice in the same way bending sideways. These exercises will also make the waist line flexible.

If you are in the habit of using the curling iron daily and the hair becomes lifeless and harsh, you have used the iron too hot. A very hot iron is not necessary even when the hair is hard to curl. Have the iron moderately hot and hold the hair around it longer. In this way no damage will be done to the hair.

Freckles are due to an excessive amount of iron in the blood. Little deposits of iron form under the scarf skin and the action of the sun darkens them into the little discolorations called freckles. There are a number of lotions that will remove them, but care should be taken to protect the face as much as possible from the direct rays of the sun.

The skin on the face should have a good, thorough cleansing at least once a week. Soap and water cannot cleanse the pores thoroughly. After washing cold cream or cocoa butter should be rubbed on the skin and wiped off with a soft linen cloth, and no matter how clean the face may be have looked, the cloth will be found to be covered with streaks of dirt.

The best cleaning agent for the hands is to take one tablespoonful of cornmeal (yellow) and four tablespoonfuls of vinegar, rub well into hands for about two minutes, then wash off in clean cold water, dry carefully, and the hands will be soft, clean and velvety. Sour milk can be used in place of vinegar with just as good results.

When tired and weary after a day's outing or travelling, it is a great mistake to plunge the face into cold water, which really acts as an irritant; whereas tepid water produces quite the contrary effect. After washing off the dust on the face and ears a little buttermilk, or, failing that, rosewater dabbed on, will soothe and whiten the skin and take away the feeling of irritation.

Hot baths are of great use to those who suffer from nervous exhaustion. A warm bath at the close of a hard day's mental work is productive of sleep, but it is wisest first to apply cold water to the head, or at least to the brow. After severe physical exertion, such as climbing, walking, bicycling or riding, it is wise to take a hot bath before going to bed, so as to relax the muscles and prevent any sensation of stiffness on the following day.

Tonic Effect of Laughter.

We are not disposed to say anything about the physiology of laughter, but we are prepared to affirm that as a tonic there is nothing within the possibilities of human experience that can match a good, hearty laugh. There is something democratic about a laugh that makes it impossible to distinguish whether it is a prince or a plebeian who is moved to merriment. Hardly greater tragedy could be perpetrated than to wrest the power of song from the birds, but that would be a small calamity compared with the filching of laughter from life. If the conditions of this world could be such as to afford every human being the frequent enjoyment of a pure, hearty peal of laughter there would be no need that other favors be conferred. This alone would be ample testimony that happiness was paramount in the lives of men.

Comfort In Working Boots

A man cannot work when his shoes pinch—when a seam rubs against his toes until it makes a corn—when a wrinkle chafes his foot constantly. With the end in view of getting away from these defects so common in many working boots we have produced the Amherst. This boot is Blucher made, of soft grain leather, on the roomy, comfortable last shown above, with even seams. Entirely made of solid leather, it guarantees durability, stability and long service—at $3.00 a more economical working boot cannot be made. We deliver them to you prepaid for **$3.00** Send to-day.

Geo. H. Anderson & Co.,
Port Arthur, - Ontario

Just two kinds of soap — **the genuine** made from the very finest vegetable oils and flower perfumes—and the imitations made from chemical perfumes and chemically bleached animal fats, to resemble, as much as possible in appearance, the genuine

"Baby's Own" Soap

Absolutely no expense is spared to make "Baby's Own" as good a soap as can be made, yet it costs you no more than the inferior imitation. 6-07

Albert Soaps Ltd. Mfrs., - Montreal.

Kidney Disease
And Its Danger.

Kidney disease comes on quietly—may have been in the system for years, before you suspected the real cause of your trouble. There may have been backaches, neuralgia, sciatica, rheumatism, etc. Perhaps you did not know these were symptoms of kidney disease, so the trouble kept on growing worse, until disturbances of the water appeared, or there was gravel or retention of urine, or some such sign of kidney trouble.

Doan's Kidney Pills should be taken at the first sign of anything wrong; they strengthen the kidneys and help them to filter the blood properly—help them to flush off, and carry away with the surplus water, all those impurities which the blood gathers up in its circuit of the body.

Mrs. Alfred LeBlanc, Black Cape, Que., writes: "I feel it my duty to say a word about DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS. I suffered dreadful pains across my back—so bad I could not stoop or bend. After having used two boxes I now feel most completely cured. I highly recommend DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS."

Reduce Your Fat Like Above

TRIAL BOX FREE.

No dieting, exercise or exertion is necessary. My natural, scientific Obesity Reducer does all the work. You will feel a hundred times better the first day you try this wonderful home reducer.

Simply fill in your name and address on dotted lines below and mail to **F. J. Kellogg, 561 Kellogg Block, Battle Creek, Mich.** and you will receive a trial package by return mail, all charges prepaid.

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YOUR HAIR WELL GROOMED

Two Months on the Lake Shore
A Trip to the Old Country
The Hottest Day of July

will not affect the Natural Curl of our Parisian Transformations, Pompadours, Empire Curls, Waves, Switches

Write for our new Catalogue

BROUX

The famous Parisian Gray Hair Restorer, 24 different shades. $3.50 a box.

HAIRLENE

Is the World Famous Hair Grower.

The "Maison" JULES & CHARLES
431 Yonge St., Toronto.

Wilson's FLY PADS

ONE PACKET HAS ACTUALLY KILLED

A BUSHEL OF FLIES

Sold by all Druggists and General Stores and by mail.

TEN CENTS PER PACKET FROM

ARCHDALE WILSON,
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$3 a Day Sure Send us your address and we will show you how to make $3 a day absolutely sure; we furnish the work and teach you free; you work in the locality where you live. Send us your address and we will explain the business fully, remember we guarantee a clear profit of $3 for every day's work, absolutely sure, write at once.
IMPERIAL SILVERWARE CO., Box 926, WINDSOR, ONT.

Boys and Girls.

Accomplishments.

A girl should learn to make a bed,
To bake good biscuit, cake and bread;
To handle deftly brush and broom,
And neatly tidy up a room.

A girl should learn to darn and mend,
To serve the sick, the baby tend;
To have enough of style and taste
To trim a hat or fit a waist.

A girl should learn to value time,
A picture hang, a ladder climb,
And not to almost raise the house
At sight of a little harmless mouse.

A girl should learn to dress with speed,
And hold tight-lacing 'gainst her creed;
To buy her shoes to fit her feet,
To be above all vain deceit.

A girl should learn to keep hr word,
To spread no farther gossip heard;
Home or abroad to be at ease,
And try her best to cheer and please.

A girl should learn to sympathize,
To be reliant, strong and wise;
To every patient gentle be,
And always truly womanly.

A girl should learn to fondly hold
True worth of value more than gold;
Accomplished thus, with tender mien,
Reign, crowned with love, home's cherished queen.

Good Manners Code for Boys.

Keep step with anyone you walk with. Hat lifted in saying "Good-bye" or "How do you do?"

Hat lifted when offering a seat in a car or acknowledging a favor.

Always precede a lady upstairs, and ask her whether you may precede her in passing through a crowd or public place.

Let ladies pass through a door first, standing aside for them.

Let a lady pass first always, unless she asks you to precede her.

Look people straight in the face when speaking or being spoken to.

In the parlor, stand till every lady in the room is seated, also older people.

Rise if a lady comes in after you are seated, and stand till she takes a seat.

Hat off the moment you enter a street door, and when you step into a private hall or office.

Never play with a knife, fork or spoon.

Use your handkerchief unobtrusively always.

In the dining-room take your seat after ladies and elders.

Rise when the ladies leave the room, and stand till they are out.

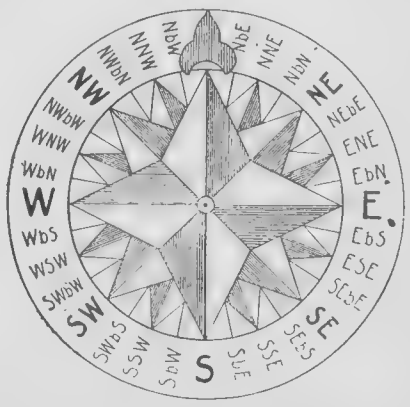
Eat as fast or as slowly as the others, and finish the course when they do.

Do not look toward a bedroom door when passing. Always knock at any private room door.

Special rules for the mouth are that all noise in eating and smacking of the lips should be avoided.

A Pocket Compass.

Get a wooden tooth powder box without projecting rims; take off the lid and smooth it all over. Then make the compass card, cutting it circular, about a quarter of an inch smaller than the inside of the box, which should be about 2¾ inches in diameter on the outside. Mark the center of the card, and from this center mark the 32 points of the compass (Fig. 1). Now make the needle; this must be hard steel. You can get this from the tinman or a blacksmith or machine shop. Get them to cut it about two inches long and three-eights of an inch wide in the middle, tapering to a point at either



end. The steel should be about one-sixteenth of an inch in thickness. Have a hole drilled through the middle of the steel about one-eight of an inch in diameter.

Get a small piece of brass wire a quarter of an inch in diameter and a quarter of an inch long. File a shoulder to this, as Fig. 2, about a sixteenth of an inch wide and an eighth of an inch from the end. Drill a hole triangular in section an eighth of an inch deep and about an eighth of an inch at the outside. Place this through the compass card. Now magnetize your needle as follows:

Borrow a magnet from some friend, if you don't own one, and draw one end of it from end to end of the needle, always going the same way, and never back again. Do this about twenty times, and your steel needle will become a permanent magnet. Now place

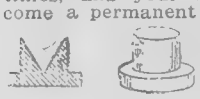


Fig. 2.

this underneath the compass card and push the little brass button through the hole in it. Suspend this by placing a point in the hole in the brass stud, and one end of the needle will always point towards the north.

Mark this point and turn the card on the stud till that end of the needle points to eighteen and a half degrees west of the north point on the card. Now fasten the brass on the needle by two or three taps with a hammer on the under side of the brass, being careful not to strike the steel. Next fix it securely with a dot of sealing wax on each point and card. Now suspend it again on the point, and the north point will dip towards the earth. You must balance the card by putting dots of sealing wax here and there until it swings level.

Next, in the center of the bottom of your box fix a steel pin about half an inch high, brought to a point that will go loosely in the dent in the brass stud. Put your card on this point, and it will swing easily in the box. Line the box with a strip of cardboard a little wider than the height of the top of the brass stud from the bottom of the box. Get a circular glass the size of the inside of the box (a glazier will cut it for a few cents). Put it on the shelf formed by the cardboard, which should be glued into the box, and fasten it in its place with a narrow strip of cardboard glued all around the box.

By putting the glass in you can turn the box about any way in your pocket without the card coming off the peg.

Vegetable Dolls.

Very nice dolls may be made with the husks of corn by putting together a number of them and tying thread around the two places for the neck and waist. Separate pieces of husk are twisted and drawn through the body crosswise for arms, and both legs and arms should be wound with thread to make them stiff. Dresses and hats for the doll may be made of the husk and the corn silk will supply the hair.

Another kind of doll may be made of an ear of corn for a body, with small green apple, hollowed out in part, fitted on the end of the ear for a head. Corn silk may be pasted on the apple for hair, and dresses and hats may be made of the husk, with a sash of corn silk.

Toy horses may be made of small cucumbers or crook-necked squashes and match-sticks, four matches being stuck into the down-curved surface for legs, the little stem serving for a tail and the other end for a head. Some of the smaller cucumbers may be made into men to ride the horses, being rested on the hollow back and the matches stuck in to put the little riders astride, while the arms, resting on the horse's neck, hold the rider upright.

The Game of Floral Archery.

This is fine sport for a lawn fete or garden party; or it may be enjoyed in the country as an impromptu game, provided you have colored tissue paper out of which to make the paper flowers necessary.

These flowers, when made in any crude fashion—roses, pansies, daisies, sunflowers—are fastened to swaying branches of trees or caught against the pillars of a porch, and with beribboned bows and arrows you are ready for the fun. Most people are not expert with a bow and arrow, so that the contest of skill against skill is lost in the more amusing game of laughing at those who fail to hit a mark.

The contestants stand off at equal distances, depending on the decision of one appointed as umpire, and in turn aim at one of the paper flowers. Each player has two trials for a "turn." If a large flower is hit, a giant rose or a sunflower, for instance, one point is scored; but if, by accident, one of the smaller flowers is hit, such as a daisy or a pansy, two points are scored.

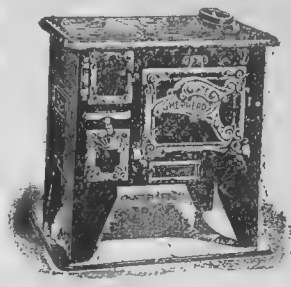
If the party is divided into two sides the score shoud be kept by some one appointed by the umpire. The side or person scoring highest wins the prize. The umpire decides all points in dispute.

This is a sport for girls as well as for boys, and it is a very graceful one. The shooting of an arrow does not require much strength. You will find it harder to hit a flower swaying in the breeze, but this but adds to the excitement and pleasure of the game. Floral archery is a novelty, and it should be popular as an outdoor pastime.

OUR NEW OFFER

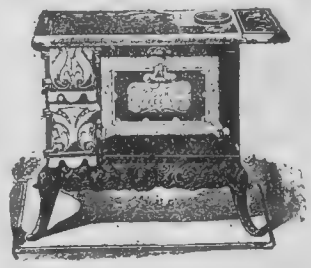
Wonderful Reduction in Prices.

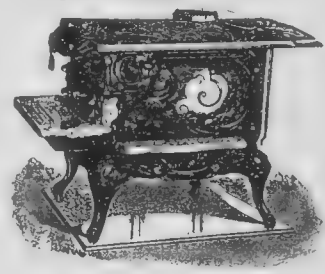
We offer the very best Stoves and Ranges at about half the price others ask. Thousands are taking advantage of our extremely low prices. Manufacturers and dealers everywhere wonder how we are able to make these phenomenal low prices and furnish the highest grade Stoves and Ranges. Our new catalogue explains all.



$9.50 buys this new steel Cook. It has a heavy steel body, heavy top, covers and centers, an excellent fire box Burns coal or wood. Has four 8-in. lids. A perfect steel cook that will stand hard service and give satisfaction. Our new catalogue tells the rest. Send for it—it's **free.**

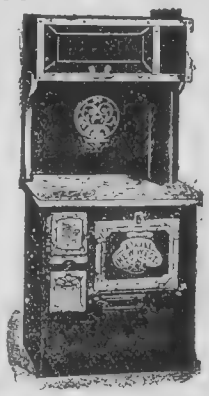
16.50 for our special Steel Cook. A handsome blue polished Steel body, asbestos lined, heavy fire box with duplex grate. Large 18-in. oven, four 9-in. lids, large top shelf with trimmings handsomely nickeled, furnished with reservoir at a small extra charge. Illustrated in our new Stove Catalogue and details given. Write for our new Catalogue—it's **free.**





$13.50 buys the large Casteel Cook. Four 8-in. lids, 16 in. oven. It Burns coal or wood. A new construction, will give better results with half the fuel the old cast stoves require. Large pouch feed. Heavy fire box. Thoroughly up-to-date in every respect, and a marvel at the price. Handsome nickel panels and oven shelf. This price means a saving of at least $10.00. Can be furnished with reservoir at a slight additional charge. Our new Stove Catalogue will explain everything in detail. It will tell you of our wonderful stove offers. Show you where you can save $5.00 to $40.00 on every purchase.

This big full size four-hole **$16.95** New West steel range with steel high closet. Handsomely nickel plated, just as illustrated. A most wonderful value less than what your dealer must pay for the ordinary cheaply constructed range. Just the Range for the small family. Has all the advantages of the higher priced range, furnished with reservoir at a small extra charge. Our new stove catalogue tells you all about it and how you can save money by buying your stove and range from us at less than wholesale prices. Send for it now.



$30

BUYS this Handsome Steel Range A MARVEL at the price, just as good and better than Ranges sold elsewhere at double **OUR PRICE.** Our Customers everywhere speak the highest praise for WINGOLD RANGES. A strong well made range. A perfect baker and guaranteed to do the work required of a range, equal to any and last as long, and give perfect satisfaction in every respect.

THIS WINGOLD STEEL RANGE has six 8 inch lids; 18 inch oven, made of 16-gauge cold rolled steel; 15 gallon reservoir; large warming closet and high shelf; top cooking surface 30x34 inches; guaranteed to reach you in perfect order. Shipping weight 400 lbs. Burns wood or coal. A perfect baker—a fuel saver—our Catalogue will show you all sizes—write.

Our new Stove Catalogue tells just what you want to know. It tells you how to save $5.00 to $40.00 on every purchase; it tells you where you can buy your stoves and ranges for less than what your dealer pays. Remember, we have no agents. We sell direct to consumer only. Every stove guaranteed, and 30 days' free trial given. Mail us your name and address, and say, Send me your new catalogue. Do it now—it's **free.**

The Wingold Stove Company, Ltd.

DEPT. H. M.
245 Notre Dame Ave., WINNIPEG

FREE TO YOU—MY SISTER

FREE TO YOU AND EVERY SISTER SUFFERING FROM WOMEN'S AILMENTS.

I am a woman.
I know woman's sufferings.
I have found the cure.

I will mail, **free** of any charge, my **home treatment** with full instructions to any sufferer from women's ailments. I want to tell **all** women about this cure—**you**, my reader, for yourself, your daughter, your mother, or your sister. I want to tell you how to cure yourselves at home without the help of a doctor. Men **cannot** understand women's sufferings. What we women know **from experience**, we know better than any doctor. **I know** that my home treatment is a safe and sure cure for **Leucorrhoea** or **Whitish discharges, Ulceration, Displacement** or **Falling of the Womb, Profuse, Scanty** or **Painful Periods, Uterine** or **Ovarian Tumors** or **Growths, also pains in the head; back and bowels, bearing down feelings, nervousness, creeping feeling up the spine, melancholy, desire to cry, hot flashes, weariness, kidney and bladder troubles where caused by weaknesses peculiar to our sex.**

I want to send you a **complete 10 days' treatment entirely free** to prove to you that you can cure yourself at home, easily, quickly and surely. Remember, that **it will cost you nothing** to give the treatment a complete trial; and if you should wish to continue, it will cost you only about 12 cents a week, or less than two cents a day. It will not interfere with your work or occupation. **Just send me your name and address**, tell me how you suffer, if you wish, and I will send you the treatment for your case, entirely free, in plain wrapper, by return mail. I will also send you **free of cost**, my book—**"WOMAN'S OWN MEDICAL ADVISER"** with explanatory illustrations showing why women suffer, and how they can easily cure themselves at home. Every woman should have it, and learn to **think for herself.** Then when the doctor says—"You must have an operation," you can decide for yourself. Thousands of women have cured themselves with my home remedy. It cures **all, old or young. To Mothers of Daughters,** I will explain a simple home treatment which speedily and effectually cures Leucorrhœa, Green Sickness and Painful or Irregular Menstruation in Young Ladies. Plumpness and health always result from its use.

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Woman and the Home.

The Fireside of Dreams.

(Original)

It may be on some distant star,
Or just beyond the pasture bar:
I know not where the place may be
I only know she waits for me
By my fireside of dreams.

And there are little children fair,
Bright gleams of sunny baby hair,
And all the other magic things
That make us common mortals kings,
By our fireside of dreams.

And sometimes when I fain would shirk
A duty hard, some drudging work,
I catch its gleam, and then I do
My best, because I must be true
To my fireside of dreams.

And when the way seems dark and long,
I hum the tune of an old song
To lull asleep my fretful care,
Assured that Love will guide me there
To my fireside of dreams.

Mayhap it may be years and years,
With many failures, many tears,
What if the embers have burned low?
I'll kiss her in the after-glow,
By my fireside of dreams.

And when I reach the Twilight Land,
I know that He will understand;
For no man can be wholly bad,
Who ever in his life has had
A fireside of dreams.

Heart and Home Talks.

How hard it is for parents to realize that their children are children no longer.

Even though their eyes see them in the stature of men and women their understanding seems holden, and they continue to treat them as the boys and girls of ten years ago.

We hear a great deal about the lack of respect and consideration of children for their parents; of children leaving homes where their help is needed, to go to the city or elsewhere to earn their living, "to be independent."

Are not parents much to blame? Have they always treated each other with respect, courtesy and kindness, and set their children a proper example? If not, can they expect such treatment from them?

"As ye sow so shall ye also reap."

Think of a family of alert, energetic, busy, happy young people on the farm, one son interested in sheep, another in dairying, in swine and horses, another in small fruits, and the daughters busy with poultry, bees, gardening, raising vegetables and canning, and the father and mother are interested advisors, all working together harmoniously, encouraging and aiding one another, and each seeking to add to the comfort and happiness of the home—could there be a more desirable life?

And if this is not what all farmers are planning for, what is their ambition for the future?

What a sad mistake it is for farmers to become possessed with a mania for land, for adding one forty after another or a quarter section at a time, driving everybody within their domain to work early and late, keeping the children home from school and depriving them of the education which is their right, simply that more land may be bought, and all be compelled to work the harder to till it. What a hopeless prospect for the young people, and who can blame them for "just hating farming," and as soon as of legal age going from home? And whither? Cityward usually, where they are fearfully handicapped in the strife for place by their lack of education or training for some special occupation, and must work as common laborers or house servants for a bare living wage.

Keep the children in school, give them every educational advantage within reach, interest and hold them all on the farm if possible, but if one shows a distaste for farm life help him to follow his bent, to secure the special training needed to become a skilled mechanic, a successful salesman and merchant, or a professional man, as he has natural abilities.

More and more the world is coming to realize its dependence upon the farm, not only for farm produce but for its product of strong, resourceful young men and women, so many of whom have gone to serve their state and their country in "the high places," the most honored and responsible positions it has to offer. And every farmer's son and daughter may aspire to the highest.

The Ethics of Conversation.

It is quite a universal practice, in approaching a sick chamber, to assume an uncanny manner and to speak in a subdued voice—presenting gloomy, despairing thoughts, which only tend to develop two-fold gloom to the patient.

'Tis well to learn to prevent from the aim of imparting pity, or thinking that you are an instrument of sympathy; and that, co-operating with the laws of a sick chamber, you must establish sympathetic despotism over the whole chamber. Teach yourself to eliminate that part of your conversation which would strengthen the current of ill effecting thoughts within the patient's mind.

Many manifestations, apparently, of sympathy, are in their true nature impositions upon the patient.

You must appreciate that the appliance of the well-known theory of healing, found in the realm of mental forces, is practicable in the sick chamber. Your electric force, if appreciated and if properly applied, will aid you in controlling the physical conditions of the patient.

The elements, by their power in transferring electricity from one condition to another, or from one body to another body, frequently exhaust the transmittor, but the sick body gains new vigor and the transmittor soon overcomes the exhaustion sustained thereby.

Be it comprehended that the mental power has acquired an ascendency over the physical body sufficiently to control it; and it has been determined that the power of mind rules over matter: that our own thoughts act upon our environments as strong waves of power—hence, arises the so-called magnetic action.

In the sick chamber friends frequently rush in and exhaust, more or less, the vitality of the patient—though in ignorance of such a result; this result can be avoided by the admittance only of friends who are thoughtful students, and who appreciate the true ethics of conversation in a sick chamber.

The question of health lies at the basis of our magnetic action; there is but one way to demonstrate this theory, and that way is through process of experimental analysis. Is not the question of good health capable of intelligent investigation?

Vacations for Mothers, Too.

People who work for themselves, especially mothers, often glory in not taking a vacation, in staying forever at home, in sticking solidly to what they believe to be their duty. To you, my conservative reader, a vacation is just as necessary as it is to the tired teacher or the faithful clerk; and for the same reason—that you may do more work when you do work, and do it more effectively. The duty which holds you will be better performed, the home that you are guarding will be better kept, and the cheerfulness, and courage, and optimism which you need will be more readily summoned, if you take time—not next year, but in the remaining weeks of this very summer—to drink in the stimulant of new faces, new landscapes and new experiences.

HOUSEHOLD SUGGESTIONS

SUPERVISED BY THE CHEF OF THE MARRIAGGI, WINNIPEG

Corn Fritters.—One quart of grated green corn, three eggs, one half cupful of flour, salt and pepper. Add the stiffly beaten whites of eggs the last thing. Drop by small spoonfuls into the fat.

Green Tomato Butter.—Select tomatoes that are full grown, but quite green; slice them thin; make a syrup in proportion of one pound of sugar to two pounds of tomatoes; boil down slowly for four hours, or until the butter is smooth and thick, stirring frequently to prevent sticking and scorching. If liked, flavor with lemon when done.

Tomato Omelet.—Three eggs, yolks and whites, beaten separately. Beat whites very stiff. Add three tablespoonfuls of milk and pinch of salt to the yolks, salt and fold lightly into the whites. Have one teaspoonful of butter melted in piping hot pan. Cook slowly. Stew three tomatoes until tender and turn over omelet just before folding.

Peach . Cobbler.—Fill a shallow pudding dish or deep earthenware pie plate with ripe, peeled peaches, leaving the pits in to increase the flavor of the fruit. Add enough cold water to half fill the dish, and cover the whole with a light paste rolled to twice the thickness used for pies. Cut slits across the middle, prick with a fork, and bake in a slow oven about three-quarters of an hour. The peaches should be sugared according to taste before putting on the crust. Serve either warm or cold. The crust should be inverted after being cut into sections, and the peaches piled upon it. Eat with sweet cream.

Creole Succotash.—Take six tomatoes, peel and cut up, six pods of okra washed and sliced thin, and boil in a little water. Score the corn from six ears of sugar corn and a dozen pods of string beans cut fine, add to the tomatoes and boil until done. Add seasoning and a chopped sweet pepper when half done. Serve with toasted bread.

Veal Ragout.—Chop remnants of cold veal, rub a tablespoonful of butter into one of browned flour, mix this with a cupful of stock, and stir until boiling hot in a saucepan. Chop about a cupful of mushrooms, add these and two tablespoonfuls tomato catsup to the stock. Salt and pepper to taste, put in the veal, and stew gently ten minutes.

Pear Chips.—To ten pounds of pears allow five pounds of sugar, one-fourth of a pound of Canton or green ginger, and five lemons. Core and peal the pears, and then cut them in small pieces; mix with them the sugar and ginger and leave over night. The next morning wash and dry the lemons, cut them in pieces, and take out the seeds. Cook the mixture very slowly for three hours.

Tomato Fritters.—For tomato fritters stew a quart tin of the vegetable, or a quart of fresh ones, until they are reduced one-half. Set aside to get cold, then season with salt, pepper and celery salt. Add the beaten yolk of an egg and sufficient fine bread crumbs to make a mixture thick enough to hold together when dropped from a spoon into smoking hot lard.

Berry Sponge Pudding.—Clean one quart of blueberries or blackberries. Soak two tablespoonfuls of gelatine in half a cupful of water unti dissolved. Add to the berries half a cupful of sugar, mix through and mash them up. Boil half a cupful of sugar with one cupful of water, add the gelatine to the boiling syrup and let cool. Rub the berries through a sieve. Now, add to the cooled syrup the juice of one lemon, the berry pulp and the stiffly beaten whites of four eggs, set the bowl in ice water and beat until it thickens. Pour in a mold. Serve when firm with whipped cream.

Ham and Tomatoes.—When there is a little meat left on a ham bone, a palatable dish can be made from it. Take six good size tomatoes and hollow out the centers. Fill with onion and ham, chopped fine, and a few bread crumbs. Season with salt and pepper. Cover the opening on top with a thin slice of ham, and drop a spat of butter on each. Bake in a buttered tin until tomatoes are done.

Bread and Butter Pudding.—Place a layer of stale bread, rolled fine, in the bottom of a pudding dish, then a layer of any kind of fruit. Sprinkle on a little sugar, then another layer of breadcrumbs and of fruit; and so on until the dish is full, the top layer being crumbs. Make a custard as for pies, add a pint of milk, and mix. Pour it over the top of the pudding and bake until the fruit is cooked.

Peach Meringue Pudding.—Stew the peaches in a syrup of sugar and water until tender; remove and boil the syrup until thick, then pour over the peaches. Make a cornstarch custard of the yolks of two or three eggs, about a pint of milk, two teaspoonfuls of cornstarch (wet in cold milk) sugar and vanilla. Make a meringue of the whites of the eggs and sugar, and spread over the peaches. Use the custard as sauce.

Vegetable Salad.—Save your vegetable scraps from dinner for a nice salad at next day's lunch. With a light dessert one needs little else except a cool drink in hot weather. Use a cupful each of potatoes, carrots or any vegetables cut into dice with peas or string beans—one, two or three kinds—with a French or mayonnaise or boiled dressing poured over. Border with lettuce if convenient and serve very cold. Fish may be used instead of vegetables.

Corn Salad.—Boil twelve ears of corn in salted water until quite tender. Cut it from the cob and let it get cold. Make a stiff mayonnaise dressing in the usual manner, then dilute it to the required consistency by adding some thick cream; dress the corn with the sauce, and arrange it in a deep dish; scatter a little finely chopped parsley over the surface, then garnish the corn with pickled cherries and surround it with crisp lettuce which has been torn into fine shreds.

Blackberry Sponge—Put small cubes of bread into an earthen bowl, pouring over the bread as it is fitted into place hot blackberry juice, made by cooking blackberries until they are soft, sweetening and passing through a sieve. Use as much juice as the bread will absorb, set the sponge away in a cool place for several hours and then turn from the bowl. Serve with whole backberries, sugar and cream.

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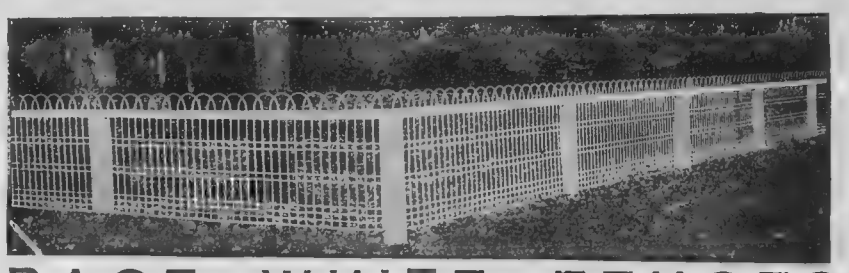

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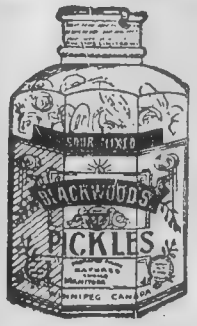

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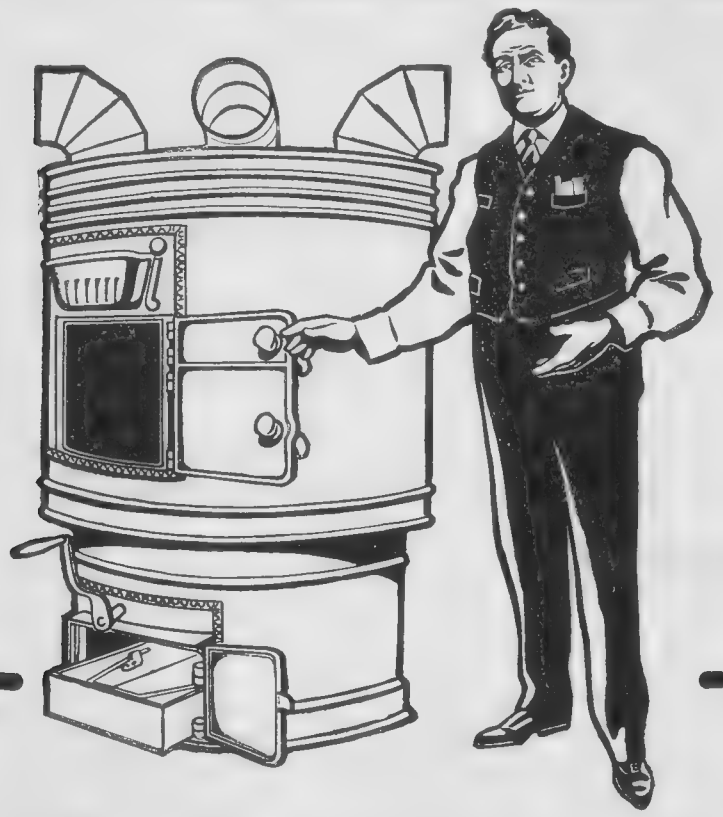

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About the Farm.

The Morning Glow.

Out where the dew drops glisten
Like jewels in the Sun,
There is a glad song, listen!
Nay, there is more than one:—
The oriole's so mellow,
The redbird's clear cut-call,
The blue-bird's shrilling "Hello!"
The field-lark's "Bless us all,"
The twittering wren's, the sparrow's,
The wood-dove's soft and low—
Songs bright as speeding arrows
Dipp'd in the morning glow.

Out here the fields are waking,
Beyond the woodland way,
The wind comes softly shaking
The leaves with sunlight gay;
And then the wood-song hushes,
And low the west wind climbs,
For from the trees there rushes
A host on flashing wings;
They dip down in the shadow,
They skim the long straight row,
And spread o'er field and meadow,
Bright in the morning glow.

Feeding Calves.

Some of the best "skim milk" calves are raised by farmers' wives. The young calf demands a great deal of attention and care and the farm women can usually make a better success of the work of caring for such calves than anyone else about the place. We do not mean that taking care of the stock is women's work but the overseeing of the feeding of the calves can be very properly placed in the hands of those who take care of the milk, which work usually falls to the women. Good calves can be raised on skim milk. In fact, a calf properly raised on skim milk will be practically as good a calf at the end of the year as the one that has suckled the dam. Many people who have not had success in feeding skim milk are likely to deny this but we have seen it demonstrated. There are a few little points that should be noted in regard to feeding skim milk. In our own practice we always take the calf away from the dam as soon as it is well on its feet and seems active enough to run around, which is about a day after time of birth. For the first ten days we feed the whole milk from the dam. The milk for the first week is not fit for table use but is very essential for the development of the calf on account of its effect on the bowels. After ten days we can begin to substitute a little skim milk, possibly one-third or one-fourth of the ration. A few days later we can substitute a little more, provided the calf seems to be doing all right, and in the course of two weeks we can substitute skim milk for the whole milk. The skim milk that we feed should be warm and sweet and fed at about the same temperature and the same degree of sweetness each time. We must not have the milk sweet one day and sour the next or cold one day and hot the next. Regularity is the thing to observe. The bulk of the troubles that come to calves come from overfeeding. The generous housewife sometimes thinks that as long as the calf doesn't get whole milk we ought to make up in quantity what we lack in quality and she accordingly feeds skim milk with a lavish hand, which is the worst possible thing she could do. Two or three quarts twice a day is a great abundance on the start and we should increase it with a careful hand until we find the maximum amount that a calf can consume and seem to do well. No definite amounts can be laid down because each calf is a rule to itself. As a general rule a calf can use from ten to twelve pounds per day, at three weeks old and at weaning time, or four months of age, they can use about twenty pounds per day.

Now about the substitution of grain for the butter fat. When we separate milk we take out merely the butter fat. The skim milk which remains contains all the material which makes bone, blood and flesh, but we need to add some feed that will, in a way, take the place of butter fat. To do this we must get the calf to eating grain and hay as soon as possible. The calf will take up the eating of hay at a very early age but we have to teach it to eat grain. When the calf is about a week old it is a good plan to take a small handful of whole oats or bran and put in the bottom of the bucket so that the calf will, in licking up the pail, get a taste of it. If he doesn't understand in a few days what the grain is for, it is a good plan to rub some on his nose or put a few grains in his mouth. There is a great difference in the intelligence of calves but it will only take a few days to teach them to eat grain. Oats is very good for them to practice on and it is a good plan always to have a little box in the calf pen where they can go and eat oats whenever inclined. Good success has been met with in feeding cornmeal to calves as the composition of corn corresponds more nearly to the composition of butter fat than any other grain we can feed. Many farmers have good success with flax seed jelly or oil meal but one has to be more careful in feeding this, as if fed in too large quantities it is likely to upset the digestive system. When fed it is made into a jelly and a tablespoonful added to the skim milk. A tablespoonful of blood meal is a good thing to use as it prevents digestive disorders.

Poultry Pointers.

A poultry house that is dry, warm and light is all right.

Active, hustling females are the best birds to select for layers.

The hen and the cow are the farmer's two most valuable kinds of stock.

The foundation of the winter's success is based on proper housing of the birds.

In order to have healthy, vigorous, profitable poultry, new blood must be introduced annually.

A flock of poultry uniform in build and color is a far prettier sight than a mixed one.

Many a cockerel that could have been sold at a profit in the fall has been kept until Christmas at a loss.

Ducks must have dry quarters at night. No other fowl is so easily injured by damp quarters.

Money spent for poultry feed will be returned two-fold in profit derived from the sale of eggs.

For about a week or ten days before killing, the feed of the poultry should be confined to grain so as to improve the flavor of the meat.

The only way to be sure your poultry have no lice is to examine your fowls. Lice are secret dwellers and get in their best licks at night.

When you get so you can care for a dozen hens and make them lay good, then increase your flock until you get as many as you wish.

Cover the floor with oat straw or dry leaves to a depth of six or eight inches for the hens to scratch in for the grain food during the cold weather.

The whitewash brush and elbow grease combined in the right movement and at proper time make the lice "skidoo."

Cockerels kept together in a yard large enough will not fight and will do much better than if they are all allowed to run with the hens.

A poor, ill favored fowl is always tough whether young or old. Fowls intended for market must be well cared for.

Breed your poultry not only for show birds, but also for market and eggs, and there will be a profit and a love for the work combined.

The man who buys a male bird because he is cheap hasn't learned the first lesson in the book of success. "The best is the cheapest" applies to poultry culture.

In one portion of the house provide a box of dust for the fowls to bathe in; this bath is best made of dry earth and a small amount of powdered sulphur mixed together.

Miss Towne says she is glad she went to the farm this summer, otherwise she might never have known that Leghorn fowls were so named from the horns grown from their ankles.—Judge.

Farm Furrows.

The draft horse is just now the popular horse and is in demand for city use at higher prices than any other stock.

Next to a shredder an old threshing machine will put fodder in a good condition to feed. In fact some farmers claim that it is even better.

It is not difficult for me to judge who knows most about bringing up the boys—the maiden aunt with her theory or the father with the sad fact of his past. The father was once a boy.

This is a year when the force of gravitation (or some other force) that draws all the large apples to the top of the barrel should fail to operate. There is certainly no need for the large apples getting only in the top of the barrel this year.

If a horse has the heaves feed less hay and more grain and water him before feeding. A horse with the heaves should not be worked hard for an hour after eating and to much should not be expected of him. Feed wet feed when it is convenient.

A dark soil absorbs the rays of the sun faster than the light soil and thus makes it warmer. This difference in temperature affects the germination and growth of plants. In the spring when the corn is coming up the rows are usually seen first in the dark soil.

You've no doubt had a hog get contrary when loading in a wagon. Well, a very good way is to put an ordinary zinc basket over his head and he will back up to try to get his head out of it and by following him up with the basket he will be backed into the wagon before he knows it. Try it.

A neighbor recently said to me "I need another team but horses are so high that I can't afford to buy." I have been wondering what he would think if he had a good pair of horses to sell. He would be glad prices are high. It is easy to see why a farmer should be a seller of good horses rather than a buyer.

A German scientist claims to have discovered why grain lodges, and he believes it is possible to breed varieties that will not lodge. He says that in a normal or ideal stem the internodes from the lower to the upper increase in length and decrease in strength, according to a definite law, which gives to each internode the average length and strength of the one immediately below and the one immediately above it. Grain is said to lodge when the law of arithmetical average with reference to the internodes is distured.

A beef club is usually composed of about fourteen members. A beef is cut into fourteen pieces, seven on a side. Each member of the club furnishes a beef, usually a two-year-old heifer. One man does all the killing and he gets the hide for his work. The pieces are cut by the butcher, weighed and numbered from one to fourteen, The members are numbered and at the start No. 1 gets piece No. 1 and the next time No. 1 gets piece No. 2, and by so doing all will eventually get the different parts of a beef. The heart, liver and tongue should go to the owner of the beef.

Judging by the actions of some farmers one is inclined to the belief that the farmer is the only man who hunts competition. These men are regretting the decrease in the number of men engaged in farming. They would have an increase in the number and likewise an increase in competition. What is needed is an increase in the population of consumers and not producers of food. The amount of food is limited and is low enough in price. Farm values depend on the income from land. Income depends on the demand for food. That demand depends on the number of consumers.

Why Winter Dairying Pays.

To be the most profitable, dairying must be carried on the whole year. There is no profit in having creameries and cheese factories closed up half the year, and a lot of cows eating up the food supply and giving no milk.

Dairy products command the highest prices of the year during the fall and winter months, and the lowest during the summer. The farmer who dairies through summer only is obliged to content himself with low prices. Then, too, he has to fight flies, hot weather and short pastures. His cows are idle at a time of year when it costs most to feed them and no return for food and care.

If cows are allowed to freshen in the fall, say the latter part of September or first of October, they begin to produce at a time when fall grass is tender and fresh from fall rains, the flies have ceased to annoy, and dairy products are on the rise. By good care and judicious feeding the milk flow can be kept up right through until May. Pasture grass will carry them up to July or later, when they should go dry until last of September. This is year-round dairying, and cows are dry when heat, flies and short pastures are present, and when the farmer is busy with his harvest and has little time to look after the comfort of his animals.

Cows that have previously been milked during the summer only and allowed to dry up at the first appearance of cold weather, will not at first take kindly to a ten months, milking period, but by continuing the practice through one year they will respond more readily the next year and give more milk.

Heifers that freshen for the first time should do so in the spring and be milked right through the following winter and up to July. They should be bred the second time in December, which will land them in the winter dairy with their second calf, and they have been taught to give milk all the time by the long milking period with their first calf.

A little thought of this kind put into practice in carrying on the dairy will pay big in dollars in the long run.

Electricity on the Farm.

Some one has said that we are changing from the age of steam to the age of electricity; that our known deposits of coal are diminishing rapidly, and that, of necessity, we must conserve fuel and create motive power by the application of other energy. More and more the fall and force of water is to be used to perform the tasks of man. Electric power, in many instances, is either duplicating or supplanting the use of steam.

To the door of steam power one man places many charges for much of the mischief which has been done by packing population in the cities of our country. Steam power, he charges, was in many ways responsible for the rapid increase in urban population in the century between 1790 and 1890. In 1790 the urban population of the United States was but three and one-third per cent; the rural population numbering ninety-six and two-thirds per cent. In 1890 the percentage of the population in the cities was about thirty per cent or a substantial growth of twenty-six or twenty-seven per cent. The population which should have remained or have been sent to till the soil was used to man the large factories which removed the old time industries of the homes and localities to the crowded cities. We are told that the reaction is now on. That "those industries which were taken away from homes by steam power are returning, to be done by electric power. Articles of clothing, as well as cheese and butter, are once more becoming matters of domestic industry."

We are indisposed to lay so many grave charges against that force which since the time of James Watt has done so much for the world, and for the United States in particular. And great as is that mysterious something which we call electricity, yet we cannot ascribe to its immediate future all the possibilities and probabilities which our authority would like. It is enough to point out that it has been among the agencies which the spirit of our times has employed to abolish farm isolation. Electricity runs our trolley cars up and down our valleys to carry passengers and produce to and from the cities. The same force is again employed to transmit our messages over the rural telephone lines. And for this advantage we can praise, alone, the enthusiasm and enterprise of local men who dared establish rural lines in the face of discouragements and refusals from the old established companies. None of our improvements are brought about by a single force but are rather caused by the brain of man which used the force as the means to an end. To men and enterprise, and not to electricity, the praise belongs.

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From Ceylon Tea Plantations are contained in

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It is Packed in Sealed Lead Packets to Preserve its Fine Flavor and Aroma.

50c. and 60c. per lb. AT ALL GROCERS'.

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Prices are good take advantage of them by shipping through us.

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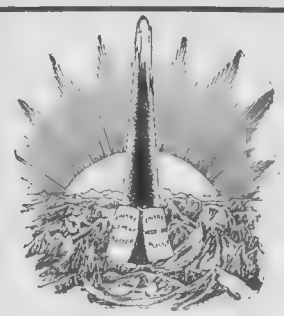

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Finish with Gold Dust Finish and Gilt Edge Plaster of Paris.

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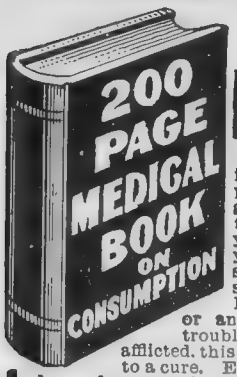
Consumption Book FREE



This valuable medical book tells in plain, simple language how Consumption can be cured in your own home. If you know of any one suffering from Consumption, Catarrh, Bronchitis, Asthma or any throat or lung trouble, or are yourself afflicted, this book will help you to a cure. Even if you are in the advanced stage of the disease and feel there is no hope, this book will show you how others have cured themselves after all remedies they had tried failed, and they believed their case hopeless.

Write at once to the Yonkerman Consumption Remedy Co., 232 Rose Street, Kalamazoo, Mich., and they will send you from their Canadian Depot the book and a generous supply of the New Treatment, absolutely free, for they want every sufferer to have this wonderful cure before it is too late. Don't wait — write today. It may mean the saving of your life.

GOOD BLOOD WILL SHOW ITS QUALITY, SO WILL BAD BLOOD.

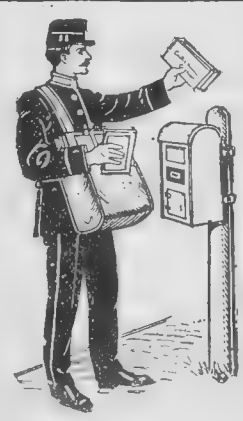
The one in a healthy body and ruddy complexion, the other in ill-health, blotches, pimples, boils and sores, and frequently in intenser forms as ulcers, abscesses, erysipelas, salt rheum, etc.

Every organ of the body depends on the blood for force and vitality, and is but scantily served when the blood is impure. No remedy is so potent as a blood purifier or more rapidly produces new and healthy blood than

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS

which neutralizes the various poisons and restores the vitalizing power of this all important fluid.

For sale by all druggists and dealers.



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Ask your druggist for it. If he cannot supply the MARVEL, accept no other, but send stamp for illustrated book—sealed. It gives full particulars and directions invaluable to ladies.

WINDSOR SUPPLY CO., Windsor, Ont.
General Agents for Canada.

WHEN WRITING ADVERTISERS PLEASE MENTION THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY.

In Lighter Vein.

At the Wharf End.

Ye'll weep it out, and sleep it out,
Faith, forget me in a day!
Ye'll talk it out, and walk it out—
Yis, I'll be long away!

But what a heavin' shoulder this
To rock a lad to sleep!
Ach, me gurl, that one kiss,
Ye knew it couldn't keep!

Some cry it out, and sigh it out,
But we'll forgit the ache!
Ye'll laugh it off, and chaff it off,
And learn to give and take!

And that's the gray ship waitin me—
Sure, what's the use o' tears!
It's got to be, and ought to be—
One kiss for twinty years!

Had No Pull.

Mr. Makinbrakes (to chance acquaintance, whom he has met at a swell party)—"If you have any influence with Mrs. Upjohn I wish you would suggest to her that she announce dinner. I'm frightfully hungry."

Chance Acquaintance—"Me? I hav'nt any influence with Mrs Upjohn. I'm Mr. Upjohn."

Mere Formality.

Mrs. Jenner Lee Ondego—"Yes, the cook we have now is one that used to work in your kitchen. She had a good recommendation from you, and I took her on that."

Mrs. Selldom-Holme—"You did? Well, you'll find her the same impudent, ill-natured, wasteful, good-for-nothing thing I found her to be."

His Grouch.

"What are you making such a kick about? You're carrying a policy of only a thousand."

"I'm kicking because I find I am carrying all the president's relatives."

More Easily Suited Now.

Head of the Firm (looking at him more closely)—"I think you're the young fellow that was here last week inquiring for a situation."

Young Fellow—"Yes sir; but I'm not so blamed particular now. I'm hunting for work."

Got It Between the Eyes.

"It will be soon enough, Miss Gwimple, if I return this book the next time I call, won't it?"

"Why, certainly, Mr. Feathert p. There's no hurry about it. Any time within the next six months will do."

The Point of View.

"Henry, if I were a young man like you, and expected to have to make my own way in the world some day, I should try to make my expenses come within my income."

"Father, if I were as rich as you are, and had only one son, I'd try to bring his income up to his expenses."

The First of His Kind.

Adam had just discovered that he possessed an imagination.

"Riblets," he said. This was his pet name for the first lady of the land.

"Riblets, I've just seen a remarkable funny sight."

Eve looked at him suspiciously.

"You've been at those grapes again," she said.

"No," he quickly answered. "No more grapes for little Addie. I've had all I want of them. My head aches at the very name. No, I was on the other side of the creek and there I saw the animal with the trunk climbing a tree."

"An elephant climbing a tree? Impossible!"

"I tell you I was there. It was a funny sight. The elephant tried and tried and when he got a little way up he screamed for help. And the rhinoceros and the elk came up to boost him, and the elephant slipped back on the horn of the rhinoceros and jumped so high that he caught the first limb of the tree and hung there howling. Ha, ha, ha!"

"Adam," said Eve, in her severest manner, "you are the most unblushing nature faker the world has ever known."

Improved the Chance.

At a recent wedding in a small western town the officiating clergyman after the ceremony and the usual congratulations, turned to the assembled friends and said:

"Friends, you all know these young people; you have seen them grow up from children, and now that they have entered the holy state of matrimony perhaps some of their old neighbors may have some special word to say to them."

There was silence; no one responded for a moment; then the father of the bride stepped out of his position near his daughter and said:

"I don't know as I can add anything to what has already been said," and he looked solemnly about the little gathering, evidently uncomfortable and embarrassed, but fortunately his eyes fell upon a neighbour, a political opponent, who would never listen to his views on certain matters relating to taxation, and the speaker's face brightened, and he exclaimed with energy, "but this seems an excellent opportunity and I should like to say a few words on the single tax!"

The Same Act.

An old negro was recently brought before a Justice in Mobile. It seemed that Uncle Mose had fallen foul of a bulldog while in the act of entering the hen house of the dog's owner.

"Look here, Uncle Mose," the Justice said, informally, "didn't I give you ten days last month for the same thing? Same henhouse you were trying to get into. What have you got to say for yourself?"

Uncle Mose scratched his head.

"Mars Willyum, yo' sent me to the chain gang fer tryin' ter steal some chickens, didn't ye?"

"Yes, that was the charge."

"An' don't the law say yo' can't be charged wid de same 'fence?"

"That no man can be placed in jeopardy for the indentical act, yes."

"Den, sah, yo' des hab ter let me go, sah. Ah waer after de same chickens, sah?"

Highly Complimented.

A few weeks ago a Philadelphia man was in a North Carolina town of very few inhabitants. One day when he was on the point of making a purchase he discovered that he had exhausted his small change. The shopkeeper could not "break" the $10 bill offered him, and the Northern man went out in the main street to see how he might solve the difficulty. He asked several persons, but no one had the requisite amount for the bill. At last an old, white-haired, seedy negro came along. In sheer desperation the Philadelphia man said:

"Uncle, can you exchange a $10 bill for me?"

Uncle looked dazed for the moment. Then his shambling figure straightened. With a doffing of the hat and a bow worthy of Chesterfield, he replied with dignity:

"No, marse, I can't change no $10 bill, but I done 'preciates the compliment jes' the same, sah."

Bill Nye's Cow.

Bill Nye, the humorist, once had a cow to sell and advertised her as follows:

"Owing to my ill-health, I will sell at my residence, in township nineteen, range eighteen, according to the Government's survey, one plush raspberry cow, aged eight years. She is of undoubted courage, and gives milk frequently. To a man who does not fear death in any form she would be a great boon. She is very much attached to her present home with a

TROUSERS

To Order By Mail **$3.50**

¶ We guarantee a perfect fit, good materials, proper workmanship.
¶ Patterns to please all tastes in Worsteds, Tweeds, Serges or Homespuns.
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¶ You couldn't duplicate these Trousers elsewhere under $5.00.

Send for samples. Satisfaction or money back.
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475 St. Catherine St. East
Refer to any Bank or Mercantile Agency. **MONTREAL**

AGENTS

YOU can't beat the Nursery Stock proposition when you've a good firm behind you.

Pelham Nursery Co's reputation does half the selling. Every piece of stock offered is guaranteed hardy and the varieties for Western Canada are all recommended by the Brandon and Indian Head Experimental Farms. All kinds of Ornamental Trees and Shrubs—Fruit Trees—Small Fruits—Forest Seedlings and Seed Potatoes.

Government Certificate accompanies every shipment.

Reliable Agents wanted **NOW** in all parts of the West—whole or part time—pay weekly—Outfit (including handsomely lithographed plate book) Free.

Write Manager **PELHAM NURSERY CO.,** Toronto, for particulars.

SYNOPSIS OF CANADIAN NORTH-WEST HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS

ANY even numbered section of Dominon Lands in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta excepting 8 and 26 not reserved, may be homesteaded by any person who is the sole head of a family or any male over 18 years of age, to the extent of one-quarter section of 160 acres, more or less.

Entry must be made personally at the local land office for the district in which the land is situate. Entry by proxy may, however, be made on certain conditions by the father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister of an intending homesteader.

The homesteader is required to perform the homestead conditions under one of the following plans:

(1) At least six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each year for three years.

(2) If the father (or mother, if the father is deceased) of the homesteader resides upon a farm in the vicinity of the land entered for, the requirements as to residence may be satisfied by such person residing with the father or mother.

(3) If the settler has his permanent residence upon farming land owned by him in the vicinity of his homestead, the requirements as to residence may be satisfied by residence upon the said land.

Six months' notice in writing should be given to the Commissioner of Dominion Lands at Ottawa of intention to apply for patent.

W. W. CORY,
Deputy of the Minister of the Interior.

N.B.—Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.

Central Business College
WINNIPEG, MAN.
CATALOGUES FREE.

stay-chain, but she will be sold to any one who will agree to treat her right. She is one-fourth shorn-horn and three-quarters hyena. I will also throw in a double-barrel shot-gun, which goes with her. In May she usually goes away for a week or two and returns with a tall red calf with wabbly legs. Her name is Rose. I would rather sell to a non-resident."

Permanent Employment.

Old Sam had been seen for several days patiently sitting on the bank of the Rappahannock River near the dam, holding his shot-gun in hand.

Finally he attracted the attention of a passerby, who asked: "Well, Uncle Sam, are you looking for something to do?"

"No, sah," answered Sam; "I's gettin' paid fo' what I's doin'."

"Indeed!" answered the stranger. "And what may that be?"

"Shootin' de muskrats dat am underminin' de dam," answered Sam.

"Well, there goes one now," exclaimed the stranger, excitedly. "Why don't you shoot?"

"S'pose I wants to lose my job, sah?" answered, Sam complacently.

A Ready Explanation.

A Washington man one day went out of town for a day's fishing, taking a luncheon with him. When he reached the stream where he intended to enjoy his sport he discovered that he had dropped his luncheon somewhere on the way. He hastened back to look for it. Presently he met a burly darky, who seemed very well pleased with himself, and who was in the act of brushing crumbs from his lips with his sleeves.

"Did you pick up anything in the road as you came along?" asked the Washingtonian, with a suspicious glance at the negro.

"No, sah," promptly returned the colored man. "I didn't pick up nothin'. Couldn't a dog hab found it an' e't it up ?"

Couldn't Spare It.

"Your money or your life!" growled the footpad.

"Take me life," responded the Irishman, "I'm savin' me money for me old age!"

Not Yet.

"Can your dolly say Mama, an' Papa?"

"My gwacious! No—she's only three months old."

Anecdotal.

In slavery days a negro was discovered in a hotel office walking up and down. "Here, you nigger," said the proprietor, "who do you belong to?" "Deed, massa," the negro replied, "I dunno until de poker game now goin' on upstairs is finished."

The manager of a Western railway received the following letter from some conscience-stricken unknown who had experienced religion: "Meestare Snut: Eet ees wit' sorrow I approach before you. I stol' one ride an' eet has bordered me lake haall. I got relichion now an' so I sen' one teeket an' five cents from your frens. I wish you much luk, please excuse me."

Two Irish farmers who had not seen each other for a long time met at a fair. They had a lot of things to tell each other. "Sure, its married I am," said Murphy. "You don't tell me so," said Moran. "Faix, yes," said Murphy, "an' I've got a fine healthy bhoy which me neighbors say is the very picture of me." Moran looked for a moment at Murphy, who was not, to say the least, remarkable for his good looks, and then said: "Och, well, what's the harum, so long as the child's healthy?"

Clerk McDowell of the United States House of Representatives, had issued a vest-pocket directory of the House, giving the names of the members, their residences, and their committee-rooms. "What's this, Aleck?" asked a disgruntled member who came into the clerk's office after he had had a session with the Speaker about getting recognized to call up a bill. "That's a vest-pocket directory of the House," Clerk McDowell replied. The member examined it carefully. "Seems to me like a rotten waste of money," he said finally, "you could have made it a heap smaller and more accurate if you had printed Speaker Cannon's name in it and let it go at that."

Among the presents lately showered upon a Maryland bride was one that was the gift of an elderly lady of the neighbourhood with whom both bride and groom were prime favorites.

Some years ago the dear old soul accumulated a supply of cardboard mottoes, which she worked and had framed and on which she never failed to draw with the greatest freedom as occasion arose.

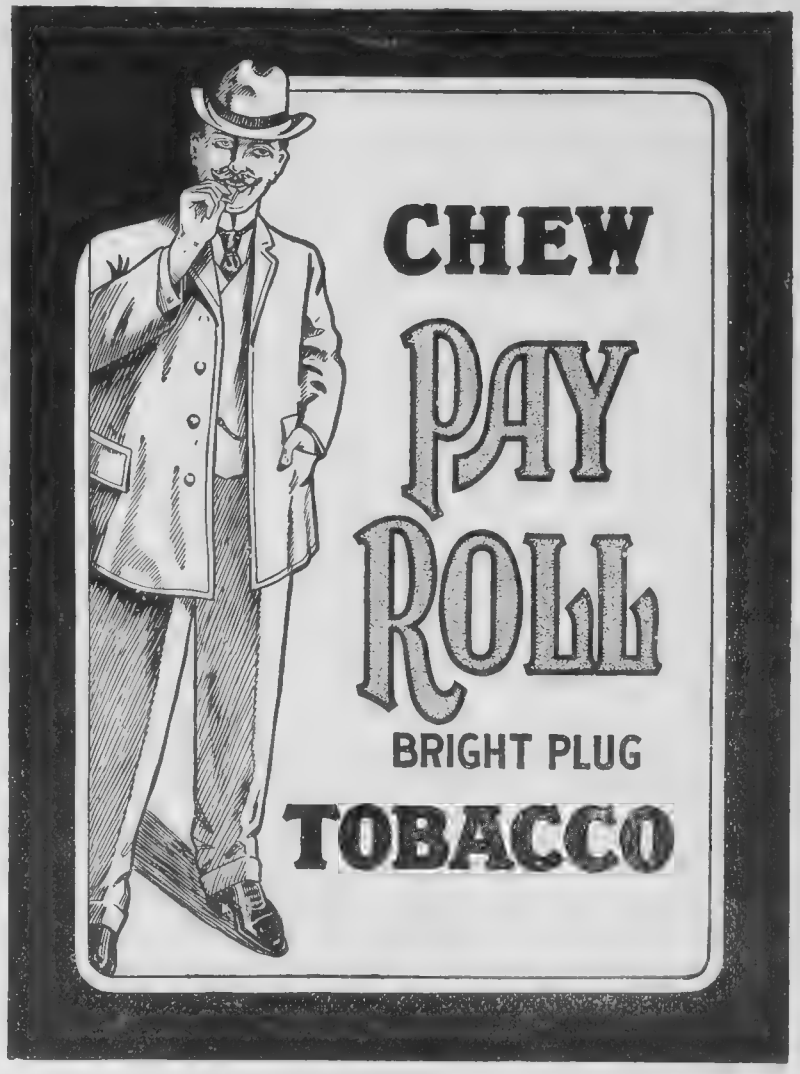
In cheerful reds and blues, suspended by a cord of the same colors over the table on which the other presents were grouped, hung the motto:

"Fight on; fight ever."

A babu in charge of the documents of a certain town in India found that they were being seriously damaged by rats. He wrote to the government to provide him with weekly rations for two cats to destroy the rats. The request was granted, and the two cats were installed—one, the larger of the two, receiving slightly better rations than the other. All went well for a few weeks, when the supreme government of India received the following despatch: "I have the honor to inform you that the senior cat is absent without leave. What shall I do?" The problem seemed to baffle the supreme government, for the babu received no answer. After waiting a few days he sent off a proposal: "In re Absentee Cat. I propose to promote the junior cat, and in the meantime to take into government service a probationer cat on full rations."

A well-known Westerner was invited to a dinner given in an Eastern city in the cause of education. When time came for the speeches, many of the educators were called upon and glorified education. Then the visitor's time came. "I have been interested in what the speakers preceding me have said about education," he said; "still I think that out our way, in the West, not so much store is set by it as here in the East. I am reminded of the story of the two boys in Alberta who, I regret to say, were playing poker in a doorway, using kernels of corn for chips. During the game one pushed in a bunch of kernels and said, 'I'll bet you a hundred.' I'll raise it a hundred,' said the other. 'I'll raise that a thousand.' I'll see the thousand and raise it a million.' 'I'll raise that million a billion.' 'I'll see the billion and raise you a trillion.' The other boy was stumped. He thought a long time, but he couldn't remember what came next, so he said, bitterly 'Take it, you educated son of a gun!'"

Among the creditors of an insolvent firm was a New Yorker who had a balance of $285 coming to him. This man wanted his money. He was a good talker, and persuaded the firm to pay him off in case he could get the other creditors to grant an extension of time. So he called a meeting of the creditors, and talked to them eloquently about the prospects of the firm getting on its feet again if it only had time. He seemed to have won out when a little old man in the back of the room arose, and in a squeaky voice declared that he for one, wanted his money, and did not want to wait for it. "Don't you think it is rather selfish of you to interfere with this plan, in which all the other creditors have agreed?" asked the first man: "we are willing to wait for the amount of our claims. Every one of us, including myself, believes this firm should have plenty of time. "How much is your claim, anyway?" In the same piping voice the little man answered: "They owe me $185,000: how much is your claim?"



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FAVORITE

In 8 sizes, churns ½ to 30 gallons cream. Patent foot and lever drive. Roller bearings. Steel frame. Easy to operate. Superior in workmanship and finish.
Sold by all leading jobbers. If you cannot procure, write us direct.

PURITAN REACTING WASHING MACHINE.

Latest and most improved. Tell your jobber you want it. Don't accept any substitute. Beautifully finished in Grained Oak, Royal Blue, or Wine Color and Silver Aluminum. Write direct to us.

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The BANK of BRITISH NORTH AMERICA

Established 1836. Incorporated by Royal Charter 1840.

56 BRANCHES IN CANADA AND UNITED STATES

CAPITAL, $4,866,666. RESERVE, $2,238,666.

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Drafts Bought and Sold. Prompt attention given to Collections.

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Deposits received $1.00 and upwards, and Interest allowed at highest current rates and compounded quarterly. No notice required to withdraw.

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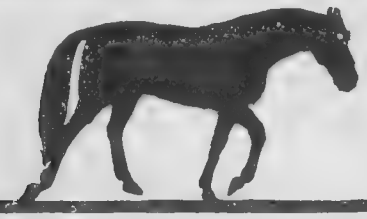
Every facility afforded farmers for their Banking Business. Sale Notes cashed or taken for collection. Note Forms free on application.

Branches at important points throughout the West.

POST CARDS, These sets 10c. each, postpaid. 25 colored comics, 16 N.Y.C. views, 16 U.S. views, 6 European, 10 artistic, 8 flower. Catalog free. K. Schwagerl & Co., 255 West 35 St., N.Y. City.

SECOND HAND MUSIC, Bargains. Songs and Pieces, scarcely used. Send for list immediately. State wants. Manager, Opera House, North Battleford.



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Bone Spavin, Ringbone, Splint, Blood and Bog Spavin, Thoroughpin, Curb, Capped Hock, especially if of long standing and obstinate—will not yield to ordinary liniments or blisters.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE is an *extraordinary remedy* that gives extraordinary results. It cures old, stubborn cases that many times veterinaries have given up—takes away every sign of lameness—does not scar or kill the hair—and leaves the horse sound and smooth.

BENITO, Man, Sept. '06

"I have used Kendall's Spavin Cure for 20 years—and it *never failed me once.*" JOHN McKENNA.

Write for noted book "Treatise On The Horse"—something worth knowing on every page. Sent free. Kendall's Spavin Cure is sold by dealers everywhere at $1. a bottle—6 for $5. 33

DR. B. J. KENDALL CO., - - ENOSBURG FALLS, VERMONT. U.S.A.

THE DUNN HOLLOW CONCRETE BLOCK MACHINE

Third year in the market, and every machine sold doing good work. Simple in construction and operation. Suitable for block-making for a single building, or for a regular block making business. A moderate priced machine; compact and portable. No power required. Has suited every purchaser, and will please you. Western shipments made from our Winnipeg warehouse.

Write us for Catalogue

Address Dept. T, THE JAS. STEWART MFG. CO., Ltd., Woodstock, Ont.

Butter Direct From Milk

The Ideal Butter Separator will take Butter direct from Sweet Milk in Seven Minutes. It will also take it from Sour Milk and Sweet and Sour Cream. It costs but $24.00 for 7 gal size; $35.00 for 15 gal. size. If you are interested write for particulars. This Butter Separator does away with the Cream Separator and Churns of all kinds. It separates the butter direct from the Sweet Milk in less time than a Cream Separator separates the Cream from the Milk. Our Ideal Butter Separator combines both the working qualities of the Cream Separator and the Barrel Churn at a less cost than either one or the other.

EVERY SEPARATOR GUARANTEED TO DO AS REPRESENTED.

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Limited, Iroquois, Ont.

Write for Descriptive Circular.

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Your name and address **Printed 10,000 times** in our Mailing Directory and sent to 10,000 firms **all over the world,** so they can send you **Free Samples, Catalogues, Magazines, Books, Papers, etc. We invented this and have satisfied 200,000 customers.** Send 20 cents at once to be in 1907 BIG issue and get a BIG MAIL FREE. Canadian addresses especially desired.

Ingram, Va., Jan. 7, 1907

Dear Sir,—From having my name in your Directory I have already received more than 2,000 parcels of mails, and still they come, scores of Papers, Samples, Magazines, etc., for which I have often paid 10 to 25 cents each, before.

R. T. JAMES.

Send 20 cents to-day to **ALLEN, The Mail Man, Dept. J 125, Kennedy, N. Y.**

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ENTERTAINING MISCELLANY

VARIOUS SUBJECTS CLEVERLY TREATED

When a Man Knows.

I wish I had such wisdom as the graduating boy
Supposes he has gained;
I wish I were as happy as the bridegroom—had the joy
To which he has attained
When he leads her, glad and trembling, from the altar down the aisle,
And then puts her in the carriage and departs in splendid style—
But I cannot claim such wisdom as the proud boy thinks is his,
And how can a man be happy when he knows how poor he is?

I wish I had such glory as he fancies he has won
Who stands beside the bed
And looks with admiration on his first-born infant son,
And gravely bows his head;
And I wish I had such riches as the tattered urchin who,
Having only one suspender and a single ragged shoe,
Thinks he has when he can handle a crisp dollar that is his—
But how can a man be haughty when he knows how small he is?

Facts and Figures.

A paper published in France devoted to viti-culture estimates the world's wine crop at 3,775,060,000, 95 per cent. of which is made in Europe.

The American sweet tooth during the past year consumed 6,500,000,000 pounds of sugar valued at $300,000,000. This is 76 pounds per year for every resident.

What is said to be the record coaling operation is claimed to be that made a short time ago when 914 tons were put on board the Carmania in 7 hours and 50 minutes.

A modern incandescent lighthouse lantern with a 3½ inch mantle gives 2,400 candle-power and uses no more oil than the old 6 inch wick burner which gave only 700 candle power.

The Eiffel Tower, 900 feet high, is soon to be demolished. This will leave the Washington Monument the highest building in existence. The highest spire in Europe is Cologne Cathedral, which is 528 feet high.

Not long ago the Bishop of Bristol was invited to write an article on King Alfred, using as few long words as possible. His response was an article of 1,300 words, every one of which was of a single syllable and of Anglo-Saxon origin.

The world's record for the greatest number of divorce cases is held by the Hungarian city of Avad. Last year's statistics show that 230 divorce cases were tried by the courts and 210 divorces granted. At present there are 840 divorce cases awaiting trial. Avad has less than 30,000 inhabitants.

His holiness the Pope has lace estimated at something like $1,000,000,000 value. It is kept in cedar wood cabinets in the Vatican, and as it is the custom of the royal and noble Catholic families of Italy, Spain and Austria to present their bridal lace to the church, the collection is an ever growing one.

The Egyptians have a propensity for hoarding gold. A native who recently died left $400,000 stored in gold in his house. Many Egyptians who are possessed of wealth will borrow money at interest to conceal the fact. Large quantities of gold coin are annually melted in Egypt and converted into ornaments.

The largest passenger locomotive in the world has just been completed for the Pennsylvania Railroad. The new locomotive will have six 80-inch drivers and will weigh 240,000 pounds. The weight of the drivers will be 170,000 pounds. The locomotive will be used on the Pennsylvania lines west of Pittsburg for the run between that city and Crestline, Ohio.

A business man of London has taught his dog, it is stated, to answer the telephone when left alone in the office. One of the old-fashioned telephones, which does not require that the receiver should be taken off its holder, is fixed up in the office, and under this the dog stands. His master rings up the office, and then calls until the attention of the dog is aroused, when the canine caretaker barks loudly to show that all is well with him and with the office.

The Duchess of Wellington possesses the splendid service of Sevres made for Napoleon I., of which every single piece is different, the set being practically priceless. In the cellars at Apsley House is also the wonderful service of plate presented by Portugal to the Iron Duke, which has been valued at $1,000,000. The centerpiece is 5 feet high, and four men are required to lift it on to the table.

One of the oldest newspapers in the world is one named the Wochenblatt, which is published in Gruningen, a small town of some 1,200 inhabitants in the canton of Zurich, in Switzerland. It is the only newspaper in the place, and is at one and the same time the organ of the Liberal Conservatives and the Social Democrats. Pages one and two belong to the Liberals and pages three and four to the Socialists, and the two abuse one another heartily in its pages.

The most elevated river in the world is in the Desaguadero, in Bolivia. It is of considerable depth, and its whole length from the village Desaguadero, at the south extremity of Titicaca, to the north end of the Lake Aullagas, is about 180 miles. The average elevation of the valley or table-land of Desaguardero above the level of the sea is 13,000 feet. The source of the river rises on the north of the Kalis Parabat Mountain, in Thibet, 22,000 feet above sea level.

The United States is likely to adopt an idea from the practice of Mexico and Liberia, where the names of cities and towns are engraved upon their postage stamps. It is now proposed to issue stamps for the 6,000 presidential postoffices, each bearing the name of the offices whereat the stamps are issued, these names being printed after the stamps are engraved. Among other advantages this change will make it much easier to trace a letter by the stamps, and make a more equitable showing as to the volume of business at the various postoffices.

America now leads the world in the manufacture, sale and use of automobiles. This is the declaration of a French expert, who has been keeping a record of the automobile business. Five years ago the United States built only 314 automobiles of all classes, while at the same time France built 23,711 machines. Last year the production in the United States was 60,000, in France 55,000, in England 28,000, in Germany 22,000, in Italy 19,000, and Belguim 12,000. In nine years in the countries named there have been manufactured, sold and used 555,000 automobiles, representing more than $1,000,000,000 of money.

The tremendous improvements in naval architecture and armament were graphically illustrated a few days ago in Engand when the battleship Sans Pareil, built twenty years ago at a cost of $3,597,210, was sold for $133,000. With the vessel went two 110-ton guns, one 29-ton and twelve 6-inch breech-loading guns. The Conqueror, which cost $2,092,165 was knocked down for $84,000. The Undaunted, costing $1,280,275, went for $72,000. Three smaller vessels, representing an original investment of $500,000 brought $23,300. Owing to a ruling of the British Admiralty, which necessit-

tates the breaking up of these vessels in England, several third-class powers were robbed of the opportunity of picking up a navy at bargain prices.

The flounder is an industrious fish, and lays seven million eggs in a year.

There are in the world, as nearly as can be computed, 1,480,000,000 people.

Remains of irrigation systems 4,000 years old have been excavated in South Africa.

Food valued at $2,175 is brought into Great Britain every minute of the day and night.

Greece is said to be the poorest country of Europe. Her total wealth amounts to $1,000,000,000, or about half that of Switzerland.

Austria's great salt mine at Wieliczka has 600 miles of galleries and employs 9,000 miners. It has been worked for over sixteen centuries.

Brain Leaks.

Sin has no sex.

A man is never alone with a good book.

The pasture is always richer on the far side of the fence.

A son always feels younger after visiting with the "old folks."

How annoying it is to have anybody else's child cry at the theatre.

It is never difficult to find an excuse for those we really love.

A man wastes time if he gives all of it to watching his enemies.

The "unwritten law" is merely the safety valve of human nature.

The richest men are those who make the most of what they can get.

Lawyers never quarrel over the estate of a man who leaves nothing but a good name.

A home that has cost nothing in the way of sacrifice is usually only a mere stopping place.

Speaking of "brain storms," is your wife showing symptoms of the fall house-cleaning fever.

Some men practice so long after a good start that they are utterly exhausted when the pistol cracks.

Just because they cannot make a silk purse out of a sow's ear a lot of men never try to make anything.

If the "innocent purchaser" law were repealed it would suddenly educate a lot of men who now profess ignorance.

When a man fails everybody is ready to give the reason for it. When a man succeeds everybody is ready to express surprise.

Some men chloroform their consciences and then claim immunity because they had no intimation they were doing wrong.

Women usually have a hard time with parliamentary practice because it is so hard for them to keep track of the previous question.

We are going to write a scathing article about the outlandish shapes of women's hats just as soon as we learn why a man buys a high crowned soft hat and then punches it full of dents.

A lot of people doubt the efficacy of prayer because they only try it when they feel like asking for something they want. Those who ask for what they need seldom express any doubts.

Catching Sturgeon in Russia.

The Cossacks of the Ural have a singular way of catching sturgeon, and it is a method unknown in any part of Europe. At certain times in winter the men assemble in large numbers by the side of the river and, dismounting from the horses, cut a deep trench across the stream from one of its banks to the other. They lower the nets into the water and arrange them so as to block up the entire channel. Then getting on their horses, they ride for seven or eight miles along the banks. They form a line of horsemen reaching from shore to shore and gallop down in the direction of the nets.

The fish, hearing the clatter of hundreds of hoofs, swim away from the sound and dart like lightning in the opposite direction. Here the course is at once arrested and they become entangled in the trammels. The quantity of sturgeon is at times so large that the sheer weight of the fish is sufficient to force a passage through the nets, a blank day being the result of the fishermen. In England the sturgeon is looked upon as being rather poor eating and as unfit for the table, but in Russia it is highly appreciated. When served up in cold slices, with jelly and horseradish sauce, it is by no means to be despised. The part of the sturgeon most liked by the Russians is the roe (the famous caviare). A Russian will take this out while the fish is almost alive and devour it with the greatest relish, for the fresher the roe the better it is liked. In order to give an idea of the abundance of the eggs of this great fish, it is stated that the weight of the roe will equal nearly one-third of the weight of the whole animal.

There are three kinds of caviare in Russia, the quite fresh, when no salt has been added, then the slightly salted, which is the kind generally exported to England and other parts of Europe, and, finally, the pressed caviare, which is the second quality pressed into cakes. This is used for sandwiches and other relishes. A little caviare and a glass or so of Russian vodka taken a minute before sitting down at the dinner table gives a wonderful stimulus to the appetite.

Another Use for X Rays.

"In the state archives at Rome," says Electricity, "it has been found that the X-rays may successfully exhibit the writing on manuscripts concealed in old book covers whenever this writing is done in red lead, ultramarine blue, or cinnabar. They are being used also in attempts to detect forgeries of paintings and in efforts to discover signatures of old masters in paintings alleged to have been produced by them."

The same paper also reports that Professor Ottolenghi, of the University of Siena, has discovered that while it is easy to apply the rays to the lungs of a person who is alive or in a trance, it is extremely difficult, indeed impossible, to apply them to the lungs of a person actually dead. The reason was that some intervening obstacle prevented the rays from penetrating into the body. Over and over again he made a test test of this kind, and in each case the result was the same. He suggests that as this test can easily be made by any physician, it should in future be used in all cases where doubt exists of death.

Wise and Otherwise.

Clothes are washed in electricity under the patent of a Hungarian, which throws a stream of electrified water, removing all spots and dirt.

The Japanese have started to build observatories and are buying telescopes in Boston.

During the past twelve months over 100,000,000 gallons of coal oil have been shipped from the United States to foreign countries.

Forest fires have swept through British Columbia, the Yukon territory and Alaska the past summer, destroying many millions of feet of timber.

This year $36,000,000, worth of coal, petroleum, natural gas, stone, clay and cement were dug out of Indiana.

A year or two ago a well-known American, who was visiting China, was treated with great courtesy by a certain viceroy. When the American was about to leave he wished to convey to the viceroy some token of his appreciation. So he sent the dignitary an uncommonly fine bull pup he had brought from America. In a few days came the viceroy's acknowledgment of the gift. "I myself am not in the habit of eating that species of dog, but I may say that my suite had it served for breakfast, and accord it unqualified praise."

Winter's High Living
Tells in the Spring

Too hearty eating and drinking—late hours—too little exercise—pass unnoticed in frosty weather, but you feel the effects now in a "sagging" of your whole system.

A teaspoonful of Abbey's Salt every morning in a glass of water will clear out the bowels, tone up the stomach, quicken the action of the liver and kidneys and make life worth living.

Abbey's Effer-vescent Salt

Abbey's is the ideal spring tonic. Try it to-morrow morning.

25c. and 60c. at your druggists.

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Dr. McTaggart's Tobacco Remedy removes all desire for the weed in a few days. A vegetable medicine, and only requires touching the tongue with it occasionally. Price $2.

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Marvellous results from taking his remedy for the Liquor Habit. Safe and inexpensive home treatment; no hypodermic injections, no publicity, no loss of time from business and a cure certain.

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TAKE GIN PILLS NOW

Bright's Disease claims its thousands yearly solely because people won't heed nature's warnings.

Pain in the back and constant headaches mean Kidney Trouble. Swollen hands and ankles, and pain in the joints, mean Kidney Trouble. Frequent desire to urinate—urine hot and scalding—mean Kidney Trouble. Neglecting sick Kidneys means Bright's Disease.

If you know your kidneys are affected—or if you suspect they are affected—give them the help they need—GIN PILLS. Taking GIN PILLS regularly soothes the irritated, inflammed membranes—gives to the kidneys new strength—corrects every kidney and bladder trouble

NAPANEE, May 13, 1906.
I received the sample box of GIN PILLS and was greatly benefitted by them. My kidneys were in such bad condition I could not lift or stoop without great pain. In fact, they pained me nearly all the time. I have taken three boxes, working all the time at heavy work on the railroad, and did not lose a day. FRANK TRUMPER.

And they are sold on a positive guarantee that they will cure you or money refunded. Put them to the test with the understanding that you must be cured or you get your money back.

So sure are we that GIN PILLS are just what you need in your own case, that we will send you a free sample to try. Write, mentioning this paper, to the Bole Drug Co., Winnipeg.

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Treats Life

OXYDONOR is not a drug nor a medicine, nor does it operate on any principle known to medication.

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is the cheapest as well as the best way out of disease. It is not difficult to apply. It can be carried in the pocket and used any time. In every form of disease, the action of the OXYDONOR is the same—it intensifies vital force.

Mr. W. B. REYNOLDS, Halifax, N. S., writes Dec. 26, 1905: "I consider your Oxydonor a little wonder. After using it a few weeks, Rheumatism, from which I was suffering for a year or more, entirely left me. No person afflicted with Rheumatism should be without one."

OXYDONOR is a necessity for every man, woman and child on earth. It will serve the family, and last a lifetime.

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TEMPERANCE TALK.

A HOME SONG.

The twilight bees to the comb,
And the wandering bird to the nest,
And the roaming sails turn home
Far out in the darkening west;
Home, home they gladly drift,
Though the lawn was loved of the bee,
And the bird had loved the lift
As the sailor the open sea.

And I, who have wandered far,
Down unremembered ways,
With never a steadfast star
Through all those drifting days,
Now turn to an Inn whereof
I know one door stands wide—
And the rest is silence, love,
Till the world is shut outside!

—*Arthur J. Stringer.*

The Drink Habit Among Women.

BY LEONORA M. LAKE.

While every phase of the temperance question has a vitality and an importance that demands the most serious thought, conscientious discussion and unceasing effort, there is one phase which goes to the heart of every God-fearing, country-loving man or woman, and that is the drink habit among American women.

In August, 1900, in my report to the Catholic Total Abstinence Convention, without any thought of sensationalism or of criticism, I cited the testimony of authorities on the subject—alienists, physicians, scientists, and those having charge of inebriate institutions—because I thought that their evidence would carry greater weight than could mine. The press of the country took the question up, and for awhile excitement ran high. The investigations then started by the metropolitan press resulted in an absolute verification of the truthfulness of the statements made in my report, which report was further corroborated by additional testimony from eminent physicians and well-known clergymen who were interviewed on the question at issue.

The greatest furore seemed to center round Dr. Cyrus Edson's statement regarding drinking among society women, and interviews with many women members of the social class bristled with indignation or ran smooth with a thin veneer of apology for the custom, but no society woman whose position was secure and free from blame allowed herself to be interviewed on the subject.

There are society women who are leaders in all that is pure, lofty, refined, intellectual, charitable and philanthropic, at whose door no such charge could be made—but there are others. What was said concerning the drink habit, whiskey-teas, punch-bowl receptions, afternoon poker games with high balls, gin fizzes and cocktail refreshments is true, every word true, and as we go down the social ladder we find that similar customs prevail, in quantity if not in quality.

One of the greatest neurotic specialists of the country said: "If you would stop drunkenness begin at the cradle, in your nurseries." I would go further, and say, begin before the conception of a new life. Though a child may not inherit the direct taste for alcohol, yet it is true that a weak, characterless one, with perverted moral tendencies, will be the child of any mother who poisons her body and debases her character by drinking eggnoggs, cocktails, brandy or beer, while she is forming the character and building the structure of the new being God has given her.

In almost every walk of life young women are surrounded by such conditions. The wonder is that more of them have not acquired the curse of an alcoholic appetite. In that part of the world where the hand-painted china or cut-glass punch bowl is ever present at social functions, who is chosen to serve out its wine or brandied contents? Why, the brightest, prettiest, most winsome girl the hostess can secure. Naturally, when the young girl entertains her own friends the custom instituted by the elders is further carried out, resulting oft-times in a maudlin condition of both the hostess and the guests. After-theater suppers, with champagne as a beverage, have sent many a young woman home in an intoxicated condition.

Then there is the beer garden—a blot and a shame on our boasted Christianity and civilization. Visit one of these, ye who are inclined to be skeptical or critical, and see our future fathers and mothers, now in their teens, drinking glass after glass of beer or other intoxicant, and judge for yourself what the harvest will be after a few years of such indulgence, when love for the social glass has become a fixed habit.

How can any sensible person expect women to escape destruction from the same cause by which countless thousands of strong men have gone down to ruin, body and soul? Has not a woman a physical being, flesh cells, nerve centers, brain tissue, as well as her brother? And if practice or indulgence gives birth to habit, habit to vice, vice to death of the body by alcoholic poisoning, and of the soul through moral decay of the man, in God's name, why is it a matter of such wonder that women should also go down under its deadly influence—she whom men have always called "the weaker vessel"?

Someone has said that clergymen and physicians wield more influence in human lives and affairs than do any other class of men. However true this may be, one thing is certain, women themselves have almost unlimited power as regards society and its practices. They can be less worldly and more spiritual; they can put the seal of condemnation upon society's drinking customs; they can exclude strong drink from functions in which they are concerned; they can avow themselves total abstainers, that the light of their good example may be a guide to their hapless sisters in life's valleys and shadows. They can teach little children the danger that lurks in the wine glass. Oh, what can not women do when their hearts shall be moved by divine pity like unto that which filled the heart of Him "Who so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son for its redemption."—The National Advocate.

A Good Argument.

The best argument yet put forth in favor of prohibition is the reported emigration to a western prohibition state of many families who are drawn there by parents' desire to rear their sons where they will not come in contact with the dangerous enticements of the open saloon.

Life Courageous.

There is really nothing worth while in a man, in any of us, except the mind, the will, courage. A man is what his spirit and his determination are. The body is nothing but a machine to carry out the orders of that mysterious, impalpable force that lives in a man's skull and that controls his destiny. Courage to the mind is like blood to the body or air to the lungs—there is no possible life without it.

The most concentrated and dramatic movement in a life is when in the parliament of circumstances, and fully aware of liberty, and against the downward pull of earthly gravitation, it exercises the divine right of choosing between the two theories of existence—the temporal and the eternal, runs up the flag of its independence and bolts to the minority.

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Experienced Trap Shots unhesitatingly recommend for trap Shooting the Dominion Cartridge

"Sovereign" Shells

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It is the famous Canadian Salt, known all over Canada for its absolute purity.

There's no comparison between Windsor Salt, and the cheap, inferior salts that are being sold throughout the west.

Windsor Salt costs no more than these imported salts at the present prices.

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THE Yazoo Mississippi Valley

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Richest Valley in the United States,

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BEST ENGLISH Hammer and Hammerless guns with all modern improvements at manufacturers' prices. Superior far-killing 12 bore Double Breechloaders, **Entirely English Made,** from $15.75 each. Also cheap quality Doubles from $9.75. Rifles etc. Illustrated Price List, free. W. James & Reynolds, George St., Minories, London, E. C., England.

Was Weak and Run Down

WOULD VERY OFTEN FAINT AWAY

Mrs. J. H. Armstrong, Port Elmsley, Ont., tells of her experience with

MILBURN'S HEART AND NERVE PILLS.

She writes: "It is with gratitude I tell how your Heart and Nerve Pills benefitted me.

"I was very weak and run down, had headaches nearly every day and very often would faint away, in fact, my doctor said that sometime I would never come out of the faint. It was through one of your travelling agents that I was induced to try Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills and after taking three boxes I am glad to relate it has been a number of years since I had a fainting spell and scarcely ever have a headache. Too much cannot be said in praise of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, for in me they have effected a perfect cure."

Price 50 cents per box or 3 boxes for $1.25, at all dealers, or The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

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Steam Marble and Granite Works

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We buy at wholesale prices and direct from the Quarries in Aberdeen, Scotland. This means that we can sell to you for 25 per cent. less than any other dealer in the West.

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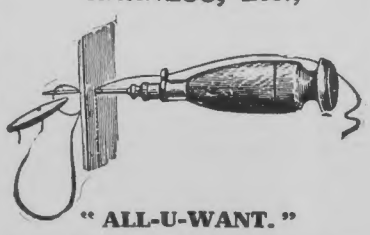
Write us or give us a call.

IT'S MONEY IN YOUR POCKET

MEND YOUR OWN BOOTS, HARNESS, Etc.,



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WIT, HUMOR AND FUN

LIFE'S COMIC SIDE TREATED BY CLEVER PENS

Brother—"That young man you're engaged to is a bad egg." Sister—"That's the reason I'm afraid to drop him."

"You reckon these fault-finding brethren go to Heaven?" "Some of 'em will have to. The other place is too full of 'em."

Weary mother—"Oh, Jack, if you only knew how tired I get of saying 'Don't' all day long." Jack (sadly)—"Well, muvver, just think what it must be for me."

"The average woman," said Grumbell, "has but one idea, and that's dress." "Huh!" snorted Marryat, "my wife usually has at least a dozen ideas, and they're dresses."

She—"I see an average man needs one thousand six hundred pounds weight of food yearly." He—"Yes; but he doesn't want it in one batch of biscuits, dear."

Jones—"I'm sure that Wilson is a very honest man." Brown—"How do you know that?" Jones—"Because he always carries such a very shabby umbrella."

Aunty—"Willie, an angel brought your mamma such a nice new brother for you last night. Wouldn't you like to see the dear little baby?" Willie—"No; but I'd like to see the angel."

"What did that small boy say when you told him he might grow up to be President of the United States?" said one school trustee. "It didn't seem to impress him," answered the other.

Courageous Pedestrian—"Officer, I protest against that man's arrest. What was his offence?" The Cop—"Aw, he was drivin' his auto at only twenty miles an hour an' delayin' the machines behind him."

"See here!" cried the boy's father, "If you don't behave I'll whip you." "I wisht you would," replied the bad boy. "You do, eh?" "Yes; 'cause when it's all over ma will gimme some candy."

Mrs. Bacon—"I see that nearly one-half of the fishes caught in the Indian Ocean belong to a species not heretofore described in any book." Mrs. Egbert—"That must be where my husband goes fishing!"

Little Jack was discovered one day vigorously applying machine oil to the cat's mouth. "What are you doing that for?" inquired his mother. "So she won't squeak so when I pull her tail," explained Jack.

"I declare it is hard," sulked the dough. "Here I can't get the least bit of a rise for myself without being worked." "Look at me," sadly replied the egg. "Ain't I always getting whipped for other people's deserts?"

"Hello! Is this the weather bureau?" "Yes." "Will you please tell me what you think about the weather?" "Sorry, miss; but we're not allowed to say what we think about the weather over the telephone!"

"Little boy," said the good man, bending down and deftly extracting the cigarette from the child's mouth, "do you know that this thing was fashioned by the devil?" "G'wan, yer big stiff! I seen a Turk makin' it in a winder round dat corner."

Tess—"I think Miss Passay expects to be married pretty soon." Jess—"Oh! impossible!" Tess—"Fact. She tells me there's a smiple-minded young fellow calling at their house now who is under financial obligations to her father."

Blinks: "I never could remember the flag signals of the Weather Bureau. Now, what's the color of the flag that means wind?"

Spinks: "Blew, I guess."

Magistrate—"Have I not seen you twice under the influence of liquor?" Prisoner—"Well, judge, if you was under its influence mebbe you did see me twice."

Justice (sternly)—"You are charged with stealing nine of Col. Henry's hens last night. Have you any witnesses?" Brother Swagback (apologetically)—"Nussah. I s'pecks I's sawtuh peculiar dat-uh-way, but it ain't never been mur custom to take witnesses along when I goes out chicken steelin' sah."

"I'd give my life for you!" he cried,
By her rare witchery lured.
"How sweet!" she said. "And if you do,
"I hope it's well insured!"

The Spider: Good morning; step into my parlor.

The Fly: Step into your parlor! I guess you mean your dining-room, don't you? No, thank you.

The grocer was awaiting the arrival of the next customer when she appeared in the person of a small girl.

"Well, my dear?" said the tradesman, interrogatively.

"An egg's worth of tea, please," demanded the maiden, briskly, putting an egg upon the counter, "an' mother says please weigh out an egg's worth of butter, 'cos the old black hen is a cluckin', and I'll be back again in a minute."

An enterprising gentleman of the breezy West, who superintends the "railroad eating house" in his town, has recently hung out a sign that furnishes considerable amusement to those who pass by. It reads: "Pies like mother used to make, 5 cents; pies like mother used to try to make, 10 cents.

During the Civil war Pat was in a regiment that was in the thick of a fight, and was seen throwing away his gun and running to the rear. After the battle his comrade said, jeeringly, "Pat, why did you run away?" "Sure, faith," was the prompt response, "because oi couldn't fly."

"Yes," said the old Indiana trapper, "we kill a painter now 'an then, but they're gettin' scurce."

"Well, I wouldn't worry," responded the tourist. "When they're all gone you can begin on the authors. I understand they're plentiful enough."

"Hello!" said the observant man, "you seem unusually happy this morning."

"Yes," replied the optimist, "I'm going to have a good job. I have just answered an advertisement that offered a canvasser's outfit for only $1, with which I'll be able to earn at least $50 a week."

"Ever troubled with absent-mindedness?" asked the visiting alumnus. "Well, rather," said the professor. "I tried to think of the name of one of my most intimate friends just now and couldn't to save my life. I wanted to introduce him to a lady." "I saw you," said the alumnus. "The lady was his wife."

A thoughtful hostess gave a children's party, and decided it would be healthier to serve only mineral waters. One little girl tasted her carbonic water and laid the glass down.

"What's the matter, dear? Don't you liked charged water?"

"No, ma'am. Please may I have some water that you've paid for!"

A Grand Cure

FOR

SUMMER COMPLAINT AND CRAMPS

IS

DR. FOWLER'S EXTRACT OF WILD STRAWBERRY

It is nature's specific for **Diarrhoea, Dysentery, Cramps, Colic, Pain in the Stomac., Cholera Morbus, Cholera Infantum, Sea Sickness, Summer Complaint, etc.**

Rapid and reliable in its action.

Its effects are marvellous, and it is pleasant and harmless to take.

It has been a household remedy for sixty-two years.

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Mrs. Wm. Flewelling, Arthur, Ont., writes: "I find it much pleasure to recommend Dr. FOWLER'S EXTRACT OF WILD STRAWBERRY as a grand cure for Summer Complaint. My little boy, one year old, was very bad with it, and a few doses cured him. I also used it on my other six children for cramps and still have half the bottle left. I cannot praise it too much."

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DR. CLARK'S Rheumatism Cure. A marvellous safe, sure cure for muscular, inflammatory and chronic Rheumatism and Gouty conditions. Cures when all other remedies fail. Sent direct, charges prepaid, on receipt of One Dollar.

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Hints for the Housewife.

Suggestions.

A soft mat is restful to stand upon when at work.

Half the battle in washing dishes is keeping the dish cloths and towels clean. Wash them once a week in ammonia water.

Rub raisins between towels instead of washing them. The latter method is apt to make them heavy and soggy in cake or pudding.

Keep a high stool in the kitchen to sit on when ironing small articles. Wear gloves when ironing and you will save many a burn.

For cleaning stained floors coal oil is just as nice as turpentine and the odor is no worse, and seems to go quicker.

Zinc may be quickly cleaned by washing first with soap and water and wiping dry, then rub with a cloth saturated with coal oil and polish until the entire surface is shining.

If there is a holder or two hung near the oven door, with a piece of elastic, there is not the temptation to use the apron and perhaps soil or burn it.

To clean the range after frying, crumple a newspaper between the hands and rub the range with it. This will absorb the grease and leave the range bright as before.

In washing greasy skillets the addition of a little soda to the water will neutralize the grease and make it much easier to clean. These are best washed when hot.

Lemon seeds planted in a flower pot and kept in a kitchen window make very pretty little shrubs and the leaves are always at hand for flavoring dried apples and other sauces.

When sweeping matting put a soft cloth around the broom. While it will sweep the matting just as well, it will also save it from wearing out materially.

Dining-room chairs that are worn on the edges can be neatly mended by stretching bicycle tape firmly over worn places. Smooth carefully; then paint brown or green to match leather. A child's ten-cent box of water colors will do this nicely.

Fruit stains of long standing should be rubbed on each side with yellow soap. Then lay over a mixture of starch in cold water very thick; rub well in, and expose the linen to the sun and air till the stain comes out. If not removed in three or four days renew the process. When dry it may be sprinkled with a little water.

Many housekeepers find that, after washing, the fringe on table-cloths, broadcloths, etc., look very unsightly when starched. This can be remedied by folding the cloth doubled when starching (when ready for ironing) and dipping the fringe in cold water, afterwards combing out with a rather fine comb while double. After ironing in the usual way the fringe will look as good as new.

Somerset sandwiches are as acceptable at an afternoon tea or evening reception as at a picnic. They are made from a bread the recipe of which, I think, is unknown to most of my readers, so I will give a list of the ingredients which go to make it, but will presuppose that you know the principles of bread making. One half cupful of scalded milk, one half cupful of boiling water, one half tablesponful of lard, one half tablespoonful of butter, two tablespoonfuls of molasses, three-fourths of a teaspoonful of salt, one half a yeast cake dissolved in two tablespoonfuls of lukewarm water, one half cupful of white flour and enough entire wheat flour to knead, and one cupful of English walnut or pecan nut meats broken in pieces. The result is more satisfactory if the nut meats are added while kneading after the first raising. When this bread is twenty-four hours' old, slice as thin as possible, spread sparingly and evenly with creamed butter, and put orange marmalade between slices. Remove crusts, cut in triangles or any desired shapes, and garnish with halves of nut meats, which need a bit of butter on their under surfaces, to keep them in place. To keep moist, pack the same as other sandwiches. If orange marmalade is not procurable make the sandwiches without it, and even then you will have a delicious novelty.

A small, strong table, covered with zinc or tin, on casters so that it can be run back and forth between the kitchen and pantry or dining room, saves innumerable steps and any amount of time and patience.

Home-made Saratoga chips are much more of a rarity than they should be. If one owns a potato slicer, which is not an expensive utensil, they are not difficult to prepare. They are always an acceptable accompaniment to fried fish, but perhaps are never more happily in evidence than when served as one of the accessories of a picnic luncheon. Wash and prepare medium-sized potatoes. Slice thin, using a vegetable slicer made for the purpose, into a bowl of cold water, and let stand one and one half hours, changing the water twice. Drain, plunge into a kettle of boiling water, and let boil one minute. Drain again, cover with cold water, and let stand five minutes. Take from the water, and dry between towels. Fry in deep fat until delicately browned, keeping in motion with a skimmer throughout the cooking. Remove with a skimmer to a pan lined with brown paper (which will absorb the superfluous fat), and sprinkle with salt. Always drain fried potatoes on brown paper, for fried food if properly cooked and properly drained seldom absorbs enough fat to be indigestible to adults.

Rhubarb Jelly.

Ten pounds rhubarb, five oranges, rind and all, boil strain, and boil again for ten minutes with as much sugar as juice.

Spiced Jelly.

One pint vinegar, three pounds sugar, cinnamon, cloves, and allspice, one teaspoon each, tied in muslin bag and boiled in syrup. Cherries, grapes, and currants can be used, as a jelly, or pickled.

Cucumber Pickles.

Fill a stone jar with small cucumbers. Boil one gallon vinegar, one half cup salt, 4 ounces horse radish, alum; mustard and cloves, all one-half ounce, pour over, let stand one week, drain off, re-heat and put back on pickles, cover. Ready in three weeks.

Farmer's Favorite Pickle.

One gallon cabbage, 1 gallon green tomatoes, 1 quart onions, ½ gallon good apple cider vinegar 3lbs, sugar, 2 tablespoons salt, 2 tablespoons ginger, 1 tablespoon celery seed, 2 red pepper pods, small. Chop the cabbage fine. Slice the tomatoes, sprinkle with salt and let drain over night. Put all the ingredients in a granite kettle, boil briskly one hour or until thoroughly done. Can be put in stone jars. Cover with paper and a thick cloth; tie tightly. This pickle is fine with vegetables and meats.